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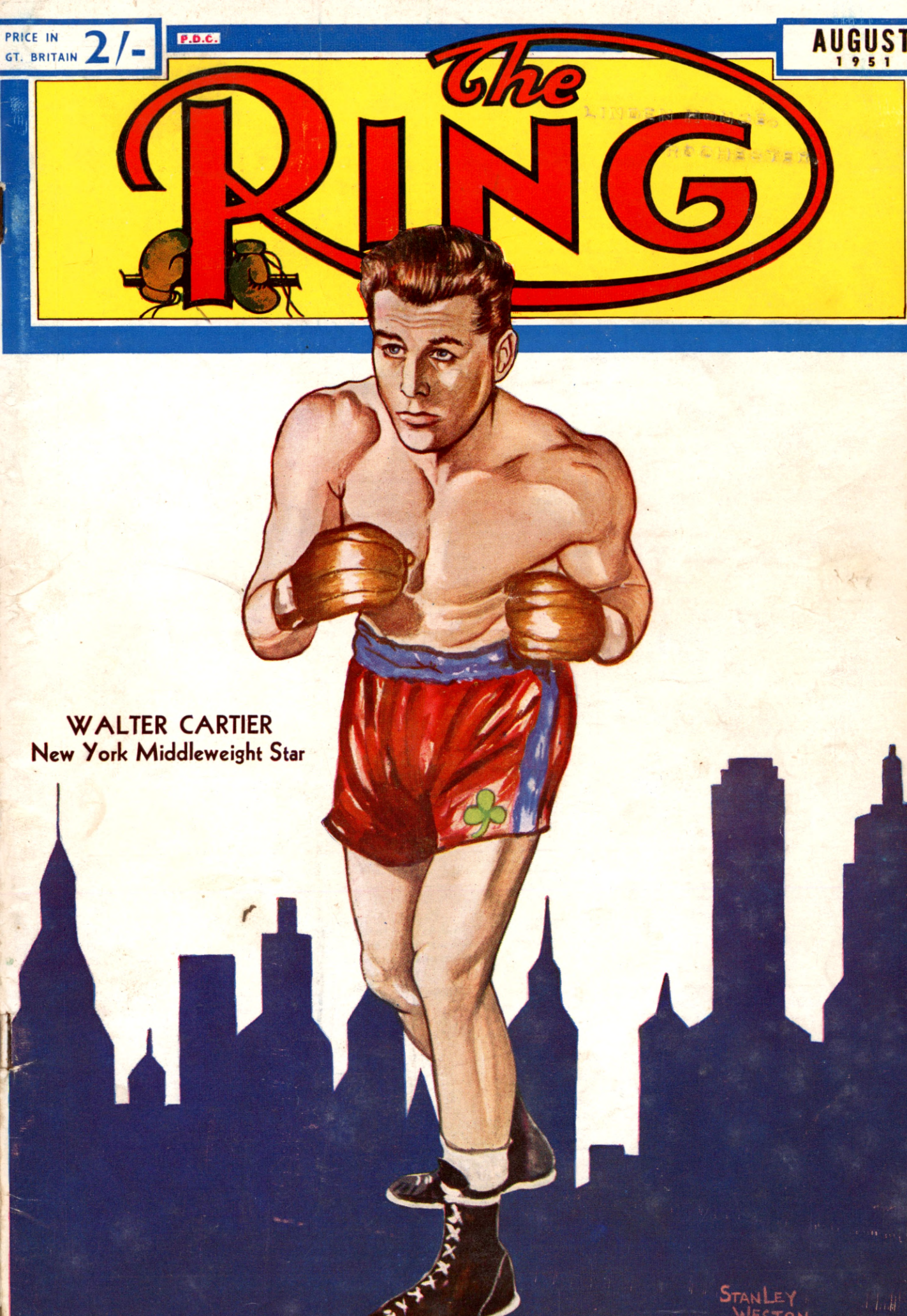

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In Our Next Issue

It's beginning to look like old times in boxing. Not since the end of World War II have so many attractive matches been arranged for the summer.

Heading the list for our next issue's reports will be the ninth defense of his world heavyweight crown by Ezzard Charles, who is to tackle Jersey Joe Walcott in Pittsburgh. That contest, regardless of the result, will be a record-breaking fight since it will be the fifth time that Jersey Joe will have had an opportunity to wrest the crown from the champion. The challenger has already failed in three contests with Joe Louis and one with Charles. What will happen this time?

As in all major boxing contests, THE RING will have its reporters at the ringside to give you a detailed account and its able photographers to snap the action shots of interest.

Jake LaMotta vs. Bob Murphy and Rocky Marciano vs. Rex Layne—a quartet of hefty wallopers—are New York Yankee Stadium attractions. The story of these two contests will be ably handled by our experts.

Nat Fleischer, who returned only a few weeks ago from an extended tour of Europe and England, has flown back to London to see Sugar Ray Robinson and Randolph Turpin tackle each other in a world middleweight championship fight that has aroused tremendous interest across the Big Pond. THE RING Editor will give you the highlights of this all-important contest and will bring back with him photographs of the action. You won't want to miss this feature—an on-the-spot story of the most-talked-of ring bout of recent years.

These are only a few of the many featured articles by the greatest staff of boxing writers working under one roof in any part of the world. Jersey Jones, Daniel M. Daniel, Al Buck, Nat Loubet, Barney Nagler, Johnny Salak, W. C. Heinz and Stanley Weston — beat that list if you can.

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THEY FOUGHT *for a* CHARLES MATCH

JOE LOUIS

LEE SAVOLD

LOUIS vs. CHARLES AGAIN

Joe's Victory Over Savold Assures Him of Return Match With Heavyweight Champion

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

COME September 20, or thereabouts, Ezzard Charles, heavyweight champion of the world, will give Joe Louis a second shot, in Yankee Stadium or Polo Grounds, New York, or Briggs Stadium, Detroit.

When that fight takes place, it will not have the comparatively meagre attendance of the first Louis-Charles scrap. Joe's sixth round knockout of Lee Savold in the Garden in New York on the night of June 15 shot the Brown Bomber right back into the limelight, right back into a position which might even lead to his recovery of the title—a feat unrecorded by any former holder of the heavyweight championship.

Louis' triumph over Savold with one mighty left hook gave the boxing business the greatest shot in the arm it has enjoyed since the Bomber's heyday.

The summary manner in which Joe disposed of Savold reminded ring aficionados of his disposal of Paulino in 1935. The youthful Louis tore into the Basque, the fading Louis ripped Savold.

While on the subject of ages, Louis is a year older than Lee. But in the Garden ring, Savold looked ten years the older.

Of course, too much importance cannot attach to Louis' success against Savold as an index to what Joe might be able to do against Charles.

Savold could not do any jabbing against Joe, and he could not stop Louis' jabbing tactics.

Savold did not have that righthanded drive with which to make it a contest.

AS had been expected, Lee was a wide open target. Bringing back some of that kidney punching flair with which he had paralyzed Max Schmeling in 1938, mustering all around effectiveness he had lacked in all of his previous comeback efforts, Joe forced Savold to straighten up and take a terrific shellacking.

Only at the close of the fifth round was Savold in the fight. He tore into Joe with his right, just as Louis made the unpardonable mistake of dropping his left. Savold landed, and the Bomber's knees buckled. Joe had been hurt.

But when Lee attempted a repeat order, Louis was all set for him. That one flurry was Savold's lone moment of high aspiration, his too brief flash of glory.

The fight proved quite a few things. In the first place, there was the vital matter of television.

The International Boxing Club did not sell the video rights for the New York area. It did sell them to a string of out of town movie houses, for something like $11,000.

Scouts for other theatres watched the telecast with the keenest interest and said they were greatly impressed with the vast potential of the idea.

In the Palace Theatre in Albany, N. Y., 3,660 fight fans, with adults paying 70 cents each, packed the place.

The telecast was thrown a distance of 65 feet from the kinescope barrel in the balcony, to the 16 by 22 screen. The image was somewhat fuzzy around the edges and looked a lot like an early day movie.

But the action was reproduced faithfully, the fans cheered themselves hoarse, and those who have to do with movies and public attractions in the theatres, said, "This is terrific. It will bear close analysis, because it looks like something very important."

THE fuzzy image was blamed on the camera crew in the Garden, and officials of Theatre Network Television, Inc., promised an improved view of the Jake LaMotta-Bob Murphy fight.

The theatre telecast of the Louis-Savold fight was nothing revolutionary. A similar theatre showing of the world series had been achieved in 1949.

The telecast was shown in eight movie houses, two each in Chicago and Washington, one each in Albany, Pittsburgh, Baltimore and Cleveland.

The eight theatres drew 22,000, who paid from 64 cents up to $1.30. The top price was paid at the Fulton in Pittsburgh.

In each of the eight houses, there was a capacity turnout, at upped prices.

"Give us more fights," the patrons told the managements at these houses.

"Give us more fights," the managers told the company behind the enterprise.

"The Federal authorities should stop restricted telecasting of fights," wailed video set owners who had been blacked out of the battle. They were dead wrong, and they knew it. But they had their yammer, and let it go at that.

Just what this new video development means has yet to be determined by the International BC.

It certainly must be convinced that if there had been unrestricted telecasting of the fight, it would not have drawn more than 12,000, and there would have been no revenue from the eight movie houses.

In fact, boxing video on a movie house screen was accomplished in London years before we ever televised a fight in the United States. Why the enterprise died out in England is a mystery.

ANOTHER thing the Louis-Savold fight proved was the futility of over matching a fight in so far as venue was concerned.

The affair fitted cozily into the Garden, where it drew 18,179 who paid $94,684.

Twice had the fight been postponed in the Polo Grounds, on account of rain. Finally it had to be shifted indoors, because the Yankees and the Tigers had a night baseball game on June 15. The two New York ball clubs are partners in all boxing enterprises, and have an agreement that no event may be held in one park while a game was being played in the other.

At seven o'clock of fight night, the IBC was quite willing to settle for $75,000. The eleventh hour crush at the gate was attributed, in part, to the fact that a terrific hail storm had made many fans believe that the Yankee Stadium ball game would not be held. Being out for entertainment, they descended on the Garden and its safety from the downpours which were promised for the rest of the night.

THE Louis triumph over Savold cleared up Charles' position as the heavyweight champion of the world.

After Savold had knocked out Bruce Woodcock, the British Empire champion, the Board of Boxing Control in London recognized Lee as the world leader.

This fatuous stand did not meet with a happy reaction outside of the Empire.

WHEN the Louis-Savold match was arranged, the British Board announced that if Joe were to whip Lee, Charles automatically would gain British recognition as the true and only champion.

As a consequence, Charles now is the titleholder wherever there is boxing, and all those involvements concerning the cham-

pionship which mushroomed after Louis had given up the crown have been dissipated.

Jack Gardner still is the Empire champion, even though not so long ago he was trounced by Caesar Brion.

Savold did the best he could and knew how against Louis, and it certainly was nowhere near enough.

It was the first meeting of Joe and Lee. After the fight, Savold said that he had to pick Louis over Charles. This, of course, was in line with the expected. Lee could not very well demean the man who had knocked him out without greatly demeaning himself.

"Louis did a great job on me," Savold admitted. "In the fifth round I finally was able to assume command for a while. I overhanded him with two hard rights, and although he insists I did not hurt him, I know I did. But, well—" and here Savold's recital ended, abruptly.

Louis said that Savold's right did not hurt him, and he added, "I felt better than I had in five years, since the second fight with Billy Conn.

"Savold hit me in the fifth almost on the break, and my feet were together. That made it look as if he had rocked me. He hadn't."

MANNY SEAMAN, Louis' trainer, accused Savold of having thumbed Joe in the eyes. Lee denied that he had flicked the Bomber. "I merely was catching him under the eye with sharp jabs," he explained.

"All those fights in which I went the distance were wonderful tuneups for me," Louis jubilated over his first knockout victory in his comeback effort.

Jake Mintz, Charles' manager, barged in on the fight aftermath and said to Joe, "I don't think I want Ezzard to meet you again. You looked too good against Savold."

Joe laughed, "Good luck to Charles." Louis' left eye was closing but otherwise he bore no mementoes of his less than 18 minutes of combat.

Since the battlers had weighed in two days previous, there was no accurate line on their poundage in the ring. Louis had topped the beam at 211¼ while Lee had weighed 190. He looked a bit heavier in the ring.

Referee Ruby Goldstein gave five straight rounds to Louis, and so did Judge Frank Forbes and nearly all of the writers.

Judge Harold Barnes voted the fifth round to Savold because of a couple of punches. Actually, it was Joe all the way.

Louis was much the abler fighter chiefly because his reflexes were far better than Savold's. Lee looked slowed up, indecisive, baffled, and he certainly was hurt by those lambasting lefts which the Bomber poured into him before he landed the left hook that ended it.

Louis was the big boss at close range. He came in with deadly uppercuts. Joe was able to fend off Savold's much advertised hooks, and the former champion also did noble execution with rights to the pit of the stomach.

THERE was a bit of high drama in the sixth round. Joe backed into his own corner, and said to Lee, "Come on in."

Savold accepted the challenge, and enabled Louis to prove himself a true prophet. He had predicted victory in the sixth. The knockout came in 2:29 so that the elapsed time of the fight was 17 minutes and 29 seconds.

Nat Fleischer, editor and publisher of THE RING Magazine, felt that Savold had done a good job, but had been taken by surprise by a Louis with punch and skill Lee had believed Joe no longer possessed.

"Savold did some fine jabbing, but Louis was in great condition, and cut him down," Fleischer said.

"Joe crashed those left and right hooks into Lee, and Savold doubtless felt sorry that he had become stable worn, and had not had a decent fight under his belt for a far more rugged test than he had dreamed he would have to undergo.

"Louis' terrific punches in the sixth, especially that finishing right hander, were reminiscent of the Joe of yore.

"Of course, Savold had one big handicap, and this gave Louis one big advantage. Lee was a wide open target. Joe time and again took aim, and hit the bullseye.

"Fighting Charles will be a different problem for Louis. He will find Ezzard's jabs not quite so easy to cut down.

"Has Louis improved in condition, timing and power so much since the Charles fight, that he now must be rated a very serious contender? That is a question that will bring a packed arena when Ezz and Joe meet again, in September.

"We all knew that if Lee were to win, he would have to do it in five heats. He shot the works in that round, and then his goose was cooked.

"Louis' general demeanor was remarkable. He fairly oozed confidence from the outset. He was the man in charge at the opening bell, and he never relinquished that position."

LOUIS' victory over Savold, the manner in which he accomplished it, the psychology of the knockout, the improved physical condition of the Bomber—all enter into the construction of a very dramatic situation for his second fight with Charles.

Not again is Joe likely to come into the ring with Charles looking hopeless, dejected, even appearing afraid. Yes, even afraid, and sick.

It is known that just before the Charles fight, Louis had a lot of trouble.

The situation resembled, somewhat, that in which Jack Dempsey found himself in the first fight with Gene Tunney, in Philadelphia.

In the second encounter with Gene, Jack would have regained the championship but for the Long Count.

Is Charles going to run into a Dempsey of the Chicago battle with Tunney?

Is Louis, at age 37, to achieve what no other comeback-attempting former champion has accomplished in ring history?

These are very interesting questions as the stage is being set for what could turn out to be a $500,000 fight between Ezzard Charles and Joe Louis.

THE CORBETT-MITCHELL FEUD

IF you go down the line of heavyweight champions and contenders from Sullivan's time to the Tex Rickard era you'll find that the matches for the title were made quite easily, simply because commercialism had little to play in the consummation of the deal. Usually it was personal jealousy, a desire to even matters with challenger or champion for a wrong committed by fist or mouth, that led to the matching of a title holder and challenger.

Jim Corbett, extremely sensitive, was goaded into his title bout with Charley Mitchell of England at Jacksonville. Jim couldn't stand Charley's personal abuse. Their enmity began in a barroom brawl next door to a Bowery theater, where Corbett, matched to fight Sullivan, was doing a variety turn.

Mitchell, accompanied by his father-in-law, "Pony" More, and Frank P. Slavin, an Australian heavyweight, refused to shake hands with Corbett when they met in the thirst parlor.

"You're a big American coward and I can beat you to a pulp in this room!" shrieked Mitchell. A rough and tumble fight followed, in which Corbett took no part. Mitchell was slugged by several Bowery toughs and Slavin was knocked down with a blackjack. The arrival of the police stopped the proceedings, but there were no arrests.

"After I get through with Sullivan, I want to settle with Mitchell," said Corbett to his manager, William A. Brady, as they reached a point behind the scenes.

Thus began the feud that saw its ending at the Duval Athletic Club, Jacksonville, Florida, on January 25, 1894, when Corbett knocked out Mitchell in three rounds.

SUGAR RAY *in* NEW ROLE

The Idol of Gay Paree, Robinson, Middleweight King, Feted by Nation's Social and Political Leaders—Russians Unable to Stand Public Criticism, Withdraw Boxers From European Tourney

By NAT FLEISCHER

Popular Ray Robinson, world middleweight king, putting his John Hancock into an autograph book belonging to Mme. Auriol, wife of the President of France, after turning over to her a check for $10,000 from the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund for her favorite charity. Notables from France watch the proceedings.

AN Ambassador of good will.

An emissary of France who has become as popular a public idol in the Tri-color country as Maurice Chevalier and Georges Carpentier were at the height of their glory.

A champion who has instilled new life into boxing in Europe.

That's Sugar Ray Robinson, world middleweight champion, who is on tour throughout Europe exhibiting his skillful wares and aiding humanity by passing out $10,000 checks on behalf of the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund of which Walter Winchell is president, Dan Parker is treasurer and Robinson is a director. Never in my long association with sports do I recall when a pugilist aroused more interest than has the current tour of Sugar Ray.

I have been on tours with the great Jack Dempsey and Joe Louis and I often gasped with amazement at the throngs that greeted these supermen of the boxing game, both in America and on foreign shores, but they had nothing on what Ray Robinson is now experiencing in Europe. Amazing is not the word.

In my book on the life of Jack Dempsey, the Idol of Fistiana, there is a chapter, "Dempsey the American," in which I point out how his appearance, no matter where, brought out a flock of autograph seekers. How the youth of America follows and adores him. In our country, the former Manassa Mauler is to boxing what Babe Ruth was to baseball and in Europe Ray Robinson has joined the group. What I have so frequently written about the popularity of Dempsey and Louis, may be repeated for Sugar Ray. He is the most popular pugilist that has visited Europe in many years, especially in France where the fans idolize him.

SO dense was the daily gathering in front of the hotel where Ray lived, that he and his entourage had to find quarters outside the city. They rented a villa about five miles outside of Paris in one of the most beautiful sections on the outskirts of the great city, a place where the daily routine of a boxer can be carried out more readily. In a twenty-one room house surrounded by a lake and hilly roads which enable him to do his roadwork within reach of his quarters, Sugar Ray and his party of ten are living like lords of their domain. No champion, past or present, has had anything better. Those who were at Gene Tunney's training quarters at Speculator will appreciate it when I say that Ray's quarters surpass that beautiful camp in upper New York State.

Luncheons with government celebrities from our country and other nations, including the American Ambassador, the President of France, and notables from his cabinet have kept Ray on the go. Dinner parties at which he has been the guest of honor; charitable affairs sponsored by the wife of President Auriol of France; Red Cross theatrical entertainments at which the world middleweight king not only addressed the audience in French, which language he is rapidly mastering, but performed graceful tap dancing and exhibited his skipping rope exercises to the tune of music, were only a few of his many appearances on behalf of charity that has endeared Ray to the hearts of the Frenchmen. But unlike Dempsey and Louis, who throughout their fighting days didn't care much about making public bows, Sugar Ray thrives on them.

DESPITE the fact that because of the guest visits he has been unable to do much training, he has maintained his fine physical condition that was noted in his fights with Kid Marcel, Jean Wanes and Jan de Bruin of Holland. In his ten round contests with Marcel and Wanes it was evident that he could have put his man away anytime he cared to, but his aim, as he explained it before the bouts, was not to show up the European champions by knocking them out but to give the fans a chance to see him in action as long as he felt he was not in danger.

Thus he stopped Marcel in the fifth round, but only because the Frenchman landed three hefty wallops at the start of the round forcing Ray to retaliate in self defense. It then took only half a minute of real action on the part of the champ before Kid Marcel's seconds tossed in the sponge. In the case of Wanes in their battle at Zurich, the Frenchman went the limit. Then in Antwerp, Ray halted de Bruin in the eighth round after toying with him.

But it wasn't so much what Robinson did on those occasions that counted as it was his general physical condition and how he met situations. At the Palais des Sports, a gathering of 6,500 saw Robbie restrain himself for four rounds and then open up with an attack that for speed and the number of blows that struck effectively made the fans gasp. The real Sugar Ray was

Fred Kirsch, American manager, who is doing a swell job in Germany in the revival of boxing. He is shown here with THE RING *Editor in Berlin where he staged the Hein ten Hoff-Willie Jones fight before a gathering of 32,000 rabid fans who didn't mind a heavy rainstorm.*

on exhibition for only two minutes during the entire bout but in those few minutes he thrilled the spectators and they went away singing his praises and understanding why in America we call Sugar Ray the best fighter pound-for-pound in the world.

The British scribes, who with Jack Solomons made the trip from London, were elated. They wrote home that they saw nothing in Robinson's performance that should make Randolph Turpin fear him. In fact, wrote the majority, "As Sugar Ray boxed for four rounds, our Randolph can take him. He'll not only win the crown, but by a knockout."

But as I remarked to them, Turpin had never met a Robinson. The brilliant Ray who stopped Kid Marcel in the fifth, is the Robinson who in my opinion will face the British Empire champion and stop him. Ray can do everything that Turpin can, but a little better. In addition to which he has it all over Turpin in cleverness. I've seen Turpin three times and he has yet to impress me as the great fighter the British think they have in him. He can sock with the best of 'em but so can Sugar.

IN the fight at Zurich, attended by about as many as saw the bout in Paris, Robinson gave an excellent exhibition of ring cleverness and hitting but in his eagerness to give the fans a run for their money and to help build up boxing in Switzerland, Ray refrained from knocking out his opponent though he dropped Wanes five times. Though both in Paris and in Zurich Robbie's weight was announced as 162 pounds, he was far below that.

In fact, in Paris, going on the scales with his clothes, he weighed 160 but his actual weight stripped that morning was only 153. In Zurich he weighed only one pound more.

When Wanes cut loose, which occasionally he did, Robbie followed suit and it was on those occasions that the Frenchman was floored. So long as he behaved and didn't try for a knockout, he could depend on Robbie keeping him on his feet.

In the tenth round Wanes leaped out of his corner and started tossing punches in an attempt to drop Ray and that brought Robinson out in force. As a result the fans received a round of thrilling action—the best of the fight. In Antwerp, after Jan de Bruin quit, he declared he did so because Ray wouldn't follow up his advantage when Jan was cornered and he didn't want to be favored that way.

Trim as an athlete should be, lithe-limbed so that he can romp around the ring like a two year old, Robbie is fit to tackle any middleweight in Europe. Most amazing thing about the champion is that I have seen him on the scales twice in the past few weeks weighing only 152½ pounds—and that without much training. In fact, I'd call it loafing. On the morning of his fight with Kid Marcel, Ray, reading a letter from Mayor Impellitierre of New York City, laughed as he remarked, "There's a real fight fan, like Mayor Jimmy Walker. I'll bet he'll be surprised when I write and tell him that despite all the goings-on here, I've lost weight and can make 150 pounds easily. In fact I can make 147 without any trouble."

WHICH statement led to a revival of the welterweight situation. Asked if he ever again would go into a fight at the welter limit, Ray replied:

"This morning when I had my massage, I scaled only 152½ pounds. I really never had any trouble making the welterweight limit. It was always a part of our publicity to state that I was having a heck of a time getting down to weight when in reality I was either at the required weight or under most of the time."

Then by way of emphasizing his point, Ray referred to his bout with Docusen in Chicago.

"Recall the headlines when I was training for that contest? 'Ray far overweight,' they read. 'Docusen prepared to claim the title at the scales.'

"Well, at the time I really weighed only 146 pounds but I let it be known that I was having such a tough time that I had to do a lot of secret training in the evening to get down to weight."

Then, in a jovial mood, Ray continued while a number of French and British newspapermen listened:

"Recall what I said at the luncheon of the New York Boxing Writers' when you gave me the championship belt? I then told the scribes and Colonel Eagan and Abe Green of the N.B.A. that nothing would suit me better than to meet the N.B.A.-New York welterweight champion winner in a world title bout at 147 pounds, if for no other reason that to prove that I can still make that weight. They said that if I decided to fight as a welterweight, I would be forced to give up my middleweight crown. Well, they are the men who rule over boxing and I don't want to do anything to hurt the game but now that Kid Gavilan has won the support of both the N.B.A. and New York as my successor, I would like very much to meet the Cuban again in a title bout. I know I can make the weight and beat the Kid but if I cannot be called a double champion, I suppose it is best to retain the middleweight crown and let Gavilan carry on for me in the lower division."

ASKED his opinion about Gavilan, Sugar Ray replied: "He's a good, aggressive fighter. There is no doubt in my mind but that he is the best boy in the division and I hope there is someway by which he can receive universal recognition. I'm certain that he can whip anyone in Europe. He's a far better fighter than Eddie Thomas, the British Empire champion, and I hope that the winner of the Thomas-Humetz bout can be matched with the Kid to settle supremacy. Gavilan proved in his tough battle with me in Philadelphia and again against Bratton, that he rates the highest honors in the division."

Ray is serious about retiring. Interviewed by Peter Wilson of London, Ray said that the report about his retirement is premature. But after Wilson had sent his story to England, Ray confided to me that he expects to hang up his gloves at the end of the year. Said Ray:

"I had to fight out of my class more often than in it when I was king of welters, which title I believe I still hold regardless of the commission action, and now I find the same difficulty in the middleweight class. There are only four fights that could enable me to earn what I feel I am entitled to if I put my title on the line.

"I tried desperately, as you know, to get Dauthuille to fight me

★

John Harding, British sportsman, who has reopened the National Sporting Club in the building in Berkeley Square occupied by the Empress Club. The membership contains the names of many of Briton's most celebrated sportsmen.

★

here in Paris where such a bout would be the biggest attraction in all Europe excepting England. Promoter Gilbert Benaim thought he had the affair tied up but at the last moment, Col. Grombach, Dauthuille's American manager, turned down the fight with the statement that his boy is not yet ready for it. Yet he was willing to have the fight staged either in Montreal or in New York. When one reviews the great battle the Frenchman put up against the tough Jake LaMotta in Detroit, he wonders why Grombach thinks that Laurent is not ready for a fight with me which would net us both a huge sum but now that Robert Villemain has held him to a draw, I no longer figure him a strong contender."

After negotiations in which Jack Solomons the British promoter, Lew Burston representing the International Boxing Club which holds an exclusive on Robinson for a title bout and George Gainford, manager of Robinson were at loggerheads for almost three weeks, the much-discussed contest between Randolph Turpin, British middleweight champion and Sugar Ray was clinched. Ray, who held out for $100,000 guarantee and 40 percent of the gate, finally compromised for a guarantee of $84,000 and 37½ percent. The bout, which rates tops in world boxing, has brought me back to England after only a short stay of three weeks in America following my six weeks tour of England and the continent. I figure the Turpin-Robinson bout so important a match that I decided to be at the ringside to cover it for our readers.

The clincher was Turpin's fight with Jackie Keough in which Randolph took seven rounds to dispose of the American. Gainford went to England to see the mill and was satisfied after watching Turpin that Robinson could beat Randolph. However, I can assure Sugar Ray that he won't have any cinch. He'll have to be at his best and keep physically fit for what is certain to be his toughest test as a welter or middleweight.

ALTHOUGH the appearances of Robinson, with the exception of his exhibition at Nancy, did not pack 'em in, it was not because of Ray's lack of popularity. On the contrary, it was the reputation of Sugar Ray as a fighter par excellence, that caused a fall in the gates. The French, for example, said that Ray was meeting a set-up when he faced Kid Marcel. But my answer to that sort of criticism was that Kid Marcel was the middleweight champion of Franch and as such, he certainly was the top man of the country in the division.

The same held true in other parts of Europe. The fans were enthusiastic greeters of Robinson, but they didn't think that the opposition was good enough for him, hence refrained from purchasing tickets for his fights. Not so at his exhibitions, however, where the tickets were cheaper.

In each place he met the best the country could produce, both on this trip and his last. At least he was willing to face the champion of every country, hence he couldn't be accused of picking set-ups. Apparently the quality of foreign fighters is to blame and not Sugar Ray.

In fact, discussing that point, Sugar Ray confided: "It is my aim to gain a victory over every champion in every country I visit. I want to retire the undefeated world middleweight champion with a record of having whipped titleholders in my division from all parts of the world."

But Ray's aim was thwarted. In a number of places he couldn't get the promoter to pit him against the titleholder and it Italy, for example, the government agency in charge of boxing, put its foot down. Ray was booked to fight Livio Minelli, the Italian champion, in Milan. The Italian Federation of Boxing notified Lou Burston and Gilbert Benaim, who were handling Ray's tour, that under no circumstances would any Italian be permitted to fight the world champion.

In Milan, I inquired why the Minelli bout was banned and I was informed that the Italian boxing authorities thought too much of their boys to permit what they termed a "slaughter."

Told that Robinson had no desire to show up the weakness of European middleweights nor to knock out his opponents, I was informed that regardless of Ray's intentions, the Italian Federation was proud of the work it had accomplished in building up its boxers and to permit Minelli to enter the ring with Robinson and probably suffer a knockout, would have an effect on the morale of the Italian boxers and this was contrary to the wishes of the Italian Federation members.

"Robinson can fight in Italy. We welcome him in our country.

The guiding lights of the British Board of Boxing Control, left to right, J. Onslow Fane, president and chairman; E. J. Waltham, general secretary, and Alexander Elliott, vice-chairman.

We shall be grateful to him for bringing us $10,000 for our Cancer Fund. We will permit him to box any foreigner but we cannot sanction a contest between him, the greatest champion in the world, and any of our boys," was the Federation statement.

That's the great tribute paid to a great champion by the Italian government officials! Never before in American ring history has such an acknowledgement been made by a foreign power. Sugar Ray should be mighty proud of that stand by the Italian Federation.

WHEN I decided on my six weeks tour of England and the continent, I did so with three things in mind—to see Robinson in action against several of Europe's best middleweights; to note the development of the sport abroad since my visit a year ago and above all, to obtain first hand information on the Russian boxers who have been kept in secret training behind the Iron Curtain but about whose prowess I have received many letters. I was informed that a team of sixteen Russians would compete in the European amateur championships at Milan and that I would see the greatest boxing prospects developed anywhere in the past two decades.

From Austria, Germany and Italy, my informants kept writing

that the Russians had a team that would sweep the boards in the Milan title meet and that in at least two divisions, the light-heavyweight and heavyweight, they had men who could take the measure of some of the world's leading professionals. Particularly true, I was told, was this of one man. Nikolai Korolyov, the heavyweight titleholder of the U.S.S.R. Those who have seen this huge, bulky, powerfully built fighter said that he resembles Jack Dempsey and can sock like the old Manassa Mauler. Serges Scherbakov, their welterweight champion, was another of whom I heard such excellent reports that I decided to fly to Milan and see for myself.

I had seen the Russians compete in the European basketball championships in the Palais des Sports of Paris and after watching them, I was doubly certain that the information I had on their fighters was not far-fetched. But, after making the journey to Milan I learned that the day before the boxing team had been scratched. No one, not even the members of the European Federation who were in charge, could give the reason for the withdrawal and thus what was to have been the first appearance of Russian boxers in international competition away from their own Zone, failed to materialize. It was a keen disappointment for me but welcome news to the nations competing who figured that Russia would make a clean up.

IN the basketball tourney, Russia won the crown in overtime play in which a foul gave the Communists the necessary point to carry off the honors. But the winning point was the cause of considerable commotion. The referee first ruled that the player had crossed the line but that decision was overruled and the title was awarded to the Russians.

Wild scenes followed. Hissing and booing rent the air and I was informed upon my return to Paris that the attitude of the spectators against the Russians brought the edict from their government to drop out of the boxing tournament. The Russians later denied this. They stated that the team could not reach Milan on time but this was taken with a grain of salt. They couldn't take it. They dislike being criticized or booed. We've learned that at the U.N. meetings in America.

HOWEVER, no matter what the reason for the withdrawal, the fact remains that I didn't get the chance to see the Communist boxers in action. But I did learn the following:

There are about 20,000 highly trained amateur boxers in Russia and all are members of registered organizations. They perform little work other than train and drill. In this respect they fail to meet the true amateur status of other nations' athletes.

They engage in team matches under government-controlled supervision and once a year national championships are decided at which 50,000 spectators attend. The sixteen strongest boxers in each division are chosen for this tournament and they are selected by government agencies from among the thousands who compete for the eliminations.

They are chosen not only for their fighting ability but for physical endurance, strength and punching power. The successful ones are later assigned to become teachers in the army. They are really professional soldiers who are trained as boxers as part of the physical fitness program of the Stalin government.

Discussing the Russian boxers with Count Rossi of Italy and Eduardo Mazzi, Secretary of the Italian Federation, who has visited America frequently with teams from Europe, I was told that the greatest athletic honor a Russian can receive is to win a boxing title. And the hero of the tournament is the winner of the heavyweight and light-heavyweight title. The boxers spend their holidays at the seaside. The only demand made by the government on those who compete as boxers, is that they systematically work to improve themselves.

Korolyov, the heavyweight king, is a massive man and like Jack Dempsey, Joe Louis and Ray Robinson, is a national hero. In his last fight in which he gained what the Russians call the "Absolute Heavyweight Title," he disposed of his opponent, Evald Pik in the Trade Unions finals, in eleven seconds.

That indicates the power of the Russian champ. Two years ago an effort was made by a Russian Sports organization to enlist my services to get Korolyov to America. The Russian government was ready to have me fly to Russia to see him in action and a proposition was made to have Jack Dempsey accompany me and have Jack take over the management of the fighter. Of course we turned down the proposition. Furthermore our government was appraised of the fact as both Dempsey and I figured that there might be a catch to the affair—an easy entrance to America for a possible spy. Pik comes from Estonia.

SPEAKING of the European championships, an Englishman, Alf Lay, A.B.A. middleweight champion from Battersea, B. I., was awarded the trophy presented by Ireland for the best loser among the 150 boxers who competed. Lay also won the silver medal for third place in the light-middleweight class. He lost a thrilling bout to Laszio Papp of Hungary and to Jens Andersen, the Danish Champion. Emil Grimaux, French President of the Association Internationale de Boxe Amateur, described 21 year old Lay's performance in the tournament despite those defeats, as the finest during the week's competition.

"It was magnificent to see this young lad get off the floor and fight his way back, swapping punch for punch till the end," said he.

The new European boxing champions, taking the title from France, are the Italians with 25 points. Germany, with a team of immature, but stalwart kids, celebrated their return to international boxing by finishing second with 13 points and Hungary was third with 11 points. The new champions of Europe are:

Flyweight—A. Pozzali, Italy; Bantam—V. Dalo'osso, Italy; Feather—J. Ventaja, France; Lightweight—B. Visentin, Italy; Light-welter—H. Schilling, Germany; Welter—Z. Chychia, Poland; Light-middle—L. Papp, Hungary; Middle—S. Sjolin, Sweden; Cruiser—M. Limage, Belgium; Heavyweight—G. di Segni, Italy.

IN the previous issue of THE RING, I discussed the boxing situation in England and pointed to the keen interest in the sport. But as in America there is a shortage of good fighters. England has, however, first rate fighters in a number of divisions.

As I previously remarked, I think the best of the recently developed fighters as a prospect is Terry Ratcliffe, an aggressive crowd pleaser. He'll go a long way if properly handled. The same may be said of the British cruiserweight titleholder, Don Cockell, who is eager to fight Joey Maxim for the world crown. Cockell is a very good fighter but still lacks necessary essentials that go with championship calibre. Randolph Turpin and Cockell are the two best bets in Great Britain to capture world crowns.

As a friendly critic who has repeatedly praised both, it is my opinion that Cockell at this stage of his career can be whipped by Harry Matthews, Archie Moore, Joey Maxim and Bob Satterfield and that Turpin will be defeated by Ray Robinson. But that doesn't leave them out in the cold. Each is a splendid fighter and would do well against the cream of our boys.

As for the Germans, they have top men in Connie Rux, a light-heavyweight; Hein ten Hoff who although not the equal of our top ten, has an excellent left hand and crosses his right with effect, and Hans Stretz, Peter Muller and Gerhard Hecht, pretty good middleweights.

Fred Kirsch who is well known in America and Joachim Gottert, the Berlin promoter, are doing a swell job in bringing Germany back into the fistic picture. Now that Germany has been readmitted into the European Boxing Union, we can expect to see many American and British fighters imported to Berlin, Hamburg and other German centers. With the revival of boxing, the public interest has grown as was evident when 32,000 fans sat through an afternoon of rain to see Hein ten Hoff whip Gene Jones in the Berlin Olympic arena.

In recent international bouts in Cologne, the first in which British boxers were permitted to go to Germany, Peter Muller, the middleweight champion of Germany, forced Henry Hall to retire in the ninth round. Bob Frost, rated in the E.B.U. as fourth to Eddie Thomas, the British and European welter king, was outpointed by Josef Munnichhoff. Cliff Anderson drew with former German lightweight champion, Heinz Sander, and Bos Murphy lost to Carl Schmidt on points.

The Ring Wins With Carter

By TED CARROLL

THAT Jimmy Carter, "The Great Unknown," is world's lightweight champion today is just additional evidence that in this life nothing is impossible. This is not meant in disparagement of the gentlemanly Harlem boy's ability. He is and has been for some years a better than fair worker at his trade but virtually unknown and unrecognized by the sporting public except to the men in THE RING organization where for more than a year he has been rated among the world's best ten. THE RING has been vindicated in its choice.

Even in a class as popular and distinguished by unusual events as the 135 pound division, Carter's bewildering success is a standout. Most people took it for granted that former lightweight king Ike Williams was just taking on the obscure Carter to appease the various boxing bodies that had been baying at his tracks over his long overdue title defense. This didn't satisfy the N.B.A. which loftily vetoed the New Yorker as a worthy contender, and then found itself in the embarrassing position of having to okay a champ whom it had publicly branded just a sucker.

When rumors of Ike's weight making troubles began seeping down from his training quarters, there were mumbles here and there that there might be an upset but despite reports of Carter money coming out of hiding, Williams was held as a top-heavy favorite with scant action. Even Ike himself didn't bother about holding his foe to the usually automatic return bout contract. The customers anticipating little more than a workout for the hard thumping Trentonite, remained by their firesides.

Millions of dumbfounded televiewers were at the point of calling the repairman when their screens showed "Unknown" Jimmy's hand being raised in victory as the new champion of the world. They vied with veteran fight observers in wonderment over the startling result. Still there were some hints in Carter's past record that something like this might happen. There was, for instance, the appearance of his name in THE RING ranking of boxers for many months. There was also his draw with Sandy Saddler way back in 1947. Everyone agrees, now that it's all over, that not enough attention was paid Carter's streak-stopping win over the then unbeaten Percy Bassett a few months ago.

ONE has to go back about 26 years to find anything like Carter's victory in lightweight history. A seldom mentioned Buffalo battler, Jimmy Goodrich, figured in that one. Goodrich had even less to recommend him when he was included in the lightweight tournament to decide a successor to Benny Leonard back in 1925.

Actually there shouldn't have been a tournament. Sid Terris and Sammy Mandell had clearly proven themselves the class of the 135 pound boys of that period. They had met twice. Both were superlative boxers and the first match had been called a draw. In the second one held in the old Garden in 1925 Terris, although a New York favorite, had dropped what most onlookers called, a bad decision to the old Rockford Sheik.

Sid refused to enter the tournament, thereby making a mistake that doomed his championship hopes. At first Mandell balked also, but made a last minute entry into the round robin. A big favorite over Goodrich in his first bout, he was called the loser on a foul in the sixth round.

In the tourney final, Goodrich, again the underdog, went on to win the crown when his opponent Stan Loayza, the tough Chilean, suffered an injury and had to call a halt in the second stanza.

So Jimmy Goodrich was crowned lightweight champion of the world, a title he relinquished in his first title defense against old warhorse Rocky Kansas. Goodrich was not a Benny Leonard by any means. He had an in-and-out record with losses and draw bouts mixed with victories over good men.

CARTER finds himself in eminent company since not a few of the ring's elite have held the 135 pound crown. Just as Carter will always be recalled as the upset champion of the class, many of the others are remembered for one thing or another.

For example, Tony Canzoneri held the lightweight championship twice. The New Orleans Italian figured in a big way in 135 pound doings for years. As far back as 1929 he was fighting Sammy Mandell for the crown, losing a close decision to the clever titleholder in Chicago.

He first donned the royal robe in this class in 1930 when he stopped Al Singer in a round.

As champion he barred nobody. Nosed out by Barney Ross in a Windy city set-to three years later, he attempted to regain the title from Ross several months later in New York and received none the better of the hair-line verdict whereby Ross retained his title.

Barney outgrew the class, and two years later, in 1935, who should pop up as lightweight king again but this same Tony Canzoneri. This time he gave young Lou Ambers a lesson in the art to decide the owner of Ross's discarded crown.

Ambers' not only had been a former Canzoneri sparmate but a boyhood idolizer of the dark-haired ring great. This showed up in his performance the first time they met. The next time, however, there was a different story to tell. By now Ambers had outgrown his awe of the hero of his young days, and with Father Time putting a damper on the old Canzoneri fire, Lou prevailed and Tony's title days were done.

WEIGHT trouble has harried the 135 pound rulers since Gans. The old limit used to be 133 but to convenience Benny Leonard, two pounds were added. Leonard found this mark an ordeal. It is readily recalled that Promoter Jimmy Johnston, in connivance with both fighters and the officials, had the Leonard-Tendler weigh-in conducted in strictest privacy.

For that one the boys wanted to be alone, and the political influence wielded by both Johnston and Leonard's manager Billy Gibson, was sufficient to exclude all prying eyes from a peep at the scales.

Barney Ross and Leonard were the two lightweight titleholders who never lost the crown. Ross got too big for the poundage and gave it up to box Jimmy McLarnin for the welterweight crown. Leonard, who it is claimed hadn't actually made the weight in years, stepped down in 1925.

One of the best liked and probably the unluckiest of them all was popular Beau Jack. The Beau drew tremendous Madison Square Garden gates while champ during the money-free World War II years. In 18 fights he drew over a million dollars during this period. In less than a month in three bouts with Bob Montgomery, Al Davis, and Juan Zurita, Garden fight fans paid some $330,000 to see Beau Jack do his stuff.

The Beau, a child like character, ended up with only a tiny part of his big purses.

Not all of this was due to mismanagement, as the free-handed former shoe shine boy never really realized the value of money.

Freddy Welsh had a hex on him when pay-off time rolled around too. The clever Welshman didn't get a farthing when he won the title from Willie Ritchie in London back in 1914. The American's guarantee ate up most of the gate receipts. That was bad enough, but this has happened to many successful title challengers. Following the Leonard-Welsh fight in New York in which Freddy lost his championship, Welsh's purse was spent by his manager and Freddie again worked for nothing.

Bob Montgomery, duplicated Canzoneri's feat of being twice crowned champ of the lightweights. He and Beau Jack put on a back and forth routine with the title in 1944. Jack might also be called a two timer, but his first *(Continued on page 47)*

LIGHTWEIGHT HIGHLIGHTS
...A LONG SHOT WHO CAME THROUGH 26 YEARS AGO..JIMMY GOODRICH..
TONY CANZONERI
..HELD THE TITLE TWICE..!
..MOST SURPRISING TITLE WINNER.. OF THEM ALL!!
UPSET CHAMP
..OF THE LIGHTWEIGHTS..
-JIMMY-
CARTER
EVERLAST
KEEP OUT
THIS MEANS YOU
..IKE'S WEIGHT TROUBLE WAS NOTHING NEW. ...IN 1923 PROMOTER JIMMY JOHNSTON LOCKED THE DOOR ON THE TENDLER-LEONARD WEIGH-IN...
UNLUCKY BEAU JACK SET "MONEY RECORDS BUT..ENDED UP WITH LITTLE..!
..FREDDY WELSH DIDN'T GET A PENNY WHEN HE WON THE TITLE.. ..OR..WHEN HE LOST IT..!!..
ED CARREY

A DREAM COME TRUE

Uncle Mike Jacobs Was Ten Years Ahead of His Time in Visualizing the Television of Major Boxing Bouts From Arenas to the Theatre

By AL BUCK

IF we could turn back the clock to when Mike Jacobs, the last of the great promoters, sitting in his Madison Square Garden office looking out onto Eighth Ave., boxing might not be confronted with the problem it faces today. Uncle Mike knew television was just around the corner. In fact he had experimented with the new medium, and he dreamed of the time when he would make countless millions from Video.

On May 9, 1941, Jacobs had the Billy Soose-Ken Overlin world middleweight championship fight piped into a New York theatre via television. A carefully selected audience viewed the contest, and pronounced it good. The reaction was the same as that of the crowd in the Garden. Mike was sure he had hit the jackpot.

The future, as Jacobs saw it, would establish him as the king of Video. He would promote the fights, as he always had done, in the Garden, and they would be telecast into theatres stretching from Coast to Coast. The profits would be tremendous, as each theatre would charge a modest admission fee, and Uncle Mike and his fighters would get rich.

Mike Jacobs, famous promoter, whose prediction of ten years ago has been fulfilled.

Eventually it may work out as Jacobs planned, but before he could put his idea into operation World War II came along. Television was delayed four years, and in 1946, when the conflict was over, Mike was floored by a cerebral hemorrhage. His days as an active promoter were over. But almost ten years to the day, Mike's prediction came true, for on June 6, the Garden announced that the Louis-Savold fight would be televised to theatres but not to homes.

Unable to carry on, Uncle Mike sold his 20th Century S.C. to Jim Norris. The latter created the International Boxing Club, and entered into an agreement with the sponsors to telecast all shows. They went out on the coaxial cable free of charge, paid for by the Gillette Razor Co., and Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer. Over night the gates fell away to nothing.

The sponsors guaranteed the IBC against loss, but while Norris prospered, independent promoters all over the country were forced to close up shop. They couldn't compete with the fistic entertainment furnished their fans from New York, Chicago and Detroit. The normal flow of talent from the out-of-town clubs was shut off. Boxing suddenly found itself in a bad way.

With the Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer Co. paying $100,000 for the TV rights, Norris didn't hesitate to pair Joey Maxim, the world light-heavyweight king, with Ezzard Charles, world heavyweight champion, for the latter's title in the Chicago Stadium on Memorial Day. There hadn't been a world heavyweight title battle fought on a holiday since Jack Dempsey outpointed Tommy Gibbons at shadeless Shelby on July 4, 1923, but the promoter was guaranteed against loss.

As it turned out, it was a TV fight and the sponsor took charge from the weighing in until the decision in Charles' favor was rendered at the end of 15 rounds. What happened in the ring is described elsewhere in this issue by Nat Fleischer and has no bearing on the effect of the new medium on boxing. The weighing in was something else. It was a gigantic side show to which the public was invited free of charge.

THE weighing in ceremony took place at high noon in Goldblatt's Department Store. Because of the holiday the store was closed, but the "Let's Have Fun" TV show had to go on, and Charles and Maxim were just an added feature. Although they were paid to sell beer in the evening, Ezz and Joey were also required to peddle refrigerators, lawn mowers and furniture in the afternoon for nothing. In this modern age there is no rest for a champion, and he doesn't always get the financial reward due him.

"Let's Have Fun" is an audience participation show, and a bright young man welcomed the guests with the breathless announcement: "This is a television first—the first time two champions have weighed in for a championship bout on television. This man (pointing to an individual) will cue you when to applaude. I hope you will respond."

The boys and girls responded when he added: "Although the store is closed today our star sale will continue all week."

"The Let's Have Fun" show stars a singer named Hank Grant. Hank appeared in a Gay Nineties costume accompanied by a blonde with a bustle in the back. Mr. Grant moved through the audience, made comical remarks to the children, and told jokes.

When he asked the blonde with the bustle if she was the girl with the "hourglass figure," he added "Your sand is shifting." The cue man indicated that applause was called for. The audience applauded.

Grant then sang a few oldies, mostly by George M. Cohan, including "Give My Regards to Broadway," "It's a Grand Old Flag" and "Mary." All this to set the stage for Charles and Maxim to stand on the scales burnished by the Illinois Athletic Commission.

THAT Charles and Maxim were fighting for the heavyweight title was not important. They were permitted to wear their fighting trunks, as indeed the presence of the ladies demanded. On getting the signal, the audience applauded Maxim. Then they did the same for Charles.

At this point Joe Triner, chairman of the Illinois Commission took over and asked:

"You both have foul proof cups?"

The inference was if they hadn't they could get the same at Goldblatt's, even if it was a holiday.

Chairman Triner then interpreted the rules to Charles and Maxim, and also to the vast video audience. We assume it was vast, as it always is, especially at high noon on a holiday.

In the confusion Triner announced Charles weighed 182 pounds, and Maxim 181½ pounds. The chairman said afterwards that never again would he allow two fighters to peddle diamonds, rugs and ladies gloves while weighing in for a title fight. No doubt Joe was thinking what would happen if the TV cameras were trained on a weighing in such as Ike Williams and Jimmy Carter went through in the offices of the New York Commission prior to their lightweight title bout at the Garden.

FROM Williams' camp at Pompton Lakes, N. J., had come reports that he was having difficulty making the required 135 pounds. Some thought this was ballyhoo, but as it turned out weight making cost Ike the championship. When he started training Williams had scaled 151 pounds. On breaking camp the morning of the fight he had weighed himself and found he was just under the limit.

So he ate a light breakfast, a poached egg and tea, and drove to the Commission. Testing himself on the scales, Williams found he was over. He did some road work in the vicinity of Foley Square, and he was sweating when he came into the weighing room.

Commissioner Leon Swears, functioning for Chairman Eddie Eagan, who decided that his presence at the Saints and Sinners initiation of Mayor Impellitierre was more important than a weigh-in for a title bout, looked at the bar, and announced:

"Williams weighs 135¾ pounds."

Making allowances that Ike had weighed at 12:40, Swears gave him until 1:45 to make the weight. Then when the photographers insisted on getting their pictures, the Commissioner extended the time until two o'clock.

Now the rule says the weighing in must take place between noon and 1:30 p.m. It is the custom, however, to weigh at 12:30 p.m. Swears took all this into consideration in his effort to be fair to the champion. With an hour to shed three quarters of a pound, Williams took over the weighing in room.

Wearing a sweat shirt he shadow boxed for 45 minutes. Then he was rubbed down. When Swears appeared for the second weighing in he was accompanied by Dr. C. B. Powell, the third member of the Commission. The second time Williams weighed in it was 2:05 p.m. He balanced the bar at 135 pounds, but while he made the weight he had so weakened himself that the outcome was a foregone conclusion. Not only did Carter win, but he won by knocking out Williams.

NOW this would have been something for a TV audience to see, although Williams would have been unable to make the weight if he had been forced to wear trunks. During the hour when he was sweating it out, a sponsor could have sold cigars, cigarettes, and anything at all. The Video audience could have been entertained with songs, jokes, or even a juggling act. There is no limit to the possibilities.

It is doubtful if Jacobs thought it through to the point where he would have had the weighing-in telecast, but he'd have gone for it if he thought people would pay their way into a theatre just to see two semi-nude fighters on the scales.

What Uncle Mike would not have liked is the dent TV put in the gates for the two title fights. Williams and Carter drew only $13,000. Charles and Maxim put only $77,000 in the box office. The thing Jacobs enjoyed more than anything else was selling tickets.

Of course Jacobs proposed to have the fight shown on the screen at theatres. Norris sends it out free, depending on the sponsor to keep him out of the red. But Jim has begun to tap that vast theatre potential. He gave it its first big tryout in the Louis-Savold fight. It may yet work out the way Jacobs planned it.

At Charles victory party at the Hotel Morrison right after he defeated Maxim, Sam Pian, who managed Barney Ross and Tony Zale, spoke of phonevision. The stunt is to hook the television set up with the telephone.

If the televiewer wanted to see a fight, he would notify the telephone company, which in turn would tune his set to the required channel. A small fee will be charged, and this will be split between the telephone company and the promoter. It is contended that this will add thousands of dollars to the gate. Phonevision and theatre television apparently are here to stay and promoters, at least the I.B.C., expects to benefit by each.

Jim Norris, president of the International Boxing Club, who has made Jacobs' dream come true by contracting with major motion picture theater syndicates for the television of the I.B.C. outdoor shows.

"WHAT'S happened to these gates?" asked Tom Tania, one of Charles' managers.

"Television," was the obvious answer.

Tom had expected the fight would gross $200,000 at least, even though it was being fought on a holiday. With Memorial Day falling on a Wednesday, Promoter Norris considered it a good date. It may have been as people crowded Comiskey Park to see the White Sox play the lowly St. Louis Browns, and others packed Washington Park to wager on the horses.

But they went home and turned on their TV sets to see the fight. The gathering in the Chicago Stadium numbered only 7220.

Holiday boxing seems to belong in the horse and buggy days. The last title fight on Memorial Day, prior to Charles and Maxim, involved the bantamweight championship then held by Manuel Ortiz. Ortiz defended the crown on May 30, 1947 against David Kui Kong Young in Honolulu. The last title fight of any importance on Memorial Day took place in 1926 when Pete Latzo won the welterweight championship from Mickey Walker at Scranton, Pa. The previous year Paul Berlenbach lifted the light-heavyweight title from Mike McTigue in New York's Yankee Stadium. Before that, May 30, like all the other national holidays, was popular for important ring tussles, and fighters like Joe Walcott, Jack Root, Young Corbett, Matty Baldwin, Marvin Hart, Honey Mellody and Johnny Dundee didn't consider their records complete without one Memorial Day result included. But the years move on and times do change.

Other interests have made holidays a bad day for boxing. It's baseball or racing or boating. It may be just riding around in the family automobile. A Chicago sports editor told me that as many as 50,000 people leave the city annually to see the 500-mile automobile race at Indianapolis on Memorial Day. The sports editor added that if it wasn't for the Charles-Maxim fight he would have been at Indianapolis.

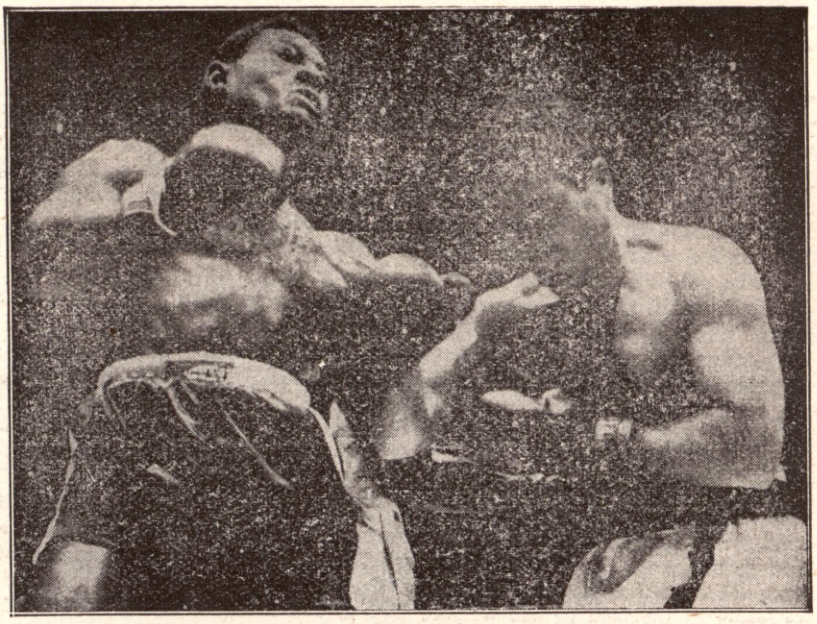
It seems obvious that even a weighing in on TV will not send people rushing to the box office to purchase tickets. Not when they can see the fight free of charge on TV. They didn't turn out for Charles and Maxim, and they wouldn't have shown up for the fight itself if the scales had been placed in Goldblatt's window instead of hidden away on the Eighth Floor among the pots and pans.

This takes us back to Jacobs and his dream of gates running into the millions. Uncle Mike figured it would be a simple trick to pipe it into theatres, and he was right. He was ten years ahead of his time, but great promoter though he was, he never had to wrestle with the problem TV has created for boxing. Mike Jacobs was back on his Rumson, N. J., acres messing around with cabbages and petunias, before the television age was really born.

Runaway for Charles

Ezzard Finds Easy Prey in Retaining World Heavyweight Title Against Attacks of Joey Maxim, Head of the Light-Heavyweight Division

By NAT FLEISCHER



Light-heavy champ Joey Maxim gets weak at the knees when Ezzard Charles, heavy boss, cracks a terrific right to Maxim's head in the 13th round of their championship fight at Chicago. Maxim's act of self preservation, holding on for dear life, saved him from a knockdown which would have been the only one of the fight. Charles won the unanimous 15 round decision to retain his crown.

NO contest.

That's what could be recorded in our annual RING Record Book alongside the names of Joey Maxim and Ezzard Charles for the fight at the Chicago Stadium on Memorial Day except that it might lead to confusion. For despite the fact that the bout went the limit of fifteen rounds and Charles retained his crown by unanimous decision, that term aptly fits the contest. It was so one-sided, that from the start to finish it was a runaway for the world heavyweight king.

My score card showed Charles the winner by thirteen rounds, with one even and the ninth in Maxim's favor, and a point tally of 88 to 62. I tabbed the fourth round even. Referee Frank Gilmer charitably voted Charles the victor by 78 to 72 points, but the consensus among the spectators, particularly in the press row, was that Gilmer was seeing a different fight from that at the Stadium. Tommy Thomas and Ed Hintz, the judges, had Charles ahead, 85 to 65, which was about how the contest shaped up.

If ever a boxing bout could be designated as a runaway match, this was it. Gilmer was probably the only one in the famous arena who saw it as close as he scored it. Had he not interfered with the fighters as often as he did, had he not gotten himself tangled up by trying to break Maxim on the wrong side, Charles might have attained his goal-victory by a knockout. Seldom has an official in a world heavyweight championship failed to please as in this mill.

AS in all of his title-defenses—this was his eighth since gaining N.B.A. recognition as Louis' successor—the fans hissed and booed the victor but for what reason, it is difficult to say. Ezzard did everything that a good scrapper would be expected to do to an opponent—especially when that opponent happens to be the holder of the title in the next lower division—but knock his man out. Yet the slim crowd was against him. Several times the referee's actions added to Ezzard's discomfiture for he warned him in a number of rounds for fouls that were not committed and the warnings brought the galleryites, too far away from the ring to see for themselves that there had been no infraction of the rules, to their feet and they gave Charles the Bronx cheers.

Gilmer gave Maxim the fourth, seventh, ninth and eleventh rounds. He called the third, sixth, tenth and twelfth even, but how he reached that conclusion no one but he could explain. Even Jack Kearns after the fight admitted that it was a one-sided battle in which his fighter didn't have a chance.

Unlike Sugar Ray Robinson, who when welterweight champion went after the middleweight crown and succeeded in carrying off the honors, Maxim proved that it would have been far-better had he defended his light-heavyweight championship instead of keeping that title in moth balls for a year and a half and going after Charles' crown.

Say what one may about Ezzard being a colorless battler, one who fails to arouse the enthusiasm that Dempsey, Louis, Conn, Leonard and other great title-holders of the past brought forth, he gets there nevertheless. Many years have elapsed since a challenger for the heavyweight title has been so far out-classed.

Maxim wasn't battered to a pulp as was Willard by Dempsey. He wasn't knocked kicking as were so many of Joe Louis' opponents. But he did receive a shellacking. He was hit so often about the body that as the fight progressed Joey often almost gasped for breath so tired had he become and so effective had been the Charles' attack. Fortunately, for Maxim, his opponent hasn't the Joe Louis wallop of old or Joey would never have gone the rout.

Yet they razzed, booed and hissed the world heavyweight king! Was it his fault that his opponent wasn't good enough to make a fight of it?

Was Ezzard to blame for being the aggressor, for tossing punches in every round without getting much in return?

He did everything one could possibly ask except tear in and finish his man. But Ezzard is not a finisher. He is not a knockout artist as was his predecessor. He cuts a man up and wins either by forcing the medico to put a halt to the fight or taking the decision by a wide margin. He did both in the Maxim fight.

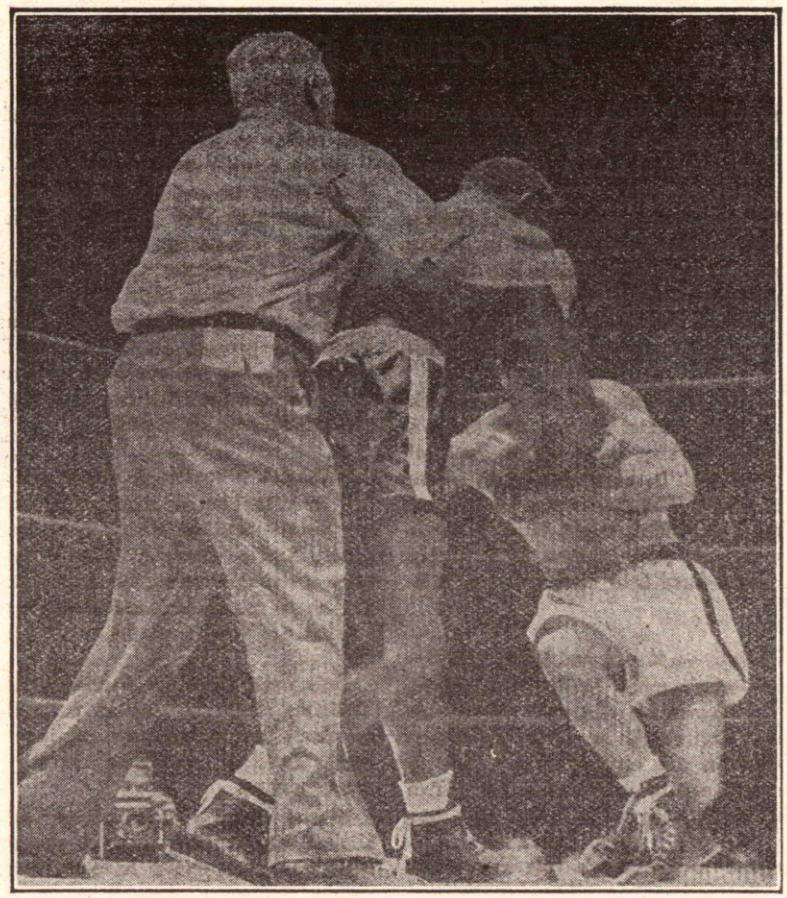
THE Cincinnati gladiator battered the light-heavyweight king throughout the fifteen rounds of one of the most one-sided heavyweight title contests witnessed in many years. Charles was far too good this time for the man who on three previous occasions had lost to Ezzard, but not by such a wide margin as on this occasion.

Charles took command at the outset and with the exception of the ninth round, he never relinquished piling up the points. Even making allowances for a number of flashes of aggressive fighting Maxim made, not by the widest stretch of imagination could I see how Referee Frank Gilmer could reach his decision of a close fight.

Evidence of Charles' superiority was the manner in which his victim left the ring. His face marked by a variety of cuts and bruises, his legs scarcely able to hold the body erect, the challenger was a sorry sight. If ever anyone needed proof that Ezzard Charles is a far underrated heavyweight king, Maxim's appearance was it. There is no champion in any division who cuts his opponents into submission as does Ezzard yet he is booed and har-

mned by the fans every time he fights no matter how good he appears.

And in this fight he did mighty well. He forced Maxim to fight his style so that Joey couldn't benefit by his cleverness. He outfought Joey in every department. He ripped body punches home that made Joey wince and it was those body blows that caused Maxim to collapse from "exhaustion" as Dr. Houston called it. For more than an hour after the fight Dr. Houston was administering aid to the defeated challenger. Oxygen was given to him to help his breathing. Yet Charles was hooted when his hand was held up, "the winner and still champion!"



A weary, weakened Joey Maxim almost slips to the canvas in the fifteenth round as Referee Gilmer pulls Ezzard Charles away from him. Body punches, effectively landed, took all the fight out of the challenger.

WHY this unfair attitude of our fight fans? Show me a heavyweight who is better than Ezzard? If any of our readers have such a fighter in mind we'll all be mighty happy to see him in action. But until Ezzard Charles is whipped, let's be fair to him. Until he meets his master, let's credit him for what he is, not what the fans would like to have at the head of the division. Charles is a sportsman. Let's all act in the same manner towards him. He has earned his spurs and deserves the encouragement of all level-minded, true sporting fans.

As my friend Gene Kessler, Sports Editor of the Chicago *Daily Times,* so aptly remarked, "Ezzard Charles pitched another no-hitter in repulsing Joey Maxim's bid for the crown."

The Cincinnati champion moved ahead of Joe Louis' record pace for defense of the title, but what irked the small gathering of 7226 who paid to see the bout and the millions who got a free view through television was his failure to drop Maxim though he had many chances to do so, especially in the final three rounds in which Joey was dead on his feet, but Charles wouldn't take any gamble. Maxim was a reeling, tired fighter, with cheek swollen and bleeding under the eye in those final sessions, but Ezzard let him carry through to the end.

It was a fight in which television and radio paid more into the gate than did the paid spectators who coughed up only $77,319.22 for a net of only $55,369.07. The sponsors of radio and television paid $100,000. Of the total Charles got $70,927.68, his largest pay day, and Maxim drew down $31,073.81.

Doc Kearns, Maxim's manager, correctly remarked when interviewed in Maxim's dressing room: "My boy didn't have a thing. He was tired and well beaten. That wasn't my boy in there against Charles. He was just too long without a fight, waiting patiently for Jack Solomons to clear the field for Joey to fight and likewise for Jim Norris, to give the champ a chance to earn some money with his title. But I've got no excuses. We lost to a tough, rough fighter and a great champion. Let no one ridicule Charles. He's a bright, clever, good champion."

ONLY in the ninth round did Maxim really cut loose and show a semblance of his true ability. He is a much better fighter than what he displayed against Charles. I saw him in London and if Maxim had not been ring rusty and could have displayed against Charles what he did against Freddie Mills from whom he won the light-heavyweight title, the fans would have left the Stadium well pleased. It takes two to make a good fight and Maxim just didn't have it that night.

In the fourth round, which I called even, Charles actually stopped fighting for three-quarters of a minute while he eyed Referee Gilmer with amazement as the official pointed sternly and told him to stop his foul work. No one else saw that foul but the third man in the ring and it was only natural for Charles to shake his head and ask why he was being warned. And while he did that, Maxim suddenly flashed a brand of fighting that for a minute was a reminder of his London battle and earned an even break for the session.

Charles was far stronger than Maxim. In the frequent clinches, Maxim, a master of the art of tieing up a fighter, couldn't control more than one of Ezzard's arms. Thus, in all the infighting in which the heavyweight king excelled by a wide margin, he was able to rip short right uppercuts to the jaw and jolting rights to face and head that eventually caused the cuts and swelling. Joey's left eye started to puff up in the seventh and in the eleventh his cheek was bruised and cut. In the next session the claret flowed from Joey's lips and nose.

CHARLES fought methodically—as he always has—in adding Maxim to his list of victims which now includes Gus Lesnevich, Pat Valentino, Freddie Beshore, Joe Louis, Nick Barone, Lee Oma and Jersey Joe Walcott, his next opponent in Pittsburgh. His battle plan was to score a knockout if he could, but to win on points otherwise and he succeeded even beyond his fondest expectations. He had figured on a tough battle from the light-heavyweight king and had the easiest in all his title defenses.

He succeeded in breaking through Maxim's defense at an early stage. For five rounds he kept raking Joey's body with stiff wallops and by the end of the ninth round, Maxim clearly showed the effects of the attack by his weariness. The spring in his legs was gone, clever as he is and that doomed him.

From the thirteenth round on, Maxim was in a sorry state. He could hardly defend himself and had Charles gambled, he would have stopped Joey, who was pounded all over the ring.

In the next round Charles pressed the attack in a bid for a kayo, but couldn't succeed. A left hook a few seconds before the gong ended the round, caused Maxim's legs to buckle. Then in the final session, Ezzard kept up his attack without a let-up. A fusillade of lefts and rights as he had Joey against the ropes, gave Maxim the most uncomfortable moments of the entire fight.

For Charles it was a substantial pay day, for he earned more out of the fight than in any other, despite the gathering, one of the smallest in the history of the division.

Carter—A Bitter Pill to Williams

By JOHNNY SALAK

DID you ever see a ghost walking? Well, I did. And so did James William Carter, hometown boy who made good, as he stifled the yawns of the boxing world with a stunning upset to win the world lightweight championship.

He saw the ghost, Ike Williams, weight-weakened and drawn, walk toward him for fourteen rounds and as any self-respecting gent would do, pounded the champion into submission. Carter, up through the closing rounds of a battle in which he was supposed to be the sacrificial lamb led to slaughter, was virtually unknown except to his family, friends and the habitues of Stillman's Gym.

As Referee Petey Scalzo led a dazed and beaten, though gallant, Ike Williams to his corner after halting the fight, a wild scramble ensued among the working press for biographical data on the nonentity who dared rush in, highly confident, where other lightweights feared to tread. The confidence he showed, though the fight can be termed one-sided, might have been his margin of victory. Another fighter, perhaps even more highly rated than Carter's No. 7, might have held back leery of Williams' vaunted power.

IT is true that Carter had an ally—a strong and virile friend—a certain Mr. Fairbanks—who sapped Williams' strength, pulled the skin tight over the champion's ribs and clogged his coordination. Weight-making, Carter's bitter little pill which Williams had to swallow, told the tale after several rounds as the lightweight champion, a mere shadow of his once formidable self, pawed away none too energetically at a target that was none too elusive.

Carter, unanimously relegated to the loser's role before the fight began, quickly noted the failure of follow-through and staying power on the part of Williams and waded in, determined that the title would change hands.

Several times during the bout Williams hit the new champion with the same short left hooks and overhand rights that had flattened well over fifty opponents in the past, but the ex-grocery clerk took them without wincing, always coming back, storming in with confidence, slashing at Williams with a damaging right hand. But even that was not necessary to defeat the slow-motioned Williams that night, for at times it was only a little more than a prodding from the fists of Carter that was setting up Williams, readying to bowl him over in a humiliating and surprising manner.

The ghost of Ike Williams which stalked into a tomblike Madison Square Garden was no match for a strong and determined Jimmy Carter. The unknown "mystery opponent" could not fail to win the fight for even though it was Williams who had not eaten, Carter was the "hungry" fighter.

WILLIAMS lost the first round but came back to take the second, third and fourth, pummeling Carter and making the experts, but momentarily, look good. Closer inspection showed that the champion, ahead at the end of the fourth round, was nevertheless not up to par, failing to hit with the authority he had in the past. After the fourth it was merely a question of time before weariness, if not Carter's right hand, would drop Williams.

The fifth saw a long right hand wallop down him for a count. Dazed, fighting a battle without the generalship that once belonged to him, Williams was up at a five-count, only to be felled again by two jarring rights to the head. The bell tolled what seemed to be a welcome relief for the defending champion at the count of eight. But it was all over even at that moment.

Everything that followed was anti-climactic for Williams, a worn and weakened champion, was nearly through. There could be no comeback, no thought of winning. And Jimmy Carter knew it.

A champion's heart, thinly cloaked by stamina, soon fell bare and visible to all and that alone kept Williams going.

In the tenth round he was again down, for a count of four. Time ticked on and now it was only a battle to stay the limit. But even that slim victory left his battered frame as Carter moved in relentlessly.

In the fourteenth, Carter and Mr. Fairbanks combined to finish it. A looping right to the jaw followed by a left uppercut dropped a sagging and near exhausted Williams once more. Extremely groggy, he arose from that knockdown, determined to carry on, but Referee Petey Scalzo wisely, and with memories of his own, halted the fray, fondled the now-defeated champion and led him to his corner.

SCALZO, who had held the N.B.A. featherweight title back in 1941, lost his crown in a strikingly similar way. Defending his title against Richie Lemos, tough little Mexican switch-hitter, Scalzo weakened himself making the weight limit and after a strong showing for four rounds faded before the fists of the sharp punching Lemos. Trying to continue, the referee, sensing the futility of the battle born of courage alone, halted the fight.

Only once, after the fourth round, did it seem possible that Williams might be able to make it—to come through with a knockout that would stave off inevitable defeat. But the flurry was short-lived and "died" in the weight-weakened frame of the champion.

In the eighth round he staggered the sharp-eyed and iron-skulled Carter with a right uppercut but lacked the furious follow-up that might have overwhelmed and brought defeat to the challenger. At that point Williams appeared tired and his coordination was 'way off.

So little was thought of Carter—his chances so lightly regarded—from the moment the match was made right up to fight time that only 3,594 persons (including the referee) showed up to contribute an inflated gross of $13,260 to the kiddy which is known as television. The attendance and receipts both recorded new lows for a modern lightweight title bout. And yet it is highly probable that more persons watched this bout than the combined audiences of all the lightweight championship bouts from the time of Frank Erne, Joe Gans, Battling Nelson, Benny Leonard and all the other greats, down to the present.

Carter for his winning efforts received from the net of $9,945 a mere $1,377.63 but picked up an additional $2,250 from the television money. The pickings were as slim as Carter's chances were supposed to be before the fight started. But with the title in his hands the new champion, long unknown in his New York hometown, should have a large following and more important purses to bring home to his wife and his 22-month-old child.

ORIGINALLY from Aiken, S. C., where he was born some 27 years ago, Carter has made the Harlem district of New York his home since childhood. That is, when he isn't travelling and of that he has done quite a bit.

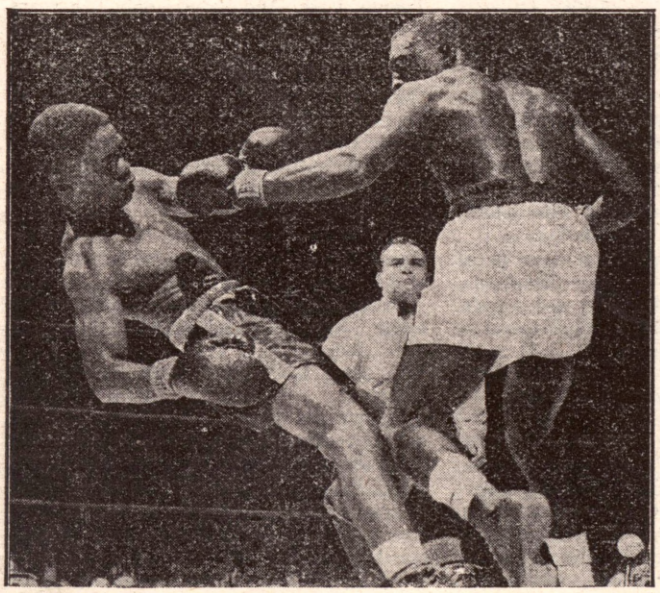
The flat-nosed, dark-skinned Carter learned his boxing at the Catholic Boys' Club in uptown Manhattan, and turned amateur at the age of 14. In 1943 he went into the army and during his training, he won the welterweight title of Camp Clayborne, La. From there he headed overseas to see service as a private, first class, in England, France and the Philippines with the Army Engineers.

He's had the wanderlust ever since, though his jaunts have been motivated in part by his inability to gain recognition and make headway in the fight game in New York. This despite the fact that he lost only two bouts in Gotham, both in his first year of fighting.

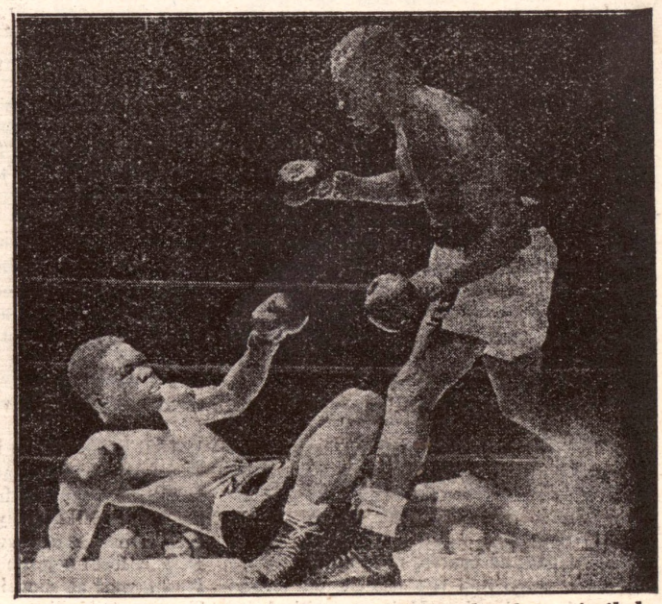
(Continued on page 46)

A TITLE CHANGES HANDS

GOING! . . . A most undignified position for a world champion to assume is the one in which Ike Williams finds himself in tenth round of bout with Jimmy Carter in Madison Square Garden. Showing little respect for Williams' reputation, Carter blasts the titleholder through the ropes with a vicious left hook. It was the third knockdown scored by Jimmy in surprising victory that gained for him the world lightweight laurels.



GOING! . . . Williams' first trip to the canvas happened in fifth round, when a hard left to the chin sent him toppling for count of nine. Ike was down twice in that frame, and from then on it became a question of whether the weight-weakened champion would be able to last the limit.



GONE! . . . The end arrived in the fourteenth, when a fusilade of Carter rights and lefts sent Williams crashing to the floor for the fourth and last time. Though Ike beat the count, he was in such helpless condition when he staggered to his feet that Referee Petey Scalzo called a halt.

He's in Love With Boxing

By BARNEY NAGLER

WALTER CARTIER, the handsome middleweight, is in love with boxing. "It is the greatest thing that could happen to me, being a boxer," he says. He makes this declaration directly, without groping for words. And yet he has one regret.

"The night I just missed knocking out Gene Hairston in the last ten seconds of the last round in the Garden, that should be my biggest thrill in boxing, shouldn't it?" he asks.

It should.

"So I don't remember a thing that happened when it comes to that knockdown," Cartier says sadly, a distant look coming into his broad eyes and a faint smile creeping around his lips.

Cartier gained millions of television friends that May night in Madison Square Garden. More than that, however, he won respect of the fight mob. The members of the confraternity of clout had put him down as a "geezer" and it had rankled within him.

But this night, going into the Garden with Hairston, a partially mute, totally deaf youngster from the Bronx, Cartier had vowed to wipe out the words of those who questioned his fondness for action.

"Those newspapermen didn't let me forget the fight with Rocky Castellani, the one he knocked me out in," Cartier recalled. "They said I was yellow and that I folded up when the going got tough."

THERE was a substantial basis for this criticism. Castellani had been battered by Cartier in the early rounds of a struggle at old St. Nick's, in New York, only to bounce back midway. He took over as boss and stopped Cartier.

Men wise in the compulsion that sends young men into the ring in gloved combat sneered. "Cartier'll never make it," they said, pointing to the vicinity of the heart. "It's as small as a dime."

So Cartier was on the spot going in against Hairston. Some time before he had whipped Hairston in a ten-rounder at St. Nick's, but had pulled out of a return last December at the last minute. He had claimed he was victimized by a chest cold and the State Athletic Commission in New York indicated it wasn't entirely satisfied with his excuse.

In May, however, Cartier readily accepted a last-minute chance to headline a Garden show, with Hairston in the other corner. He did so despite the warning of his manager-of-record, careful Irving Cohen.

And when Cartier was knocked down for nine-counts in the first and second rounds it seemed that he was just what the boys had suspected: A geezer. The number of fight men who whispered "I told you so" came to astronomical figures. If these were laid end to end it would be the longest chain of humans since the headlines of the early 30's.

THEY had, of course, reckoned without the courage that is Cartier's. He came roaring back, beating Hairston with left hooks. He snarled at his tormentor and called for him to fight. "Come on and fight," he said audibly. Ringsiders thought he was whistling past the graveyard into which the ring seemingly had been converted by Hairston.

Cartier sizzled through the mid-rounds and into the stretch. He needed the last round to win and Cohen, working in Cartier's corner, told him so.

"Don't count me out, I'm going to get him yet," Cartier mumbled. "The corner men just hoped he would last out the round. Cartier mumbled, "I've got him now."

He went out for the last round and Hairston greeted him with a two-fisted barrage. Cartier's senses were dulled. He fought out of instinct. The crowd roared. He lashed out, in the closing seconds, with left and right. He caught Hairston coming in with two rights to the jaw and a left. Cartier's adversary went down. He pulled himself erect at nine, staggering on uncooperative legs. The bell rang. It was over and Cartier had pulled victory out of the fire.

I SAT with Cartier some days ago and he looked back on the fight with Hairston, which must be put down as one of the most thrilling in the history of slugging at Madison Square Garden.

He is a clear-eyed lad of 26. His head is large and his jaw is ample. He has a fine, thin nose, which is tipped ever so slightly by a knob. His hair is brown and curly. And he speaks easily.

"I got my biggest purse for the fight with Hairston, counting the $2,250 from television."

"It was $4,100," said Walter's twin brother, Vince, a thin replica of the middleweight boxer. Vince, who is a lawyer and Walter's manager-of-record, sat by his brother on a sofa in a Times Square hotel lobby.

"Imagine what it would have been if we fought before television," Walter said. "I think television's ruining boxing, but it's one of those things."

"You know you'd be fighting even if it wasn't money you were after," Vince said to his brother.

"That's right," Walter concurred. "It's like I told Red Smith when I was in Greenwood Lake training for the Hairston fight. I told him if I didn't win another fight I'd be happy."

"Remember what you told him about those banquets," Vince suggested.

"I told Red Smith that I'd never have had the chance to meet so many nice people and sit on the dais at banquets if I wasn't a boxer. When I got sick and had to postpone the fight with Hairston last December, I went to Miami to recuperate. If I wasn't a fighter I'd never get to Miami."

CARTIER comes by his fighting instinct honestly. His dad, Charles, who shares in his management, fought years ago under the name of Tommy O'Neill. Some time ago, when Cartier was fighting in Newark, N. J., a local veteran newspaperman, Harry Nash, was at ringside. Nash, who knew Tommy O'Neill as a fighter, saw Walter drop his rival. The rival, however, got up and went the distance with Walter. When it was over, Nash visited Cartier's dressing room.

Walter Cartier, New York middleweight, who rates high in world pugilism.

"I want to tell you something," Nash said. "If Tommy O'Neill had that guy on the floor he'd keep him there."

Cartier recalls this only to underline his natural talent for fist-fighting. However, he is not a powder-puff puncher himself. He has scored 19 knockouts in 41 fights, five of which he has lost, four by knockout.

At this writing, he is regarded as America's third-ranking middleweight, against champion Ray Robinson and Ray Barnes, Detroit soldier. Cartier considers himself the most eligible home-grown challenger for Robinson's title. He's sixth in world ratings.

"All them fellows up front are Europeans, except Dave Sands," Cartier insists. "He's an Australian and they say he can't make 160 pounds. Dauthuille and Villemain are Frenchmen. Barnes is in the Army. So I'm the No. 1 guy. And, believe me, I want nothing more than to fight Ray Robinson for the championship. That would crown my ambition.

CARTIER'S up-bringing as a fist fighter has a European coloring. He, in a sense, started as a booth fighter, much like Tommy Farr. And he was only five years old when he began. That's right: Five years old.

Walter's dad would take his twin sons, Walter and Vince, to the county fairs in Connecticut and they would put on boxing bouts. Unto this day, the father believes Vince was the better fighter and could knock out Walter anytime he wanted to impose his authority.

"That's not true," Vince the lawyer insists. "Walter always was the better fighter. My father doesn't remember, that's all."

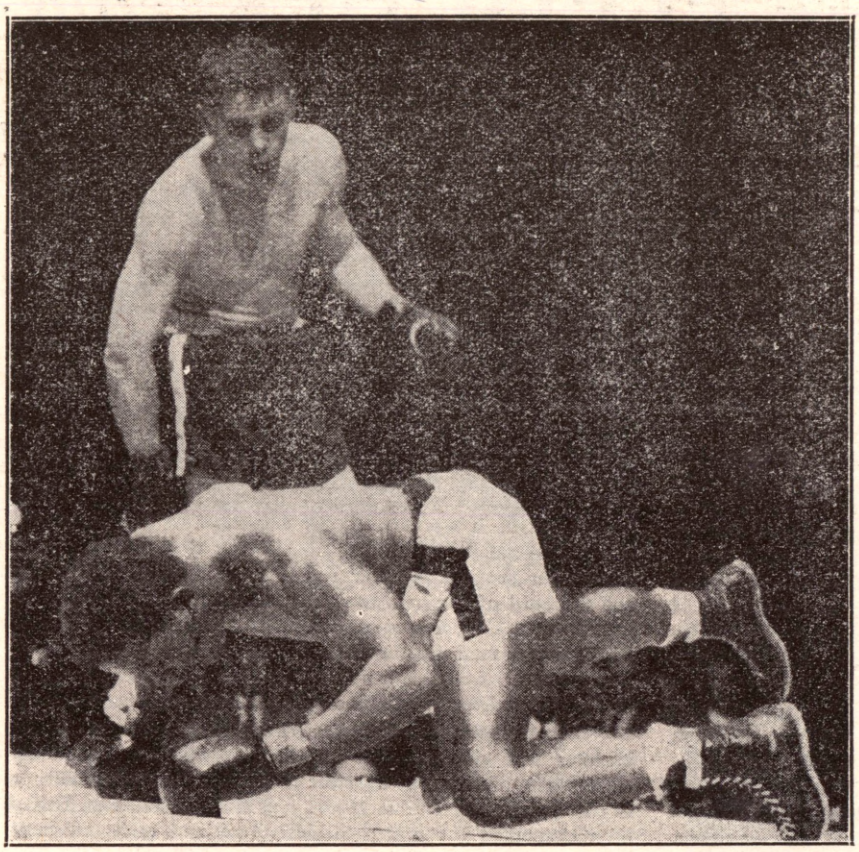
I asked Walter about this. "Were you the better student or the better fighter?" I demanded.

"I guess I was the better fighter," he confessed.

"That's not true," said Vince. "Walter was not only the better fighter, but the better student as well."

Whichever way it was, being twins posed a great many problems for the Cartier boys. They were looked upon as a strange pair by the other boys in school.

"Once," Walter remembers, "we were living in Newark and we were playing ball. We got into an argument with a guy over who was at bat. He said he wanted to



Cartier standing over Eugene Hairston, the victim of a two-fisted attack. Cartier, down twice, made a comeback to gain the verdict over his rival.

fight to prove he was right, but he'd only fight the two of us at once because he said we were one. We gave him a good going-over."

CARTIER is a fighter's fighter, although criticism on the sports pages has prevented acceptance of him on that basis. He has great admiration for other fights and spends hours in the gymnasium just looking at other boxers train. His difficulties stem mostly from the incident with Hairston last December.

"I was real sick then, but I wanted to fight," Walter says. "I went down to the commission and they said that I should work out in the gym to see if I was okay. Vince said no, that I was sick and that I couldn't fight. So they called the fight off, but nobody believed I was sick."

"Believe me, he was sick," Vince underlines.

"A couple of weeks later I went back to the gym. I went to the C.Y.O. gym instead of Stillman's. I collapsed while working. They took me up to the veterans' hospital in the Bronx and they gave me all kinds of tests. They said I had walking pneumonia, whatever that is."

When Cartier came out of the hospital, he went to Miami for a rest. Then he came back into the gymnasium. Ike Williams was slated to defend his title against Jimmy Cartier on March 11, but ten days before the date he came up with a nick over his left eye in training. Would Cartier consent to take on Hairston in a substitute match?

Cohen was reluctant. "Walter should have a couple of tune-ups," he insisted.

"I'm okay," Walter said. "I want to show them I'm not yellow."

He went up to Greenwood Lake and trained zealously for the return with Hairston. He came back to town in the kind of shape that enabled him to overcome two early-round knockdowns with a near-knockout in the last seconds of the ten-rounder. He had proved himself a worthwhile middleweight.

A LONG time ago somebody labelled Cartier the picture fighter. He is that. No other puncher throws a left hook with as much form. No other fighter blocks as neatly as the kid from Greenwich Village, by way of Jersey and the Bronx. And none is as handsome.

No other champion would wear a crown with as much grace as Cartier. He is well-spoken and regards the profession of fist-fighting as an ennobling one which should have greater respect from the people.

"I always wanted to be a fighter, from the time I was a kid," he says. "Vince here didn't want to be a fighter, I did. He didn't know what he wanted to be, so he became a lawyer after we got out of the Navy. But in getting to be a fighter I achieved my ambition. I'll never be sorry."

"That's just the way it is," Vince agrees. "When we came out of the Navy I just decided on law."

"Sometimes I can kick him for becoming a lawyer," Walter says. "I can't stand going to those trials."

"You should see him when I'm trying a case in court," Vince says. "The other week I'm defending a fellow in Jersey held for atrocious assault and battery. It's a tough case, believe me. But I'm not nervous. Walter is nervous for me."

Obviously, Walter and Vince react pretty much alike. When they were in the Navy, in Chicago, they both took intelligence tests. Their papers were compared. Their answers were identical, although they had been separated by at least 100 feet when they sat down to answer the questions.

IN the Navy they served on the West Coast, without even getting into action. "I guess you can say we served on the 'U. S. S. Neversail'," Vincent Cartier says.

"That's a gag," Walter insists. "Just a gag."

Walter and Vincent went through high school together. Both were graduated from George Washington H. S. in New York City. That was the extent of Walter's formal education.

"I'm interested in economics mostly," he says. "I read all the columns in the newspapers, fellows like Westbrook Pegler and Sokolsky, and even the financial columns. I'm very much interested in communism."

"You mean anti-communism," Vince corrects Walter.

"Of course," says Walter. "Anti-communism. We put Irish Walter Cartier on our showcards, but I'm American first, last and always. I don't go for them hyphens."

"You sure don't," said Vince.

Walter, who is 5-10, an inch shorter than his twin brother, outweighs Vince, 160 to 152. The fist fighter is a finely built lad and is always in condition.

He became a father four months ago. His daughter's name is Patrice Diane. He was married in March, 1950, but the marriage was kept secret for some time. Walter has moved to Brooklyn since his marriage, but his neighborly instinct keeps him a Greenwich Villager.

"When a guy's lived in Greenwich Village for a time he may move away, but his heart stays in that place," he says. "You never saw such community spirit before."

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Nat FLEISCHER says:

Mike Jacobs Hit the Nail on the Head Made An Amazing Television Prediction Maxim Should Meet Moore or Matthews

ELSEWHERE in these pages is an interesting article by Al Buck on television and boxing. Suffice it to say that no matter how much damage television has done or will do to boxing, it is here to stay and we might as well cease combating it.

The latest move of the International Boxing Club makes the dream of Mike Jacobs come true. Back on May 9, 1941, Uncle Mike, in company with the writer and members of the Board of Directors of the Madison Square Garden, went to the Guild Theatre in New York to view the Soose-Ken Overlin fight from the Garden on a huge television screen. It was the first test of its kind in America though it had been tried out successfully a few years before in England with the Eric Boon and Arthur Danahar fight. Though the New York test was not too hot, Uncle Mike, with a broad grin as he left the theatre said:

"Ten years from now you'll find the major fights staged before theatre television audiences. The use of the ball parks will not be necessary for the small crowds who will attend outdoor shows. The big income will come from a tax on those who want to see the fights in a theatre."

And then the following day Mike walked into my office in the Garden and discussed what had taken place the night before. When he was about to leave he added:

"Nat, here's a tip. I'm going to buy stock in this Television company. Get on the band wagon. It won't yield anything right now but I see a great future for television and there'll be good dividends later."

Mike's tips on the stock market were always tops with me. I never failed to take his good, sound advice, but on this occasion I replied:

"Mike this is one time I won't follow you. I can't afford to take the chance on such a venture."

Uncle Mike was just as right in his judgment on that stock as he was in predicting the televising of fights for the theatre and as he was in almost everything he undertook. I should have followed him as I did on all his other excellent tips.

Uncle Mike must get a great kick out of the latest move in television.

THE fight between Ezzard Charles and Joey Maxim presented one aspect of the effects of television on sports, especially boxing, that has given cause for pondering to the members of the profession. Despite the fact that a world heavyweight championship bout was being staged and that the challenger is the holder of the world light-heavyweight title, the radio-TV sponsor, Pabst's Blue Ribbon beer, put more money into the till than did the cash customers. The Chicago Stadium was less than half filled with only 7226 cash customers. And that was followed by another International Boxing Club contest at the St. Nicholas Rink in New York where Paddy DeMarco faced Eddie Giosa in a bout that drew the smallest gate of the year.

That show, like the Chicago affair, turned out to be one in which Radio-TV sponsors paid for the card. It was what Mike Jacobs might have referred to as a "Studio Show." Only 1021 fans were present and they paid $2008 to see the affair. The Gillette Razor Company paid each fighter $2250, a sum greater than the entire gate.

But with the smaller clubs being driven to the wall by television, with the small fry of boxing unable to obtain work, where eventually will promoters obtain sufficient talent to carry on? Unless the television public can be satisfied, unless their enthusiasm can be kept up, the TV audiences won't be sufficiently large to make it worth while for a sponsor to pay the huge fee now demanded by promoters. Considering that the Chicago Stadium fight brought together the two top men of their division, one the head of the heavyweight section and the other the light-heavyweight king, it is a sad commentary on the sport when only 7226 persons turn out for such a title show.

NOW that Joey Maxim has proved that he is a far better light-heavyweight than he is a heavy, he should settle down to business and give those in his division who have qualified as challengers, a chance to fight for his crown. The outstanding men in the division are Archie Moore and Harry Matthews. Each has been clamoring for a championship bout and each continues to keep in the fistic spotlight as a contender. If boxing commissions throughout our country were more alert and stopped playing politics in an effort to get lucrative contests for their territory, Maxim long ago would have been forced to defend his crown or vacate it. The same was true of Ike Williams who was recently deposed by James Carter.

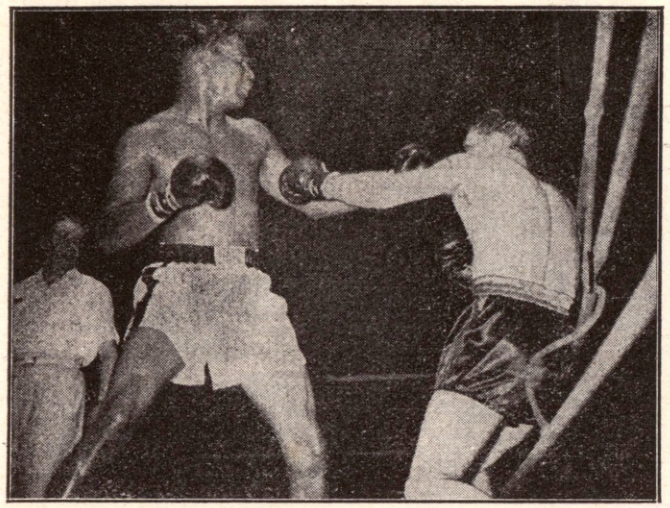
Dodging legitimate challengers is a pastime that is engaged in by most champions but it wasn't that way before boxing became a huge commercial business. We would like to see Maxim defend his crown against Harry Matthews since he and Jack Kearns, his manager, declare that Moore is no drawing card. At least Matthews is, and that's more than can be said of Maxim and Charles as attractions in their recent fight. Had Matthews instead of Maxim been pitted against Charles, I'd be willing to wager dollars to doughnuts that at least twice the gathering would have been present for such a contest with a gate of upwards of $150,000.

Matthews is the logical man for Maxim. He rates above Bob Satterfield and should be given first crack at the crown. He can box. He can punch. He has a fighting heart and is most colorful. He's an excellent drawing card who would do well against either Maxim or Charles but it's Joey he's after and not Ezzard.

It's too bad that a fighter like Matthews is kept on the sidelines by the International Boxing Club while lesser lights who cannot draw half as well, are given preference because of protective measures. The I.B.C. apparently cannot handle Matthews' manager, the colorful Jack Hurley, and that's the reason for shunning Matthews.

IN California, a bill has been introduced in the Assembly aimed specifically at the International Boxing Club and its control of most champions and top-ranking fighters. The measure would prevent any fight promoter or fight club which controls or holds an interest in a boxer from being allowed to "share or participate in promotion of a prize fight in California." The State Athletic Commission would be prohibited from issuing a license for any fight in which any agent other than the manager of the boxer received a share of the latter's purse.

Assemblyman Maloney, of San Francisco, father of the bill, and George D. Collins, co-sponsor, declared, "We aim at breaking



Middleweight Champion Ray Robinson leads with a left and is about to land a hard right in a pattern that left Kid Marcel, then the French titleholder, groggy and bleeding and unable to continue after one minute of the fifth round of a non-title bout in the Palais des Sports.

the fistic monopoly of the New York club, the I.B.C., which recently received a fat share of the $95,000 receipts of the Andy Walker vs. Joe Louis fight in San Francisco and the Charles-Pat Valentino mill. In each case, the promoter, Bill Kyne and later Kyne and Jim Murray, gave either a guarantee or a percentage to the I.B.C."

It isn't likely that other states will follow suit since in most states, especially in the mid-west, the commissions are eager to work with the Jim Norris organization. In Illinois, for example, Joe Triner, chairman of the Commission, will grab off any fight he can get from the I.B.C. for his state. The same holds for Michigan when Chairman Floyd Stevens in in charge.

Which reminds me that when I attended the installation of Stevens in Detroit, at a dinner tossed in his honor and at which Governor Williams was the chief speaker, Triner and Stevens attacked the International Boxing Club and told how, with the aid of the National Boxing Association, they would break the backbone of the New York monopoly.

"We will see to it that Illinois and Michigan get their fair share of championship fights," was the substance of their statements. "We must break up the New York monopoly," said both.

Now Joe and Floyd are brothers in arms with Jim Norris and they've made good their boast with a vengeance. They haven't broken the monopoly, but they have cornered the market on world title bouts and other major contests.

New York, once the greatest boxing center in the world, now rates third with Illinois tops and London, where the shrewd Jack Solomons operates, in second place. The only thing that stands in the way of Solomons gaining the number one spot as world promoter, is the fact that he has to depend to some extent on American fighters to augment his big cards and these under an agreement he has with Jim Norris, must come through the International Boxing Club.

Thus while the New York Commission is asleep at the switch, others are taking the helm. New York is rapidly being pushed out of the picture as a center of top ranking fights. If General Phelan, Bill Brown, Jim Farley or Bill Muldoon were members of the New York Board now, it's a safe bet that the all-important Ray Robinson vs. Rocky Graziano fight, a contest that will yield the biggest gross of the year, wouldn't go to Chicago. New York is where that fight belongs if Ray Robinson retains his crown in his fight with Randolph Turpin. I am amazed at the lackadaisical stand of the New York Commission, under Colonel Eddie Eagan, sitting idly by, letting this fight get away from the Empire State.

Where's the punch that the New York Commission once carried?

Where's the prestige that New York held in boxing?

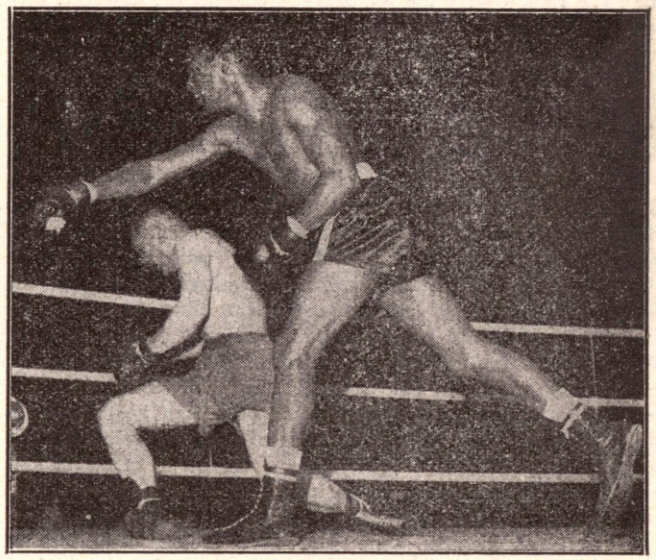
What has happened to the New York Commission that in years past set the pace for the rest of the boxing world?

Wake up New York. This is where the gigantic boxing shows of the past have been held with great success and this is the state where major world boxing bouts should now be staged.

Governor Dewey and the State Legislature should look into the reasons for the loss of boxing revenue through the loss of boxing's biggest shows. The biggest boxing city in the world is now getting the crumbs with the cream going to Illinois and Michigan.

AS I had predicted—when in Europe, Jack Gardner, British Empire heavyweight champion, lost his bout with Cesar Brion, of Argentine. While abroad, in a preview of the June 5 card at White City Stadium, I said that Gardner would lose the decision to Brion and that the bout would go the limit; that Randolph Turpin would knock out Jackie Keough in five rounds, that Don Cockell would do the same to Nick Barone in six and that Johnny Williams would stop Jo Weiden in six rounds. Well, the Gardner-Brion bout ended as I said it would; Turpin stopped Keough in seven rounds, Cockell stopped Barone in six, and Johnny Williams halted Jo Weiden in six.

In Cockell, England has a cruiserweight who has a fine chance



At Hallenstadion, Zurich, Switzerland, Ray Robinson went ten rounds with Jean Wanes and easily won the decision. The Frenchman is seen here on his way to the canvas for a count of nine after one of Ray's rights had landed.

to regain for his country the title Freddie Mills lost to Joey Maxim. But not right now. Next year, perhaps. His chances then will be much brighter. As for Turpin, he is a better developed all-around fighter at this stage than is Cockell but in Randolph and Don Great Britain has two pugilists of whom they may feel mighty proud. They are the pace setters for British boxing.

By matching Gardner with Brion, Jack Solomons killed off his best heavyweight. The match from the start meant nothing. There was nothing for Gardner to gain but much to lose as I pointed out on the air and in write ups in Europe. A much softer touch could have been given him such as was given Cockell and Weiden.

AUSTRALIA lost one of its greatest sportsmen and athletes in the recent death of Stephen John Glassop who from time to time contributed articles to THE RING. He was taken ill in his car while driving home, collapsed and never regained consciousness.

Glassop, who was 74 years old, was born in Sydney, the son of a Baptist minister. He was closely associated with the Athletic Association there since its inception and was the best known all-around athlete of his day. He was a great cyclist, sculler, tennis player, rifleman, *(Continued on page 38)*

TOO YOUNG *and* TOO BIG

With Ten Years in Youth and Nearly Twenty Pounds in Weight, Jack Sharkey Wore Down Mike McTigue and Stopped Gallant Veteran in 12th Round of Heavyweight Elimination Bout

By JERSEY JONES

(This is the seventh installment in a series of outstanding fights staged in "New" Madison Square Garden during the last quarter-century.)

THE first offering in Tex Rickard's heavyweight elimination tournament to determine an opponent for the new world champion, Gene Tunney, had been a tremendous success. Jim Maloney had come through with a surprising 10-round decision over Jack Delaney in Madison Square Garden before a sellout crowd of 18,184 and record indoor receipts of $201,485.

Now, two weeks later, on March 3, 1927, the second episode in the series was to feature Jack Sharkey and Mike McTigue in the same ring. Unlike the Maloney-Delaney affair, however, this one was slated for the 15-round distance. It was Sharkey's manager, Johnny Buckley, who insisted on the longer route. Buckley wasn't too confident of what Sharkey would be able to do to the lighter and older but clever ringwise McTigue in ten rounds, but he felt that Jack's advantages in weight, strength and youth could be determining factors in fifteen.

There was an interesting parallel in the Maloney-Delaney and Sharkey-McTigue bouts. Maloney and Sharkey, bitter Boston rivals, were full-fledged heavyweights while their opponents were legitimate light-heavies and former world champions in the 175-pound division. The brilliant sharpshooting Delaney had found it too much of an assignment conceding 30 pounds to Maloney. Would the cagey veteran McTigue, be able to spot 20 pounds, as well as ten years in youth, to Sharkey?

A strange character, Sharkey. Endowed with remarkable boxing ability, and the speed and grace of a lightweight, Jack's professional career had been a series of inconsistencies. Erratic and emotional, he would fight like a champion in one bout and something less impressive in the next. To the sock market, the only thing certain about Sharkey was his uncertainty. No one—not even Jack himself—knew just what to expect of him in any match.

SHARKEY was a native of Binghamton, N. Y. Of Lithuanian stock, he had been born Juozas Povilas (Josef Paul) Zukauskas. He was only 12 when his father's illness and the depletion of the family savings made it necessary for him to quit school and go to work in a local shoe factory. He remained there for two years, then shifted to a more strenuous but better paying pick-and-shovel job with a construction gang.

Not yet 15 when the United States entered World War I, and with his dad recovered and working again, young Zukauskas became bored with the monotonous routine of his small-town existence, and, seeking excitement and adventure, tried to enlist. He was turned down first by the Army, then the Navy, and finally the Marines because of his youth.

Unknown to his folks, he set off for Bridgeport, Conn., which he had heard was a booming base for munition plants. He wound up shoveling coal on a barge. Tiring of that job, he headed for New York, worked for a while in New Jersey, then returned home to Binghamton—by freight. He spent the rest of the war at his old bench in the shoe factory.

But the craving for travel and adventure had not left him. When he was 18, he enlisted in the Navy.

It was in the service that Zukauskas discovered he had a natural aptitude for boxing. He donned the mittens at every opportunity aboard ship, and his progress was rapid. His shipmates felt that his right name was a bit too cumbersome for popular usage, so they came up with a simpler one and re-dubbed him "Battling Skee."

Ex-sailor Jack Sharkey, who proved too big and too young for crafty veteran Mike McTigue in a heavyweight elimination bout.

Zukauskas never quite succeeded in gaining the All-Navy heavyweight title. The nearest he came was during the last year of his hitch. He reached the final round of the championship eliminations and drew the heavier and more experienced Biff Crowley as his opponent. After six rounds, the judges were unable to decide upon a winner. An extra round was ordered, and Crowley grabbed the vote.

IT was while his ship, the cruiser *Denver,* was in Boston harbor that young Zukauskas began to entertain visions of a professional ring career.

Joe Lavalle, who had charge of the boxing contingent aboard the *Denver,* was impressed with "Battling Skee's" possibilities. He invited an old friend, Jack Conway, a Boston sports writer, to look the youngster over. Arrangements were made for a tryout at Harry Kelley's gymnasium in Bowdoin Square. Conway brought along Johnny Buckley, veteran manager and promoter.

Both Conway and Buckley liked what they saw. They had a talk with the sailor, and painted a glowing picture of the fame and fortune awaiting a young heavyweight of his apparent talents.

The kid became excited, and promised to get in touch with them when his enlistment expired.

It was early in 1924 that Zukauskas, then 21, was discharged from the Navy, and he lost no time hustling along to Boston and signing a contract with Buckley as manager.

Johnny's first move was to re-title his new protege. He wanted something easier to remember and simpler to pronounce than Zukauskas. He didn't like the tag the kid had used in the service, "Battling Skee." It wasn't sufficiently "dignified." A name with a Navy background would be preferred.

What was more natural than to adopt "Sharkey" after Tom

Sharkey, that great Navy product of another era, whose two battles with Jim Jeffries rate among the classics of heavyweight lore? Since he was going into the professional ring, it was decided that "Jack," after the then reigning world champion, Jack Dempsey, would be a fitting first half of the new title.

Thus it was that Jouazas Povilas Zukauskas of Binghamton, N. Y., embarked upon his ring career as Jack Sharkey of Boston.

INSTABILITY was a conspicuous trait of Sharkey's from the start. He would put together a few good wins, then lose unexpectedly to an opponent he figured to beat. But out of his meetings with the likes of Charley Weinert, Jack DeMave, Sully Montgomery, Jack Renault, George Cook, King Solomon, Bud Gorman, Johnny Risko and his Boston rival, Jim Maloney, Sharkey was picking up valuable experience, and by September, 1926, he had convinced Manager Buckley that he was ready to bid for Big Time recognition.

One of the most-feared heavyweights of the era was that powerful Negro, George Godfrey, whom most of the ranking big fellows were studiously avoiding. Godfrey was brought into Boston for Sharkey, and Jack, uncovering one of his finest exhibitions of boxing, won decisively, to establish himself as a definite threat to the heavyweight title.

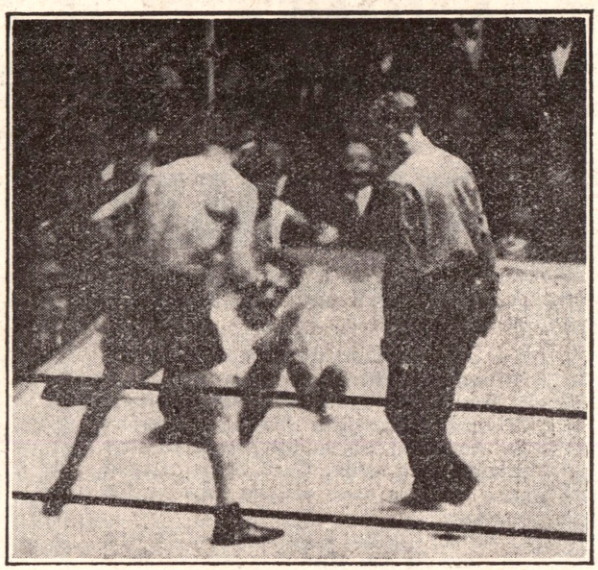
Two nights later, Sharkey was at the rain-drenched ringside in Philadelphia to see Gene Tunney topple Jack Dempsey from the heavyweight heights.

Sharkey didn't think much of Tunney. "John," he said to Buckley, "if that's the guy I've got to aim for, you're managing the next champion."

Determined to establish himself as Tunney's outstanding rival, Sharkey asked Buckley to get the dreaded Harry Wills for him. Buckley did. The bout was booked for Columbus Day at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, and Sharkey exploded the myth of Wills' invincibility by tossing a terrific lacing into the aging Brown Panther. Wills, bewildered by Sharkey's speed and cleverness, was disqualified in the thirteenth round for persistent holding.

Sharkey had established himself as a definite threat to Tunney's recently acquired laurels, and it occasioned no surprise, early in 1927, when Tex Rickard, lining up an elimination tournament to produce an opponent for Gene, announced Sharkey as one of the starting entries.

FEW fighters have known more vicissitudinal careers than Mike McTigue. Mike had been "in again, out again" more often than that other celebrated Irishman, Finnigan. A smart, cagey boxer, but with a drab, unexciting, defensive style, McTigue had not been popular with promoters and public during his middleweight days and later as light-heavyweight champion. His two-year reign as ruler of the 175-pound roost was marked by a series of "unsatisfactory" exhibitions, and there were few tears shed when he lost his laurels to Paul Berlenbach in New York's Yankee Stadium during the summer of 1925.



Climaxing sensational comeback campaign, 34-year-old McTigue qualified for the tournament by knocking out his one-time conqueror, Paul Berlenbach.

McTigue was then 33, and had been fighting for sixteen years. It looked as though he was nearing the end of the long trail.

But Mike refused to admit it. He tinkered along for a few months, posting a few minor wins here and there, and in December of 1925 he was awarded an unpopular decision over Tiger Flowers in Madison Square Garden.

Three months later, McTigue returned to the Garden to tangle with Jack Delaney, and his pugilistic obituaries were spread all over the sports pages the following day. Delaney handed him a terrific lacing before knocking him out in the fourth. That, everybody agreed, was Ol' Michael's finish.

But it wasn't. McTigue still refused to quit. Joe Jacobs stepped out as his manager, and Mike asked Jimmy Johnston to handle him. What strange influence Johnston wielded, we wouldn't know, but he had an amazing knack for "rejuvenating" apparently washed-up veterans. He did one of his best jobs with McTigue. Mike discarded his colorless hit-and-run, jab-and-grab tactics and began to toss real action and punching into his efforts. In the next eight months, under Johnston's management, the Irishman ran off a string of eight straight wins, five by kayos. He whipped Lou Scozza, Roy Mitchell and Johnny Risko, and knocked out King Solomon twice, Billy Vidabeck, Soldier King—and Paul Berlenbach!

IT was in January, 1927, that Mike reached the climax of his sensational comeback campaign. Berlenbach, his one-time conqueror, had lost the light-heavyweight title to Jack Delaney in Brooklyn's Ebbets Field. Paul was gunning for another meeting with Delaney, and McTigue also was howling for a chance to square accounts with Jack. A bout between Berlenbach and McTigue, with a crack at Delaney awaiting the winner, was a "natural," and Tex Rickard's matchmaker, Jess McMahon, booked it for the Garden.

Conceding height, reach, weight and youth, McTigue fought gallantly before defeat caught up to him in Sharkey bout.

Uncovering what probably was the greatest performance of his erratic career, McTigue battered Berlenbach into a knockout in four rounds.

McTigue had qualified for the return match with Delaney and a chance to regain the light-heavyweight title. But complications suddenly developed. Rickard announced his plans for the heavyweight eliminations, and Delaney was invited to compete. Jack relinquished his 175-pound laurels and accepted the bid.

Never one to pass up opportunity, Jimmy Johnston promptly roared that if McTigue couldn't get a crack at Delaney as a light-heavyweight, he'd go after him as a heavyweight. Jimmy demanded that Mike be considered for the proposed series. Rickard planned to limit the starting field to four. Along with Delaney, Tex had selected the Boston duo, Maloney and Sharkey, and favored Paulino *(Continued on page 47)*

BOXING *is* BOOMING *in* AUSTRALIA

By RAY MITCHELL

Freddie Dawson, Number One lightweight contender, who lifted Australian boxing back to its high pedestal.

READING through THE RING, one is struck by the number of stadiums which have had to close down owing to insufficient public support. In Australia, the position is a direct antithesis to the situation in U.S.A. Boxing is experiencing its greatest boom here since the Golden Thirties.

For some years the sport was in the doldrums, highlighted only by the appearances of Vic Patrick, Tommy Burns and Dave Sands. When none of that trio was fighting, crowds were small and the pessimists said boxing was finished. When Patrick and Burns retired, things looked grim. Sands and Elley Bennett held the spotlight and the rest of the field did not matter.

Then Jack Hassen hit the headlines, and things began to look up. But actually it was left to Freddie Dawson, great U.S. lightweight, to lift the sport back on to its high pedestal.

Freddie came here in 1950 (his second visit) and drew vast crowds at increased admission prices. Fred was followed by Joe Brown and Charlie Williams. Crowds flocked to Sydney and Melbourne Stadiums. But the cry was raised that Dawson and Brown were too good; the standard they set was too high; that we would hit a deeper slump after their return to U.S.A. because the crowds would not turn out to see our boys after the class displayed by Brown and Dawson.

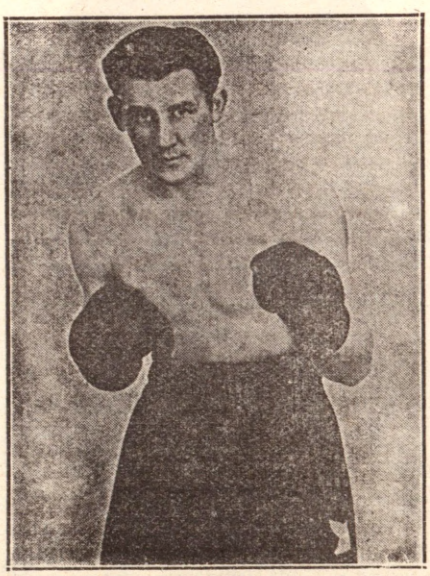
For a few weeks it looked that way. Then Stadiums Ltd. (the big promoters in Australia) began matching local boys against each other. Good fights resulted and the fans came surging back to the stadiums.

Sydney Stadium is the Mecca of Fistiana in Australia and when it is jammed, there are over 14,000 people present. And that figure has been reached on several occasions over the last few months. A 12,000 attendance is fairly common.

Melbourne Stadium seats 10,000; Leichhardt, Newcastle and Brisbane hold about 5,000 each and nearly every week they are filled—or nearly so.

The biggest money-spinners boxing has at present Down Under are Dave Sands, Mickey Tollis, Jimmy Carruthers, Elley Bennett, Jack Hassen and Ken Bailey. Mostly they fight at Sydney and Melbourne, although Bennett often shows his wares in Brisbane, the capital of his home state—Queensland—and Sands like to show in his home town, Newcastle, whenever possible. Needless to say, Brisbane and Newcastle turn out in full force whenever Bennett and Sands, respectively, appear.

TRACING the divisions from top to bottom, we find no heavyweights or light-heaviweights of note in Australia. The big boys here do not fight at the major stadiums, because the crowds prefer to see fast action and our big men cannot provide it.



Mickey Tollis, Australia's star welter titleholder.

Dave Sands, the best fighter Down Under.

Dave Sands, a natural middleweight, holds the Australian heavy, light-heavy and middleweight championships, as well as the British Empire middleweight crown. All titles he won in the ring and he has defended all his Australian titles successfully. Although he has fought many contests scheduled for 15 rounds, only one lasted that long—when he easily outpointed Alf Gallagher in defense of his heavyweight crown in 1950.

In the mood, Dave is a killer. A terrific puncher, Sands is a tornado in action—a man likely to fly out of his corner like an uncoiled spring, when the bell sounds. He is extremely tough, as witnessed by the fact that in over 90 contests, no count—not even of "one"—has been applied over him. He can box, too, when he wants to, and, when the occasion demands, is a good counter-puncher.

But when Dave is not in the mood for fighting, he does not impress. He makes sure he wins, but he will not work too hard. In top form, he would probably topple any middleweight in the world and his form depends on his state of mind. He has scored close to 60 knockout victories in his career. He has K.O.'ed opponents in every round from the first to the twelfth, with the exception of the tenth.

There are no logical contenders for Sands' middleweight title, nevertheless there are a few capable boys who draw good crowds. Al Bourke, victor in 26 contests in 26 starts, was being groomed for a shot at Sands but Ron Toohey caused an upset by outpointing him recently. Bourke, in his previous contest, stopped experienced

Elley Bennett, former bantam champion, who recently won the feather crown.

Len Dittmar, who will not get any better, but is still a good boxer.

SENSATIONAL bronco-busting, crocodile-hunting Don Johnson is a new star who is near the top money bracket. Nothing as crude as Johnson has been seen for years here. But does he get results!

After winning the Australian amateur middleweight title and remaining undefeated in 23 lilywhite bouts (21 he won by the K.O.), Don turned pro in 1950 and was given a 12-round main event bout for his debut into the paid ranks.

Don was an immediate riot. He won by a knockout in four rounds, after a wild-swinging brawl. Quickly realizing Johnson was a crowd-pleaser, the matchmaker kept him busy until he got a yearning to return to his crocodile shooting up north.

To date, he has had seven contests, winning all by the knockout, four in the third round, two in the fourth and one in the eighth. As one of his opponents was Alfie Sands (Dave's youngest brother, himself a K.O. puncher of renown), it can be seen Don can take it as well as dish it out.

Johnson has once again returned to Sydney looking for fights, so we should see him in action again shortly. Matches with Toohey and Bourke should decide the No. 1 contender for Sands' title.

MICK TOLLIS, who, like Sands, is rated by THE RING, is our welter champion and he seems to have taken up where Tommy Burns (our ruling champion until 1949) left off, in the matter of providing thrills. Mick failed on points to take the title from Burns in a wonderful match, but won it from Delaney after Burns' retirement. Tollis' points win over Negro Charley Williams was the greatest thriller seen here for three years and earned him a world rating. His two K.O. victories over Hassen this year have also been beauties.

Mickey is a combination boxer-fighter. His defense makes him very hard to hit—Williams said Tollis is as hard to hit as Freddie Dawson—yet Mick can, and does, every round, uncover a blistering attack. Not a one-punch knockerout, his attack is so consistent that he downs many an opponent.

Only 24 years of age, a few months younger than Dave Sands, Mickey is a veteran of eight years' campaigning. He has taken part in 56 contests, of which he has won 20 by the short-cut route.

Tollis will not win a world title but may win an Empire crown. He is managed by former triple champion Ambrose Palmer, now one of Australia's top trainers.

THERE are several good welterweights in Australia. Ken Bailey, who twice drew with Tollis, and Bernie Hall, with a loss and a win against Bailey, are the cleverest boxers in Australia. Both are brilliant, and both want to fight Tollis in welterweight title tilts.

George Kapeen has strung up a series of K.O. wins, this year alone atoning for eight opponents inside the distance. He has only fought eight times this year. He can't do better than that, can he? His manager, Tom Maguire, who also manages all the Sands brothers, wants a title bout with Tollis for his charge, but George is not up to that standard yet.

Bobby Greville, Johnny Kay and Frank Clarke are other good welters coming along.

Tollis and Bailey always command packed houses when they fight. Bernie Hall is close to that bracket and only needs a break. The first two always earn between $2,000 and $2,600 per fight when appearing at Sydney or Melbourne Stadiums.

Our lightweight champion is Jack Hassen, a terrific puncher, who carved his way to the top too quickly, leaving the path strewn with knockout victims. In 1949 he outpointed Tommy Stenhouse and knocked out then world-rated lightweights Pierre Montaine and Andre Famechon. Then cagy Rudy Cruz outpointed him, showing Jack's lacl of finesse.

His following bout was tragic. In a title bout Hassen K.O.'ed Archie Kemp. Archie never regained consciousness and died the following day. This naturally upset Jack terrifically and, after several months, he returned to lose on points to Babe Ortiz in the biggest upset in years. But Jack would not hit Ortiz with full force—he was afraid of another death.

With 30 bouts behind him—he won 23 by K.O., five by decision, and lost two on points—he tangled with world-class Freddie Dawson before a packed house at raised prices. Dawson stopped Hassen in seven rounds. It was a good fight, but Hassen's courage exceeded his ability.

Joe Brown, U.S. lightweight, who made a hit in Australia where he kayoed Jack Hassen, the champion.

The U.S. Negro, Joe Brown, knocked out Hassen in eight rounds and Jack decided to try only once more. If he won, he would continue. If he lost, he would hang up his gloves. He entered the welter division and K.O.'ed Ken Bailey in ten rounds, after receiving a boxing lesson from Ken.

Bailey then drew with Tollis and Hassen decided to seek the welter title, but Mick was too tough and, as stated before, he K.O.'ed Hassen after two two-men-wars.

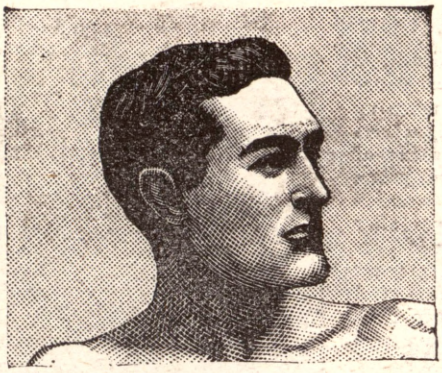
Hassen is still a great drawing card, as witness that in his last six fights, five of which he lost, he has netted about $16,660, an average of about $2,770 per fight.

NO. 1 contender for Jack's lightweight title is Frank Flannery, a terrier type of fighter, who is a great drawing card in Melbourne, where he operates. Frank is still awaiting the title fight which he was promised months ago. When they do meet, there will be plenty of action. Flannery will trouble Hassen for a few rounds, with his non-stop style, but Hassen's punch should be the deciding factor.

(Continued on page 32)

SOME

Ring Staff Digs Up a Concoction of Odd Punches and Their Origin



George Dawson, Australian lightweight champion before the turn of the century, won fame as the inventor of the kidney punch.

Kidney Punch Made Famous by Dawson—By Nat Fleischer

INGENUITY and resourcefulness—these added to cleverness, ability to assimiliate punishment and to give punishment, a fighting heart and the will to win are the assets of a great fighter. Ring history is replete with the story of trickery and ingenious inventions which have enabled fighters to gain the top rung of the ladder and many have climbed high by getting away with punches that under the rules of boxing, are taboo. George LaBlanche gained world fame when he knocked out Nonpareil Jack Dempsey with a pivot blow. Jim Corbett's kayo at the hands of Bob Fitzsimmons made the solar plexus punch a by-word in boxing. Gunboat Smith put his name into the headlines with his occipital punch and Kid McCoy with the corkscrew blow.

Two of these have been barred. Regulations in every land where boxing is staged, have placed the taboo on Gunboat Smith's speciality and that of LaBlanche. When Max Schmeling fought Joe Louis in their return engagement and was knocked out in the second fastest time ever recorded in a world heavyweight championship fight, he brought to light another banned blow—the kidney punch. Though Joe Louis landed it legally—while free with both hands—Herr Max made an international fuss over his knockout by having the German Ambassador to Washington plead his case, declaring that kidney punches had caused his downfall. But he forgot to look into the rules where he would have found that a kidney blow is illegal only when a fighter is holding and hitting but when a punch is tossed at an opponent and he fails to get out of its way and is struck in the sides, such blows are legal.

There has always been a dispute as to the identity of the fighter who originated the kidney punch. According to the late William F. Corbett, famous Australian writer, George Dawson was the first to make use of it. In an article written in 1914, Dawson said:

"There was no secret and nothing peculiar about it. It was the usual right drive to the body which might be stopped or evaded in the usual way. Dawson won some fame as its inventor. When he first used it, it was in a fight with Jim Burge who stood so much to the left side of an adversary that his left kidney presented a wide open target for a clever opponent as was Dawson. Dawson slammed at that part of the body often in the same manner as he would slam home a right to the body. He never dreamed of weakening his opponent to such extent that the kidneys would be affected.

"So far as outward signs were concerned, there wasn't a chance of knowing the terrific damage that was being done. It was only after the fight when Burge collapsed and bleeding started, that the danger of the punch actually became known. Thereafter it was barred in Australia."

Though Corbett gives Dawson credit for inventing the punch, Tom Tracey, a welter from Australia and a half brother of Dan Creedon, was a master of the art in delivering it to weaken an opponent. Tracey was in New York in 1897 when he fought Harry Fisher in the car barns at Seventh Avenue and Forty-second Street and several times Tracey used the punch effectively. He kept up the attack to the kidneys until the fourteenth when Fisher collapsed, had to be removed to a hospital and the promoters of New York thereafter warned all contestants against the use of the punch at their club.

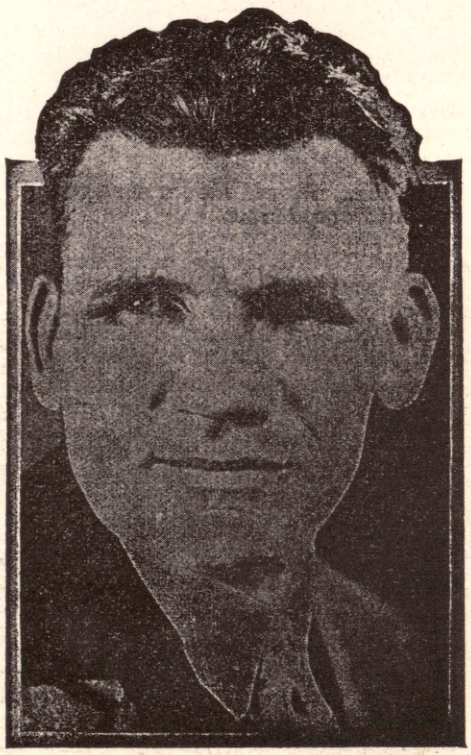
Gunboat Smith's "Flopper" Became "Occipital Punch" —By Jersey Jones

IN that turbulent "White Hope Era," when the accent was on ponderous bulk, Edward Irenaeus Smyth of Philadelphia seemed out of place. The only things "big" about him were his hands and feet, and it was his pedal extremities that earned for him the "Gunboat" part of the name he carried into the ring with him.

When Ed, as a kid, enlisted in the Navy, and was being fitted out, the quartermaster took one gander at his feet and tossed him the biggest pair of shoes in stock. "Wow!" he wowed, "look at them gunboats!"

Ed's shipmates couldn't go for high-browed "Smyth," so it became just plain Smith from then on, with "Gunboat" tacked in front.

The Gunner looked anything but a fighter. He was a tall, skinny sort, measuring well over six feet in altitude, but weighing little more than a light-heavy. At his peak, he didn't scale much above 180 pounds.



Gunboat Smith's pet punch, which he called "The Flopper," usually landed on the back of the head and so was renamed the Occipital Punch.

But the guy could sock, particularly with a looping right that was aimed at the chin but landed more often on the back of the head. Regardless of where it landed, it generally left desolation in its wake.

PUNCH!

By THE RING STAFF

Smith, nee Smyth, didn't nurse any pretentions to fistic "class." He couldn't be bothered with the niceties of boxing finesse. His method of operations was simple and direct. He merely walked into the other guy and hauled off with that lusty right.

By 1914 the Gunner was generally recognized as the best of the white heavies. His thunderous punching had carried him to knockouts of Jim Savage, Al McCloskey, Bombardier Wells, Jim Stewart, George (Boer) Rodel, Jim Flynn, Tony Ross and Arthur Pelkey, and he'd beaten the mastadonic Jess Willard, destined to relieve Jack Johnson of the heavyweight title a year later.

Early in his career the Gunner labelled his pet wallop "The Flopper." But somewhere along the way somebody noted that Smith's victims were getting hit on the back of the head more often than on the chin, and Ed's "Flopper" became the celebrated "Occipital Punch" . . . or, as the Gunner himself called it, the "'ospital punch."

Deadly Pivot Was Used by LaBlanche—By Daniel M. Daniel

IN the catalogue of unusual punches, the deadly pivot stands pre-eminent. Mention of that blow at once brings up the name of George LaBlanche, who on August 27, 1889, stopped the great Nonpareil Jack Dempsey, at San Francisco, with the now proscribed wallop.

To begin with, what was the pivot blow? It was a punch which LaBlanche had brought into the professional ring from his rough and tumble lumber camp days.

In delivering the pivot, LaBlanche swung on his left heel and, with his left arm held out straight and stiff, let go at the jaw.

From the description, you would not credit this maneuver with quite the power it really carries.

The Pivot Blow, now barred by boxing rules as unfair, helped George LaBlanche, the Marine, halt Nonpareil Jack Dempsey.

To satisfy yourself on this score, Chumbey, suppose you go around the corner and try it on the butcher.

The fact remains that boxing authorities have rated the pivot blow unfair, and it was barred by the rules of boxing in the United States, England, and all other places.

In 1889, Nonpareil Dempsey was the middleweight champion of the world, and was recognized as one of the greatest fighters the sport yet had produced.

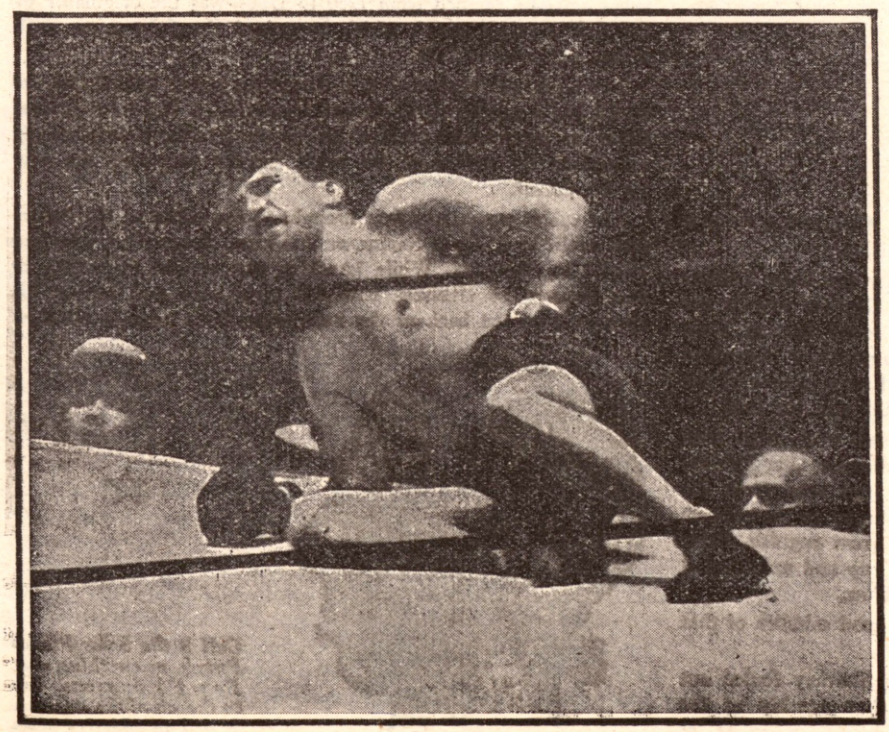
The Dempsey-LaBlanche fight was not, as so many record books insist, for the championship. The Marine entered the ring overweight. Nonpareil held the title for two years longer, and then lost it to Bob Fitzsimmons, future heavyweight champion.

LaBlanche tipped the beam at 164, and Dempsey at 151, that August night at the California A.C. 62 years ago. There were some 2000 choice onlookers—merchants, lawyers, judges, doctors and bankers, among them.

Dempsey had stopped the Marine in 13 rounds in 1886, at Larchmont, N. Y., and George was thirsting for revenge when he got his second shot at the Nonpareil. Dempsey came into the California arena a 10 to 4 favorite.

It was a rough and tumble, dirty fight going into the thirty-second round. Up to the thirty-first, it was a draw. Then the highly trained, beautifully conditioned LaBlanche tore into the Nonpareil.

George swung on his heel and let Jack have the pivot. Down went Dempsey. The timekeeper counted up to 12, and he could have gone right on to 100.



The Aluminum Punch! It Lands South of the Border —By Nat Loubet

WHO doesn't remember the old refrain, "The music goes down and around." The "aluminum punch," a blow that lands south of the border reminds one of that ditty of some years back.

The cry of "foul" has made music down

Victim of an "aluminum punch," Max Schmeling won the world heavyweight championship when Jack Sharkey fouled out with a low blow.

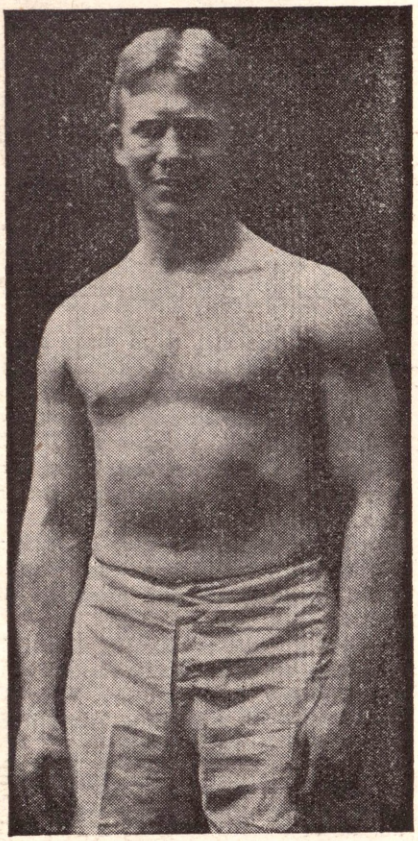
through the years of ring tradition. A dented protector has won many a fight and phantom blows below the belt have also accounted for their share. Of course the foulproof Taylor protector is tough to dent; in fact a baseball bat swung in capable hands doesn't make too much of an impression on the cup.

But the list of rhubarbs involving fouls stretches like a girdle—on and on.

Remember the night Henry Armstrong lost his lightweight title to Lew Ambers? Henry lost five rounds and the crown that evening by virtue of alleged low punching.

Recall when Joe Dundee landed below the safe line in the second round of his NBA welter championship with Jackie Fields and was disqualified as a result?

Perhaps the first fight ending in a foul to receive world-wide attention was that between Joe Gans and Battling Nelson way back in 1906. The Old Master, suffering from the ravages of consumption, dropped to the canvas in the 42nd round from a down-under-shot and was awarded the decision.



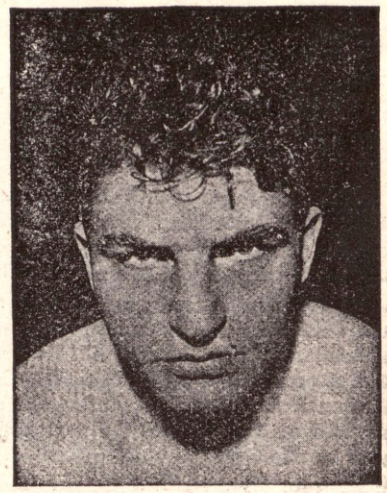
Frank Moran's grand old girl "Mary Ann," was a looping right that felled many an opponent but failed to work against Jack Johnson and Jess Willard.

A loud squawk of "Foul" was spread after the Gene Tunney versus Georges Carpentier bout. Gorgeous Georges was in the twilight of his career and took a fifteen round beating from Tunney. After the bout Jack Curley, Carpentier's American representative, claimed foul play and showed all a picture of the fight to convince them that the Orchid Kid was hit low.

A famous, and many claimed invisible, crunch to the vital zone caused Jack Delaney to win a seven round decision over Paulino Uzcudun. The French Canadian and the iron man from the rugged Pyrenees were staging a savage battle up to the seventh when Delaney limped back to his corner in great anguish. Peter Reilly, his manager, pulled forth Delaney's cup and exhibited it around the ringside as evidence of a foul blow.

George Courtney and K.O. Phil Kaplan, good middles of that era, each won on a foul over the other.

Then there's the occasion in which Jack Sharkey fouled out to Herr Schmeling for the heavyweight championship of the world. Jack blew what looked like certain victory when he let go with that left hook—a blow that resounded all over the world.



Lou Nova's "cosmic punch" which was supposed to bring about Joe Louis' downfall ten years ago, still remains a mystery for the challenger never had a chance to use it.

More recently Al Phillips, English featherweight, was involved in two contests that received attention. Al won the European featherweight title from Ray Famechon and two months later successfully defended his British Empire title against Cliff Anderson. Both fights were won as the results of Al's being the recipient of under the counter blows.

Lee Savold, who recently fought Joe Louis at the Polo Grounds in New York, was involved in an important foul. It was Lee's first fight with Bruce Woodcock. In the fourth heat Lee let go to the body and Bruce, drawing away, was hit with a low delivery. Bruce got the decision right then and there. Lee later reversed that loss by stopping Bruce in the same round in a clear cut victory.

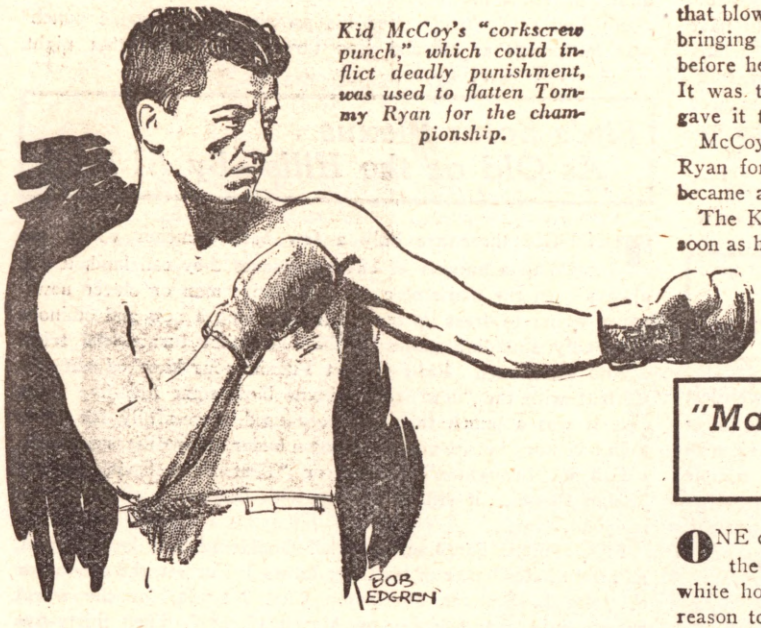
Jack Slack, Inventor of Dangerous Rabbit Punch —By Johnny Salak

JACK SLACK could eat no fat—but he sure did like "that rabbit." This English heavyweight champion of two hundred years ago—he reigned from 1750 to 1760—was the originator of the deadly rabbit punch which terrorized the fight game until it was outlawed in 1923.

The blow, or "chopper," is a dangerous punch behind the ear which has a paralyzing effect and invariably, if delivered several times in succession, renders an opponent almost helpless by paralyzing the nerves of the neck, thereby preparing the way for his defeat.

The rabbit punch was first brought to the notice of the American public by Milburn Saylor, an American lightweight, who had fought in Australia. While knocking out several opponents he was accused of clubbing with his right arm and hitting his opponents on the back of the head while both were in clinches.

Call it the Solar Plexus Punch, or anything else, Bob Fitzsimmons' left to the pit of the stomach, is still an effective blow.



Kid McCoy's "corkscrew punch," which could inflict deadly punishment, was used to flatten Tommy Ryan for the championship.

Saylor was severely criticized for his "unfair" tactics and when he returned to the States columns were written about this "new" punch. Saylor, in defense, claimed that when an opponent held, he saw no reason why he could not be legally struck on the back of the head.

Until the New York State Boxing Board led the way and eliminated the rabbit punch Jack Dempsey and Luis Angel Firpo were the leading exponents in its use. Year after year crusades were started against the punch. The protests continued when Dempsey used the deadly blow in halting Bill Brennan in Madison Square Garden and flared into an open and violent discussion following the long illness of Brennan, who hovered for a long time between life and death as a result of an attack administered by Firpo.

The rabbit punch was a most effective weapon in the hands of a boxer capable of using it—though with Firpo it was invariably an accidental "clubbing" blow—but it has no place in the field of boxing. It is a punch that lacks true sportsmanship and was rightfully outlawed.

Luckily, its use was halted way back in 1923. Can you imagine how many "rabbit punchers" we would have today if the breed had been allowed to continue.

The Corkscrew Was Kid McCoy's Haymaker —By Stanley Weston

WHEN anyone speaks of the "corkscrew punch," you automatically think of Kid McCoy. For it was the Kid who made the punch famous.

The corkscrew was devised by McCoy to satisfy his cruel and vicious temperament. He was never content simply to knock out his opponent as quickly and as painlessly as possible. Instead he loved to see a man bleeding and suffering from the effects of his punishment. He would deliberately prolong a fight, cut his man to ribbons with the deadly corkscrew, and finally, when the victim could no longer stand on his feet, he would deliver the knockout drops.

Kid McCoy got the idea for the new blow long before he became welterweight champion of the world. He conceived that by twisting his wrist in a snapping fashion just before the fist reached the point of contact, a great degree of damage could be inflicted. Thereafter he perfected the blow. McCoy's best punch was his left hook, so it was natural for him to start with that blow. He would begin the hook from a high outside position, bringing it down with a rigid motion. It traveled about two feet before he snapped the wrist so that his fist turned a half circle. It was this twisting, corkscrew like turning of the wrist that gave it terrific leverage and knife like cutting power.

McCoy had perfected the punch by the time he fought Tommy Ryan for the championship. He used it to flatten Tommy and became an overnight sensation.

The Kid had a habit of twisting his upper lip into a sneer as soon as he squared off with his opponent. The "Kid McCoy sneer" became as famous as Tom Sharkey's tattooed hip and Bob Fitzsimmons' freckles. McCoy expected no mercy and he gave none.

"Mary Ann" Made Frank Moran —By Barney Nagler

ONE of the most famous gals in ring history was "Mary Ann" the sidekick of Frank Moran, the heavyweight of the white hope era. Moran was proud of "Mary Ann" and he had reason to be. When he was broke, the old girl used to slip him anywhere from a few hundred to $20,000. She travelled all over the world with him—his constant companion.

The only thing was that she was unfaithful to him in two of his most important ring engagements, when he really needed her help. But before anybody gets any wrong ideas I should explain that "Mary Ann" was the sorrel-topped Moran's pet name for his favorite right hand wallop.

Moran depended on her in all of his fights and was willing to take punishment—which he could absorb—just to get in that looping, devastating right, usual as a counter to a left lead.

It worked a number of times. She made her first public appearance with Moran in his bout with the gigantic Al Palzer in 1913. Palzer was slugged into submission in seven rounds, a victory that put Moran up among the leaders in his class.

It worked against Bombardier Wells, but what wouldn't? The punch twice halted the Roscommon Giant, Jim Coffey, who was monopolizing the limelight.

But against Jack Johnson in a title bout in Paris in 1914 the punch didn't work as the clever Johnson, though weary at the end of the twenty rounds, managed to smother "Mary Ann" time and again and outbox Moran far enough to take the decision.

And then against Jess Willard, who had taken the title from Johnson, the blow failed again. It was in 1916 at Madison

☆

Latest punch to be labelled is Randy Turpin's murderous left which the British call the "Alakasam."

☆

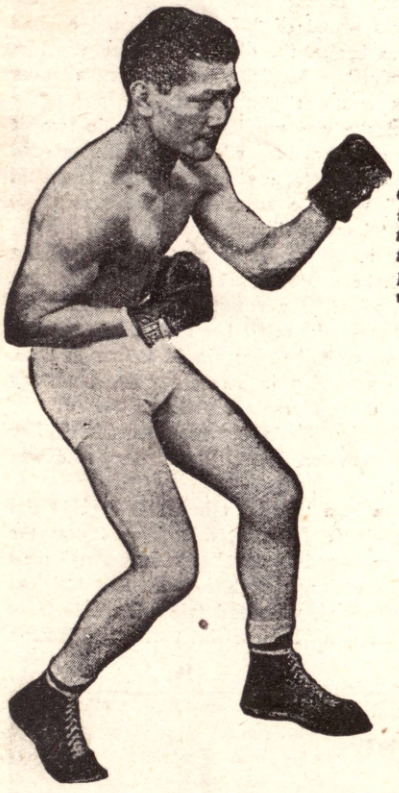
Square Garden in a bout that drew over $150,000. If "Mary Ann" had been able to work properly there Frank Moran might have become as famous as Jack Dempsey. But Willard kept reaching over, tipping Moran off balance every time he drew "Mary Ann" back for a full swing. Once the champion sized up and measured the punch all he had to do was stick that long left of his out. It was a sad disappointment to Moran.

But he had no complaints. Overall, that grand old girl, "Mary Ann," had been good to him.

Nova's "Cosmic Punch" A Ring Mystery—By Ted Carroll

BACK in 1941, Lou Nova, went through one of the weirdest training routines ever heard of while preparing to meet Joe Louis. The Californian somehow got himself involved with a mystic character known as the "Omnipotent Oom," a disciple of the ancient Hindu practice of Yogi.

Nova hied himself off to the Oom's upstate New York retreat.



Ceferino Garcia, was the first fighter to gain fame with the use of the bolo punch, a sweeping, wide-arc uppercut.

Squatting at the feet of the Omnipotent one in various poses affected by followers of Yogi, he babbled of such baffling tactics as "dynamic stance" and the "cosmic punch" which were to bring about the Brown Bomber's downfall. Of course this proved unintelligible to fight people who after scurrying to the nearest dictionary remained as confused as before.

The big book defines the word "cosmic" as "relating to the order of the universe." This left everybody right back where they started as far as understanding what Nova was talking about. Promoter Mike Jacobs, at first disturbed, okayed the whole mumbo-jumbo when the publicity started rolling in. Former champ, Jim Braddock, pronounced it "cosmetic" a malaprop which was echoed by most of the fight mob. Joe Louis just grunted when word reached him of Nova's new punch.

All this happened some ten years ago. Lou Nova's ring days are far behind him, but the more than 50,000 customers who sat in on the Nova-Louis fight that summer night in 1941 are still waiting for Lou's "cosmic" punch.

Nova, who had been a pretty good fighter up to the Louis affair, proved a harmless adversary that evening. Wise crackers claim Lou really made good his promise. The "cosmic punch" was no punch at all and Lou threw no punches that night.

Fitz's Solar Plexus As Old as the Hills—By Al Buck

THOUGH there are only a few basic punches which are limited to a number of effective places they can land, it has always been the mark of a good publicity man or clever newspaper writer to dress up the battle by giving a new and ominous or deadly sounding name to the blow that turned the trick.

And so, though Ruby Robert Fitzsimmons knocked out Jim Corbett with the "new" solar plexus blow some fifty-five years ago, it was a punch that had been used successfully for more than a century before and was known under many different names.

Call it "Broughton's Mark," or "That Fatal Spot," or the "Solar Plexus," it still winds up with deadening effect on the recipient.

Fitzsimmons, gangling, freckled-shouldered and knock-kneed, met the master boxer of his time, James J. Corbett, the conqueror of John L. Sullivan at Carson City, Nevada, for the world heavyweight championship on March 17, 1897. Then thirty-five years old, Fitz was given little chance of staying with Champion Corbett but the Freak-of-the-Ring had a tremendous punch on his side and was dangerous at all times.

Things didn't go well for Ruby Robert for the first thirteen rounds and Corbett was far out in front. As the battle moved into the fourteenth round, Fitzsimmons showed the champion his right, made as if to throw the punch, and then shifted, hooking his left with terrific force to the pit of Corbett's stomach. The blow paralyzed Corbett who went down unable to move yet fully aware that Referee George Siler was counting him out. The blow landed where the ribs part from below the breast bone, the left fist striking with full effect. It causes the wind to be knocked from the body and brings on a faintness that lasts from ten to fifteen seconds.

Fitzsimmons, by vent of that age-old blow, became the world heavyweight champion, and Bob Davis, reporting the battle for the New York *Journal*, coined a new phrase, giving the punch a scientific designation, calling it the solar plexus.

And so it has come down through the years, immortalized as Bob Fitzsimmons' "solar plexus punch."

But call it "Broughton's Mark," "That Fatal Spot," or the "Solar Plexus," it's all the same thing—the punch that beat Jim Corbett and many other great fighters.

Turpin's "Alakasam" Punch Spells K.O. for Victim—By W. C. Heinz

RANDY TURPIN, the British and Empire middleweight champion, has had a lot of trouble with his hands but unlike most fighters he has made of those injuries an asset rather than a heart-breaking defeat that could have put him in the class of so many fighters "who might have been champions but—."

Not that Randy is a world champion yet but he has the earmarks of one and possibly would be no worse than an even money shot in a title bout with Ray Robinson.

Turpin, after injuring his right hand in bouts several times, out of necessity developed an amazingly damaging left, and with it a punch that lifted his opponents off their feet and the Britisher up in the middleweight rankings.

Even our British writing friends, usually so austere and reserved, went wild over the "new" Turpin and let their imaginations run away in true American style as they labelled the now famous punch of his the "Alakasam."

(Continued on page 39)

Another for The Book

Jan De Bruin Hops Over Ropes When Ray Robinson Refuses to Follow Up His Advantage in Belgium Bout

By NAT LOUBET

IN boxing, the clout is the thing that counts most. The majority of fight fans would rather see a two-fisted attack than all the ring science one can muster. It's the combination of scientific boxing plus heavy hitting that makes a pugilist a terrific attraction. When a fighter combines ring science with the ability to dish out severe punishment, he has what it takes to keep his name in the fistic spotlight. Such a man is Sugar Ray Robinson. Another is Harry Matthews.

Sugar Ray won the world middleweight title from Jacob LaMotta when he kayoed the Bronx Bull in the 13th session. Then Sugar went on a tour starting in Miami, weaving through Continental Europe and winding up in England, beating a path of victory wherever an opponent appeared. He had an odd experience in his stopover at Antwerp, Belgium, where Robby was awarded an eight round TKO over Jan De Bruin. Ray's opponent in the eighth canto suddenly parted the ropes and strolled back to his dressing room. The fight which was set for ten rounds was terminated by this strange act of the European.

The Dutchman apparently was miffed at Robinson's benevolent behavior. After the bout De Bruin stated that he asked no quarter from any man in the ring and that Robby had spared him on several occasions. He complained that Ray refused to take advantage of openings, so quit.

A similar ending occurred in a recent bout in this country when Oakland Billy Smith, a high ranking light-heavyweight, "got tired of it all," and in his scheduled ten round affair with Archie Moore, leading contender for light-heavy honors, jumped out of the ring. Billy picked the same round as De Bruin for his exit—the eighth.

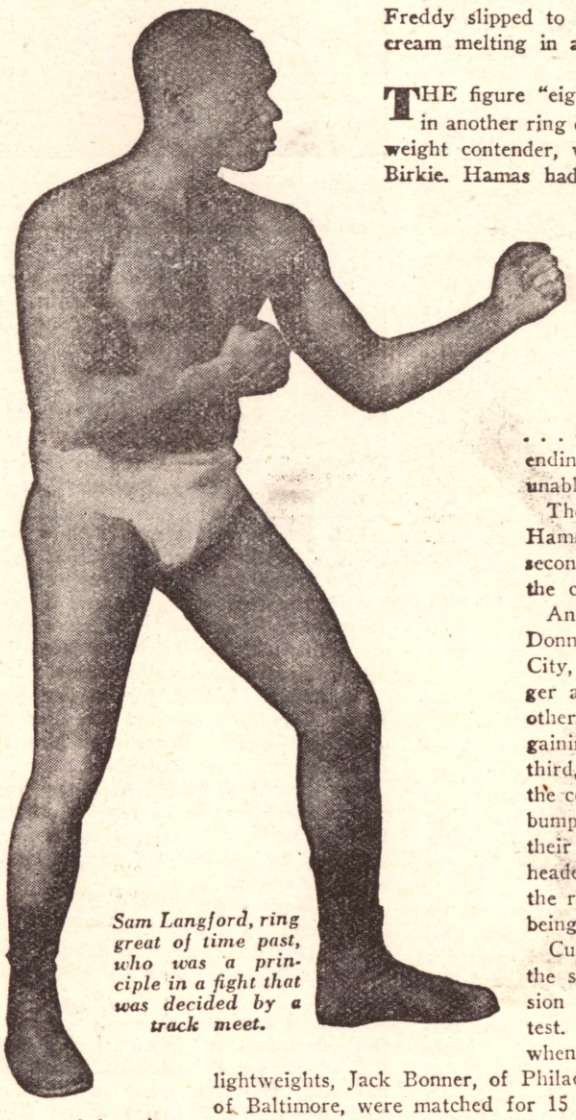
The dressing room dialogue after the fight went something like this:

"I just quit," said Smith.

"He seemed discouraged," said Moore.

"He's never done anything like that to me before," said Smith's manager, Jack Andrade.

Said the Portland Boxing Commission: "He's suspended."



Sam Langford, ring great of time past, who was a principle in a fight that was decided by a track meet.

BACK through the years there have been many fights that have had strange endings.

Archie Moore was the principal in another interesting ring episode. The locale was Baltimore and the participants were Archie Moore and Jimmie Bivins. At the end of the eighth round, Bivins was unable to continue and dispatches stated that after Moore was announced as the winner, he promptly collapsed and fell on his face. Charley Johnston, Moore's guide arm, maintains that Moore didn't collapse but stumbled while being led to his corner and a "Baron Munchhausen" elaborated on the yarn.

A bout reminiscent of the Moore-Bivins affair was the one in which a lightweight champion changed hands. Freddy Welsh was the lightweight champion and Benny Leonard the challenger. It was back in 1917 and as the ninth round came up, Benny cornered Welsh and Freddy covered up, desperately held on, his back rested against the ropes and he draped one hand over the top strand to better support himself. Then it happened! A right to the jaw and Welsh started toward the canvas but Leonard wouldn't let him fall. Kid McPartland separated the fighters and counted Welsh out as he hung from the ropes, feet on the canvas, body relaxed, hands locked over the top rope.

As McPartland finished the doleful toll, Freddy slipped to the floor like a bar of ice cream melting in a hot sun—out cold.

THE figure "eight" bore an important part in another ring oddity. Steve Hamas, heavyweight contender, was in the ring with Hans Birkie. Hamas had the decision sewed up as the bout went into the final seconds of the last round.

Then Hamas got careless and dropped his left and bam, the boom was lowered. Down went Steve. The count went one . . . three . . . five . . . eight, and the bell sounded ending the fight with Hamas still unable to gain his feet.

The decision? It was won by Hamas on points and only two seconds determined the course of the contest.

An interesting ending to a Donnybrook occurred in Kansas City, Missouri, when Pat Kissinger and Al Dorlac tore at each other for two rounds with neither gaining much of an edge. In the third, both boys charged out to the center of the ring where they bumped into one another—with their heads. They both took a header and were counted out by the referee. A case of two heads being better than one.

Cumberland, Maryland, was the scene of an interesting decision rendered in a boxing contest. This was back in the days when boxing was illegal and two lightweights, Jack Bonner, of Philadelphia, and Sammy Myers, of Baltimore, were matched for 15 rounds. Toward the end of the first round the sheriff of Cumberland, at that time, a chap by the name of Barnard, climbed into the ring and arrested both fighters for "assault and battery."

There was the fight in which Jim Corbett fought Joe Choynski, the hard punching 165 pounder, and Gentleman Jim broke all the knuckles on his right hand but one.

"The bones were popping like pieces of chalk," Jim said after the fight.

But did Corbett give up? Not he! He kept his left out, jabbing and bluffed with his right until he feinted Choynski with a left lead and then bop, he planted his one good knuckle flush on Choynski's jaw for a peach of a knockout.

Unique isn't the word for it. The temperature read 127 degrees in the shade, one of Australia's cool afternoons and Sam Langford was in there with Colin Bell. After fifteen sweating rounds the referee called the bout a draw.

Sam walked up to the referee: *(Continued on page 49)*

BOXING IS BOOMING IN AUSTRALIA

(Continued from page 24)

George Barnes lines up behind Flannery and he is in the $1,300 class as an attraction. George is a fighter who combines clever boxing with slugging.

Alfie Clay, Hassen's stablemate, is a shade behind George in ability, but ranks with him as a money-spinner; i.e., he earns about $1,300 per fight.

Two terrific punchers in Jackie Ryan and Dave Landers follow Barnes and Clay. Both are Queenslanders and confine their battling for the most part to Brisbane.

Noel Coates and Brian Brady are two more lightweights who are coming ahead while Mike Keresztes is proving to be a sensation in Brisbane, where he has K.O.'ed all his opponents to date. This year he has had seven bouts and has never had to come out for the ninth round.

Elley Bennett, for years our bantam champion, recently won the feather title from Ray Coleman by a knockout in 14 rounds after a thrilling fight.

Bennett is a popular champion. His radiant smile against opposition, his color, personality, good sportsmanship and punching power, make him a top drawing card. Whether he fights in Brisbane, Sydney or Melbourne, Elley draws capacity houses.

He began his career in Queensland and after a sensational run of knockout victories he annexed the bantam championship of Australia by knocking out Mickey Francis in 1948.

The contest that gained him world acclaim and rating by THE RING was against Cecil Schoonmaker on May 22, 1949. Schoonmaker was then ranked No. 1 contender for the world crown. Elley K.O.'ed Schoonmaker in the sixth round. He had previously K.O.'ed importations Little Paras, Jean Jonas and Emile Famechon.

A Brisbane business man wanted to finance a trip to the United States for Bennett to fight Ortiz for the world title, but Manuel did not seem keen, so the scheme fell through.

Bennett went from success to success and always drew packed houses. Chai Sitphol lasted four rounds and nine; Vic Eisen went out in seven and six, and Bob Scrivano cried enough in seven.

Built up to a feather, Elley was outpointed by Harold Dade and Ernesto Aguilar, but, back as a bantam, he K.O.'ed Englishman Jimmy Webster in two rounds and lightweight Mickey McDonald, also in two.

Then in April of this year he skittled Coleman for the Australian feather title.

Ray Coleman remains the No. 1 contender for feather honors. He is a combination boxer-fighter—a fast boy who is a heavy puncher. His usual domain is Leichhardt Stadium, which he fills at every appearance. Against Bennett at Sydney Stadium, he netted $2,444.

Johnnie Wheeler, Bluey Wilkins and Alf Webster follow Coleman, but they are not in the top money bracket.

Our new bantam king is sensational newcomer Jimmy Carruthers, who easily defeated Elley Bennett recently before a packed stadium. It was Carruthers' ninth fight as a professional.

Jimmy was an Olympic representative,

Australia's new bantamweight champion, Jimmy Carruthers, who defeated highly touted Elley Bennett for his crown.

but did not win that title due to a cut eye. Turning pro late last year, Jim was given a 12-round bout for his debut. He won by a knockout in three rounds, after which his record read: K.O. Ron Wilson, 5 rounds; K.O. Fred Kay, 12 rounds; K.O. Keith Francis, 10; K.O. Jim McFadden, 9; won points Bluey Wilkins; K.O. Bob Scrivano, 1; K.O. Billy Herbert, 10; won points Elley Bennett. Quite a performance.

This boy is fast, clever, with a ring brain, a fighting heart, a pleasing style, and a heavy punch. This boy will be wearing the world crown this year if given the chance. At present Stadiums Ltd. is negotiating with Vic Toweel to defend his title in Sydney against Carruthers.

On August 15, 1950, for his first bout Jimmy Carruthers received $33. For his ninth fight—against Bennett—on May 14, 1951, Carruthers received $2,755.

THE RING listed Carruthers as the Prospect of the Month in its issue of March, 1951. So another RING prospect has made good and he will beat any bantam in the world right now.

Billy Herbert and Spencer Driver follow Carruthers and Bennett among our bantams but they are so far behind these two in ability that they are almost out of sight.

Australia has several good flyweights. Our champion is Jimmy Laffin, who K.O.'ed Stumpy Butwell to take the title this year. However, many judges think Taffy Hancock will beat him and many more think that young Kevin James will beat the both of them with more experience.

Rod Cutter and Johnny Gleeson make up a sextet of really good flyweights, who seem to be more popular at Brisbane and Leichhardt than elsewhere.

So there is a round-up of Australian boxers—the boys who make the sport so popular here. Sands is going overseas soon to fight Randolph Turpin in London. His contemporaries have fights lined up in opposition to one another. Tollis will be kept busy with his contenders. Lightweights are kept busy, as are the flyweights.

But the big question is where are opponents for Carruthers? Following a return with Bennett, Jimmy will be out of opposition, unless we import top-flight bantams for him.

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES

By Tom Ephrem

BOBBY DYKES made it two out of two over Billy Kilgore when the pair met for the second time in a ten-rounder at Miami Beach. Bobby had taken a tenner in a previous clash at Coral Gables and this time he proved his mastery over Kilgore to the satisfaction of everyone. The winner, weighing 154 to his rival's 163, began his triumphant march in the fifth round and piled up points as he pleased for the unanimous victory. Dykes scored with both hands, mainly to the head and several times shook the heavier man, though at no time was Kilgore in serious trouble. Billy fought hard for the first half but wasn't in the running after that. Chris Dundee promoted and the show drew 8,019 fans.

Results of the Dykes-Kilgore undercard: Chief Crazy Horse won in eight rounds over Mike Santonino in a good scrap. The Chief tipped 158 pounds and Santonino came in at 163. Another tiff that turned out to be a crowd pleaser was the six-rounder between Roger Siclaire and Wild Bill Mahony. Siclaire, 136, scored over his competitor, who hit 141½. The surprise package came in the form of Richie Rhodes, an ex-Golden Glover from North Carolina. Rhodes made his pro boxing debut in great fashion by stopping the scrappy Pablo Rodriguez in four rounds. Each came out of the mill with cuts. Richie, 140½, is being managed by former pro star Vince Gambill. Miamians took to the youngster and they'll be watching him from here on. Rodriguez weighed 140. The opener saw Honey Boy Williams, 136, score in the first round over Bobby Hunter, 143. The latter was outclassed.

This column would like to offer a suggestion to Nat Fleischer, Editor-Publisher of THE RING Magazine. We feel sure that you boxing fans over the world will fall in line with it, too. Here it is: Why doesn't boxing have a Hall of Fame? Are we folks in boxing going to sit while baseball and football continue with one of the greatest plans for their heroes? There are as many, if not more immortal names in boxing. We suggest Nat Fleischer start the ball rolling because he is the man most suited for the honor. No man has done more for the sport than THE RING Editor-Publisher.

(There is a boxing Hall of Fame in Los Angeles in Helm's Hall.—Editor's note.)

Irish Bob Murphy, popular California light-heavyweight contender, was among the fans who saw Bobby Dykes trounce Billy Kilgore at Miami Beach. Florida television followers were loud in praise of Irish Bob for his good sportsmanship in his fight with Tampa's Danny Nardico. Murphy stopped Danny in four rounds.

The boxer fighting up North under the name of Kid Hatcher and calling his home Miami is not to be confused with Jimmy Kidd Hatcher of South Carolina and Florida. The first named Hatcher is Tommy Hatcher and began using the "Kid" in Jacksonville. The original Kidd Hatcher was a former leading featherweight and lightweight and now lives in Jacksonville where he has a good job in the Civil Service.

Buster White, Jr., and Dick Leonard, who have co-promoted fights in Savannah in past years, are thinking of joining forces with Pinky May, former Southern bantamweight and featherweight ace, for presentations in Augusta, Ga.

Julian Jackson, popular Jacksonville boxing follower and businessman, was appointed by Mayor Haydon Burns to serve the unexpired term of the late Lamar Wadsworth. Jackson was a topnotch amateur boxer here not many years ago. The sport was really hot and produced outstanding men then. Jaxons feel Mayor Burns made an excellent move by his selection. At a commission meeting, Julian was also named to the chairman's seat. Incidentally, the Jacksonville Boxing Commission secretary is Ed Conley, one of the best of Southern fighters and later a fight promoter at the Duval County Armory in Jacksonville.

Vince Gambill, former El Reno, Okla., welterweight and one of the top fight attractions in Miami when Dave White was promoting, has turned manager. Vince has under tow a likely looking welterweight prospect in Richie Rhodes, former Golden Gloves champion from Carolina Beach, N. C. The youngster had 44 amateur bouts, won 40, and 32 of them ended by kayoes. In his second pro fight, Rhodes drew with Frankie Leach on Promoter Chris Dundee's Miami Beach program which featured Harold Green and Jose Diaz. He won his first bout when he halted Pablo Rodriguez.

Floridians are glad to see Bobby Dykes doing so well in his recent bouts after being stopped by Johnny Bratton in one round. For one, we believe a fellow has the makings of a fine fighter when he can overcome disaster as Bobby did. Should the Slender Stick continue this brand of work, he may be in line for a title bout.

Turpin the Champion of Champions!

By JAMES BUTLER

SALUTE Randolph Turpin, the greatest fight ambassador Britain has produced since the days of Bob Fitzsimmons, the only previous Englishman to win the world middleweight title as long ago as 1891. Fighting against odds so heavy that only two per cent. of British boxing critics gave him an outside chance of success over the much-ballyhooed Sugar Ray Robinson in the world middleweight title slam at London's Earls Court, Turpin came through to cause the biggest boxing upset of the century.

Turpin was magnificent in victory. He proved himself the most underrated fighter in the world. Underrated by boxing scribes and the wise boys of the fight games, and perhaps most of all underrated by Sugar Ray himself.

Most pugilists would have been demoralised by the ballyhoo given to Robinson and his circus, but Turpin's dead-pan expression as he entered the ring simply told the story of the young Englishman's great confidence in himself. He was unimpressed by the Robinson glamour.

It was the great Sugar Ray who was on edge when he climbed through the ropes. Not once did he show a flash of the nonchalant fistic wonder that earned the title of the Black Prince.

When the first gong sounded it was survival of the fittest, and an 18,000 crowd gasped, and then roared its appreciation as Turpin, unawed by the opponent facing him, stepped forward and let go with a left hook that certainly surprised Robinson.

FROM that first minute till the last minute 15 rounds later Turpin was the boss in the biggest upset I have witnessed in fifty years of ringside reporting. Randolph showed not the slightest respect for the fighter hailed as the greatest middleweight for twenty years. He just stepped in and hit him about like a novice, to the delight of a British crowd that has become used to watching British boxers bounced around by tougher Yankee champions.

The surprise was not the hitting powers of Turpin. In fact, the only chance given to the 23 year old British champion was to score with one of his big punches. What astonished the old-timers present was that Turpin, the comparative novice, handled Robinson like a kid. He gave Sugar Ray a boxing lesson. He gave him a lesson in brawling, and he handed out yet another lesson in tactics.

Robinson just never got started. He was dumb-founded by the fact that in England he had met his master for the first time in ten successful years of fighting. After nine rounds Robinson's agonised expression told the story. He knew he was licked, and instead of pulling out the class we expected of him, he fought a desperate and wild battle.

By sheer aggression and good left hand leading—not the light left so often associated with British boxers, but a left that was pushed out like a piston rod—Turpin took the first six rounds. In the seventh round there was an accidental head collision, and although the British champion winced, Robinson came off worst out of the accident as blood poured from an old scar above his left eye.

This certainly was the end of any outside chance Robinson had. For the first time in a brilliant career he was the underdog. Turpin, a complete fighter, showed no mercy. With deadly intent he jabbed his vicious left into the damaged eye. He was the killer—not Robinson.

YET another surprise was the manner in which Turpin mastered Sugar Ray in the clinches. The opinion of the experts—not without some justification—was that the American would handle Randy like a baby inside, and would soften him up and knock him out. It was thought Randy couldn't take it inside. What a false rumour!

Turpin was much the stronger fighter inside. Whenever Robinson tried a desperate body attack, Randy would snort, take the best that Sugar Ray could offer, and would then wade in and bounce Robinson as he has never been bounced in his life before. There were times in the closing rounds when a weary and disillusioned Robinson came close to being knocked out for the first time in his career.

It is to Sugar's credit that he went down with the courage and dignity of a great champion. He gave up his crown fighting, and although he was not once floored he took more punishment than he has ever taken before.

I cannot attempt to discredit Turpin the Magnificent for his great victory, but I must say that it was not the real Sugar Ray in action. Whether he has slipped rapidly or whether he took Turpin too lightly and paid for this foolish mistake is to be seen, but it is my opinion that Robinson will be a far tougher opponent in the return fight.

He will have to be at top form to upset Randy, because with the world title under his belt, the British champion will be almost invincible, and it is going to take a super pugilist to dethrone him. Turpin may prove to be the greatest fighter of the century.

Turpin, Fighter of the Month

By NAT FLEISCHER

THE victory of Randolph Turpin over Sugar Ray Robinson, bringing to the British Empire the first Middleweight Championship in 50 years, makes the Leamington former Navy cook the fighter of the month. Turpin's masterly exhibition in which he outclassed the defending champion in all branches, came as a shock to Ray's American supporters, and brought joy to the British Empire.

Ray Robinson has now been dropped to the No. 1 challenger's post with the Australian Dave Sands next in line.

Bob Murphy, the belting beauty from San Diego, California, walked off with "Fighter of the Month" honours by stopping former middleweight champion Jake LaMotta. Bob ruined Jake's light-heavyweight debut when he ripped the features of the Bronx Bull so badly, that Dr. Nardiello called a halt at the end of the seventh round. Murphy is now rated third in his class under Archie Moore and Harry Matthews. LaMotta continues to hold down a position in the 175 pound class, as we don't think there are ten light-heavyweights in the world who can lick him. Jake is rated tenth.

Young Harold Johnson, of Philadelphia, long rated as a good prospect by *The Ring*, finds himself back in the ratings after an absence. He earned sixth place when he kayoed heavyweight Elkins Brothers. Johnson made only one mistake during his career, that was the time he fought Jersey Joe Walcott. Jersey Joe flattened Harold and put him out of action for a long time. We are happy Johnson has returned to the ring, the light-heavyweight ranks can certainly use him.

The surprising knockout of Rex Layne by Rocky Marciano thus enabled Marciano, at the time of writing, a week before the Charles-Walcott fight, to jump into second place, with Layne dropping to sixth. Walcott is third.

The welterweights remained the same. In the lightweight class, Tommy Campbell handed Del Flanagan his first defeat in over fifty battles. Campbell, undoubtedly one of the finest 135 pounders in action is listed fourth while young Flanagan dropped to ninth. Enrique Bolanos, long a leading lightweight contender, will box James Carter, the champion, shortly. Bolanos trimmed Eddie Chavez last time out, and experts give him a good chance against Carter. Enrique won tenth place on the strength of his last few fights.

Cesar Brion and Hein Ten Hoff, each of whom was in the world ratings some time during the past two years, have regained a post due to their recent victories and the defeat of the British heavyweight Empire champion, Jack Gardner. The last named went down to defeat at the hands of Brion in a bloody, messy, toughly-fought battle, as a result of which he has been dropped and Brion has replaced him. Ten Hoff, the German heavyweight king, who defeated Gene Jones in Berlin, is now rated tenth.

The one-sided victory of Joe Louis over Lee Savold, whom he knocked out in the sixth round, has made Louis' position as leading challenger more secure, and has caused Savold to drop from fourth to ninth place in the ratings.

One of the finest of all boxing prospects is Gil Turner, of Philadelphia, who is undefeated in twenty pro bouts. He ranks seventh in the welter class. Eighteen of his bouts have resulted in knockouts, the latest against the former lightweight king, Beau Jack.

Jimmy Carter, the recently crowned world lightweight king, has taken Ike Williams' place at the head of his division. Charles Humez, by winning the European welterweight title, has replaced Eddie Thomas in fourth place, and Eddie has been dropped to seventh.

One of the finest young fighters in Australia is Jimmy Carruthers who whipped Elley Bennett to win the bantam crown Down Under.

Here are the major results of the month:—

HEAVYWEIGHTS

Ezzard Charles decisioned Joey Maxim, 15 (title). Joe Louis knocked out Lee Savold, 6. Elkins Brothers stopped Wallace, 2. Ray Wilding stopped Jimmy Russo, 4. Odell Riley stopped Jack Flood, 2. Hugo Alvarez beat Tony Esperti, 4.

Rex Layne stopped Eddie Cameron, 3, and Odell Riley, 6.

Cesar Brion outfought British and European champion Jack Gardner, 10.

Clarence Henry stopped Embrel Davidson, 8, and laced Omelio Agramonte, 10. Jimmy Bivins outclassed Bobby Mitchell, 10, and Willie Bean, 10. Frankie Buford was stopped by Harry Matthews, 3.

Dale Hall kayoed Doc Williams, 3. O'Neal Crocker outpointed Ranchero Alonzo, 10. Kevin Allen knocked out Jack Nelson, 1.

Aaron Wilson whipped Stephanie Olek, 10. Jess Hall flattened Hank Thurman, 8. Johnny Arthur stopped Archie Smith, 6.

Al Hoosmon drew with Werner Wiegand, 6. Wiegand came back to outpoint Henne, 8.

Johnny Williams stopped Jo Weidin, 6. George Stern outpointed George Nuttall, 6.

Ray Wilding stopped George Henley, 2. Wilson Kohlbrecher whipped Dutch Culbertson, 6. Johnny McLeavy won from Freddie Powell, 6. Oscar Seremian stopped George McDonald, 3.

Hein Wiesner decisioned Uber Bacilieri, 10. Simon Templar outpointed Noel Reid, 8. Terry McDonald stopped Brian Carr, 6.

Roland LaStarza kayoed Gene Felton, 3.

Johnny Arthur edged out Reg Andrews, 10. Lou Strydom flattened Ray Sands, 1. Ken Wyatt halted Harry Painter, 1.

Rex Layne stopped Dave Whitlock, 4. Kurt Schiegl whipped Steve McCall, 10.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS

Bob Murphy stopped Jake La Motta in seven and Archie Morroe drew in 10 with heavyweight Charles Sys in Argentine. Sys weighed 214 as against 176 for Morroe.

Harry Matthews stopped Frankie Buford, 3.

Wesbury Bascom knocked out Nick Barone, 6. Barone also was kayoed by British and European champion Don Cockell, 6.

Heinz Sachs retained the German title by holding Hans Strelecki to a draw, 12.

Welsh champion Dennis Powell was too good for Jack (Kid) Harris, 10. Polly Smith stopped Claude Rolfe, 7.

Doc Williams was stopped by heavyweight Dale Hall, 3. Johnny Barton kayoed Tony Lord, 7. Gerhard Hecht stopped Albert Yvel, 4.

Randall Starkey stiffened Haywood Henry, 2. Reg Spring stopped Pat Stribling, 7. Stribling also was halted by Joe Plant, 3. Tommy Caswell decisioned Jock Taylor, 8.

Gaetano Guerrio stopped Walter Gasparik, 7. Ken Stribling drew with Herbert Kleinwachter, 6. Pierre Doorenbosch won from Willi Quentemeyer, 10.

George Vaughan outpointed Jimmy Woods, 10. Dave Williams polished off Bill Lawley, 3, but was outclassed by Albert Finch, who stopped him in the fifth.

Brian McTigue decisioned Jackie Owens, 8.

Willie Schagen stopped Jan Declercq, 4. Richard Vogt knocked out Warren Jones, 1.

Archie Moore kayoed Abel Cestac, 10. Danny Nardico outpointed Reuben Jones, 10. Eli Elandon kayoed Hein Weisner, 9.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS

World champion Ray Robinson stopped Kid Marcel, 5 (non-title), and outpointed Jean Wanes, 10 (non-title), and stopped Waljean Walzack, 6.

British and European champion Randolph Turpin flattened Jackie Keough, 7.

Rocky Graziano kayoed Johnny Greco, 3.

Jimmy Herring laced Artie Diamond, 8, and Jimmy Flood, 8. Terry Moore outpointed Jose Basora, 8.

Gene Hairston drew with Joe Rindone, 10.

Robert Villemain kayoed Kid Gamero, 4, and drew with Laurent Dauthuille, 10. Dutch champion Luc van Dam whipped Jimmy Davis, 10.

Tony Janiro decisioned Charley Fusari, 10. Harold Green outpointed Jose Diaz, 10. Henry Brimm decisioned Joey DeJohn, 10.

Holly Mims whipped Otis Graham, 10. Lee Sala halted Billy Stemmler, 4. Jackie Keough outpointed Bobby Neal, 10.

Bobby Dykes outscored Billy Kilgore, 10.

Alfie Sands lost on a disqualification to Max Talbot, 3, but came back to stop Talbot, 10, and followed with a kayo of Billy Roley, 4. Ernie Durando stopped Joe Bonadies, 6.

Carl Schmidt drew with Leo Starosch, 8. Gaston Chambraud held Italian champion Gino Campagna to a draw, 10. George Small decisioned Tony Masciarelli, 10.

Rocky Castellani stopped Joe DiMartino, 6. Orlando DePietro licked Dennis Ryan, 6. Marvin Edelman whipped Harold Collier, 6.

Doug Conroy kayoed Snowy Phillis, 6. Billy Barber defeated Len Pippen, 12. Roger Donoghue beat Phil Rizzo, 8. Ron Toohey whipped Al Bourke, 12.

Irvin Steen beat Bobby Hughes, 6. Gus Rubicini laced Al Mouzon, 6, and whipped Joe Giardello, 8. Jean Stock stopped Les Allen, 10.

Jimmy Longton held Tom Johnston to a draw, 8, and won on a disqualification over Billy Ellaway, 3.

George Angelo stopped Eric McQuade, 9, and whipped Baby Day, 10. Duggie Miller decisioned Michel Lapourielle, 10.

George Howard won from LeRoy Allen, 6.

RING RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

ENDING JULY 15, 1951

Heavyweights (Over 175 pounds)	Light-Heavyweights (Not exceeding 175 pounds)	Middleweights (Not exceeding 160 pounds)	Welterweights (Not exceeding 147 pounds)
World's Champion Ezzard Charles	World's Champion Joey Maxim	World's Champion Randolph Turpin	World's Champion (Title Vacant)
1—Joe Louis	Archie Moore	Ray Robinson	Kid Gavilan (Amer. Champ.)
2—Rocky Marciano	Harry Matthews	Dave Sands	Charles Humez (Europ. Champ.)
3—Joe Walcott	Bob Murphy	Laurent Dauthuille	Billy Graham
4—Clarence Henry	Bob Satterfield	Robert Villemain	Johnny Bratton
5—Roland LaStarza	Don Cockell	Ray Barnes	Charley Fusari
6—Rex Layne	Harold Johnson	Walter Cartier	Gil Turner
7—Joe Baker	Dan Bucceroni	Rocky Graziano	Eddie Thomas
8—Cesar Brion	Wesbury Bascom	Ronnie Delaney	Mickey Tollis
9—Lee Savold	Carl Olson	Gene Hairston	Eddie Smith
10—Hein ten Hoff	Jake LaMotta	Terry Moore	Fitzie Pruden

Lightweights (Not exceeding 135 pounds)	Featherweights (Not exceeding 126 pounds)	Bantamweights (Not exceeding 118 pounds)	Flyweights (Not exceeding 112 pounds)
World's Champion James Carter	World's Champion Sandy Saddler	World's Champion Vic Toweel	World's Champion Dado Marino
1—Ike Williams	Willie Pep	Luis Romero	Jean Sneyers
2—Freddie Dawson	Ray Famechon	Peter Keenan	Terry Allen
3—Art Aragon	Roy Ankarah	Jimmy Carruthers	Vic Herman
4—Tommy Campbell	Charley Riley	Maurice Sandeyron	Teddy Gardner
5—Luther Rawlings	Percy Bassett	Tommy Proffitt	Jimmy Laffin
6—Joe Brown	Ronnie Clayton	Elley Bennett	Louis Skena
7—Paddy DeMarco	Tirso del Rosario	Emile Chemama	Honore Pratesi
8—Calvin Smith	Glen Flanagan	Gianni Zuddas	Nazzareno Gianelli
9—Del Flanagan	Jackie Blair	Hadi Tijani	Norman Tennant
10—Enrique Bolanos	Fansio Chavez	Bobby Boland	Black Pico

Dick Guerrera whipped Jesse Gray, 4. George Roe stopped Joe Baillie, 6.

Billy Brown defeated Charley Mercer, 10. Brian McTigue halted Billy Coloulias, 5.

Gordon Hazell edged out Ron Crogan, 8. Wally Beckett won on a disqualification over Duggie Myers, 4. Pat Kenny stopped Kay Green, 6. Unbeaten Bobby Fish scored his 15th consecutive win as a pro by beating Billy Webber, 6.

Ken Rowlands won on a disqualification over Koffi Kiteman, 3. William Poli whipped Alessandro d'Ottavio, 10.

Fritz Ehrlinger won from Francesco Molina, 8. Leon Nowiasz whipped Sammy Wilde, 10.

Albert Heyen drew with Job Roos, 10. Bernie Delmont decisioned Sandy Baxter, 4. Sonny Williams pummelled Jimmy Johnson, 4. Chester Dorris stiffened Santo Santiago, 4.

Jean Stock regained the French title by stopping Kid Marcel, 11. Alfie Sands knocked out Jack Smith, 2.

Tom Johnston flattened Joe Baillie, 2. Bruce Crawford kayoed Gerry Nolan, 2. Garth Panter stopped Joe Arthur, 9. Baby Day whipped Duggie Miller, 8.

Fritz Gahrmeister outpointed Al Bishop, 6. Jimmy King decisioned Horst Garz, 6. Arthur Sheffield knocked out Peter Greenewald, 2.

WELTERWEIGHTS

Kid Gavilan won the American title by outpointing Johnny Bratton, 10.

French champion Charley Humetz whipped Ali Amrane, 10.

In a battle of Australian champions, welterweight Mickey Tollis stopped lightweight Jack Hassen, 11.

Eddie Smith scored an upset decision over Gene Burton, 8. Frankie Fernandez lost to Freddie Dawson, 10.

Charley Fusari lost to Tony Janiro, 10. Jackie Lovatt topped Ralph Zannelli, 12.

Lester Felton won from Carmen Basilio, 10. Charley Salas beat Nick Moran, 10. Gil Turner stopped Beau Jack, 8.

Lou Volpe knocked out Johnny Marino, 1, and beat Sonny Luciano, 8. Pierre Langlois whipped Titi Clavel, 10.

Chuck Davey knocked out Tommy Ciarlo, 4, and beat Allie Gronik, 8. Charley Salas outscored Bobby Jones, 10. Cliff Curvis polished off Billy Rattray, 2.

Tommy Armour retained the North Ireland title by stopping Billy O'Neill, 10, and followed with a decision over Kit Pompey, 8.

Bunty Adamson edged out Eric Billington, 8. Peter Fallon whipped Jackie Marshall, 8.

Billy Ambrose decisioned Bob Burniston, 8. Rocco Long kayoed Bert Middleton, 5. Young Panther won the Nigerian title by kayoing Rostard Kid, 11.

Pierre Langlois decisioned Bruno Marostegan, 10. Jackie Marshall outpointed Rees Moore, 8.

South African champion Danie van Graan flattened Jackie Viljoen, 2. Joey Carkido chilled Norman Thompson, 1.

Emile Delmine retained the Belgian title by outpointing Stan Reypens, 12. Gilbert Lavoine whipped Roger Baour, 10. Baour also lost to Danny Womber, 10. Al Wilson beat Richie Anderson, 6.

Ted Murray defeated Miguel Mendvil, 8, but Miguel came back to draw with Henry Jordan, 8. Jerry Betha defeated Eugene Llanis, 4.

Tex Gonzales beat Joey Klein, 6. Walter Haines won from Jetson Arnold, 8.

Mandy Leal outfought Mario Pineiro, 6. Peter Indaco outstabbed Floro Hita, 6, but lost to Bon Bon Oriental, 6.

Wilbur Wilson whipped Bill Andy, 8. Clarrie Gordon kayoed Ron Pond, 6. Billy Barber outpointed Len Pippen, 12. Johnny Lombardo defeated Jimmy Champagne, 8.

Morrie Tait decisioned Laurie Morris, 10.

Emmy Tucci beat Dick Stern, 6. Ralph Jones flattened Roy Carter, 1. Johnny Fish stopped Santos Martin, 2.

Kid Dussart decisioned Valere Benedetto, 10. Al Robbins bested Russ Parrilla, 6, but lost to Richie Reed, 4, and Al Anderson, 4.

Marcel Brisbois whipped Mario Pinero, 6. Joe Tomasello defeated Ronnie Moore, 6. Fox Williams licked Phil Modica, 4. Billy Paul outpointed Roger Guerrette, 8.

Irvin Steen laced Bobby Hughes, 6. Willie Troy stopped Althor Warner, 4, and Melvin Boone, 3.

Ernie Roberts defeated Ike Jenkins, 8. Roy Baird stopped Eric Davies, 7.

Billy Ambrose outboxed Piet van Staden, 8. Ernie Vickers outslugged Kid Pompey, 8. Ralph Moss decisioned Johnny Fitzpatrick, 8. Gilbert Lavoine whipped Bouadjmi Mohkfi, 10.

Tony Assan stopped George Beck, 3. Bobby Greville stopped Andre Famechon, 5.

George Kapeen stopped Frank Clarke, 10, and Darby Brown, 3, for his eighth and ninth consecutive knockouts of the year.

Carlo Mola decisioned Kurt Ibl, 8.

Jeff Tite decisioned Raphael da Sylva, 10. Luigi Coluzzi lost to lightweight Ivor Kid Germain, 10.

Duggie du Preez edged out Tommy Hinson, 8. Hinson came back to beat Dave Ward, 8.

Johnny Cross won from Eddie Phillips, 8. Ron Price stopped Harry Warner, 6.

Jimmy Brogden knocked out Johnny Fitzpatrick, 4. Bobby Rhodes decisioned Rees Moore, 6. Johnny Fish outpointed Jimmy Blackburn, 6.

Tommy Bazzano stopped Frankie Palermo, 4. Joey Lupo stopped Dickie Wilson, 6.

Prospects of the Month

Heavyweight—Willie James, Boston, Mass.
Light-heavyweight—George Blackstone, Omaha, Nebr.
Middleweight—Tom Johnson, Ireland.
Welterweight—Charley Joseph, New Orleans, La.
Lightweight—Lionel Peralta, Panama.
Featherweight—Russell Tague, Eldrige, Iowa.
Bantamweight—Al Ware, Knoxville, Tenn.
Flyweight—Luis Villa, Mexico.

Tony Assan stopped Billy Palmer, 3. Gil Turner kayoed Rudy Zadell, 5.

Bernard Docusen outpointed Mario Trigo, 10. Chico Vejar decisioned Floro Hita, 8.

Charley Humez won the European title by whipping Eddie Thomas, 15.

Gustav Scholz became German champion by outpointing Walter Schneider, 12. Mario Minatelli stopped Salvatore Sanna, 7.

Giel de Roode retained the Dutch title by stopping Harry Bos, 10. Bob Frost knocked out Terry Ratcliffe, 4. Piet van Staden was held to a draw by Rocco Long, 8. Danie van Graan stopped Ronnie Meyer, 4.

Emile Delmine decisioned Jeff Tite, 10. Duggie du Preez whipped Algar Smith, 6. Bobby Jones beat Maurice Harper, 12.

Charley Salas stopped Rafael Gutierrez, 9.

LIGHTWEIGHTS

James Carter won the lightweight championship of the world when he stopped Ike Williams in 14 rounds.

Freddie Dawson outpointed welterweight Frankie Fernandez, 10.

Tommy Campbell knocked out El Conscripto, 4, but was trounced by Virgil Akins.

Luther Rawlings knocked out Arthur Persley, 3. Enrique Bolanos was held to a draw by Manuel Madrid, 10. Art Aragon beat Ted Davis, 10.

Paddy DeMarco thrashed Eddie Giosa, 10.

Lauro Salas whipped Carlos Chavez, 10. Australian champion Jack Hassen was stopped by welterweight Mickey Tollis, 11.

George Araujo kayoed Richard Crump, 4, and Hermie Freeman, 7. Freddie Herman outpointed Rafael Carrillo, 10.

George Dunn reversed a previous loss to Joey Velez, 10. Arthur King stopped Arthur Gonzales, 6, and pasted Armand Savoie, 10. Allan Tanner whipped Tony Lombard, 8.

Henry Davis whipped Joe Lopes, 10. Don Rogers tripped Ed Johnson, 10. Emile Dicriste outpointed Kid le Noir, 10.

Bouadjmi Mokhfi stopped Roland Guilbert, 10. Leandre Mateos won over Jean Julien, 10.

Hans Hafner decisioned Gustave Perrot, 3. Jerry Russo won from Earl Hilton, 4.

Ralph Giordano outpointed Julie Colon, 8. Bob Fenty drew with Carmine Fiore, 8. Sammy Anderson stopped Chris Gonzales, 2.

Johnny Hazel thrashed Tony McTigue, 8. Al Pennino lost to Phil Morizio, 8.

Mickey Zezza shaded Jerry Drouin, 6. Jean Archambault drew with Jean Julien, 10.

Ivor Kid Germain whipped welterweight Luigi Coluzzi, 10. Little Paras edged out Brian Brady, 12, and stopped Mickey McDonald, 6. Tommy Barnham outboxed Vince Marshall, 8.

James Sullivan thrashed Jimmy Carabello, 4, and drew with Herbie McMullen, 4. Johnny Moran drew with Abou Ali, 4.

Frank Parkes decisioned Stan Parkes, 8. Stan Parkes also lost to Selwyn Evans on a disqualification, 4.

Billy Dixon edged out Johnny Carrington, 8. Noel Delphine stopped Tony Hall, 4.

Orlando Zulueta defeated Billy Neri, 8.

Nazzarano Vitale thrashed Joey Brocato, 8. Laurie Buxton flattened Gordon Goodman in 40 seconds.

Tony Brazil shaded Johnny Hudson, 8. Stan Skinkiss decisioned Jimmy Ford, 6.

Charley Dunn kayoed Ken Wenman, 1. Young Sweeney whipped Kev Brown, 12. Freddy Russo stopped Dom Saia, 5.

Silvano Locatelli outpointed Valentino Gianluppi, 8. Efisio Melis won from Giuseppe Colasanti, 10. Jan Nicholaas decisioned Edouard Harneveld, 10.

Gerry Smyth flattened Walter Holden in 65 seconds. Gene Caffrey edged out Dai Davies, 8. Gene Parker stopped Snuffy Smith, 3.

Eddie Compo defeated Dave Shade, 10. Speedy Twitch halted Bruce Thomas, 2. Johnny Carrington decisioned Willie Croke, 6.

John Gonsaldes beat Rudy Cruz, 12.

FEATHERWEIGHTS

World champion Sandy Saddler knocked out Alfredo Prada, 4 (non-title).

Willie Pep outclassed Jesus Compos, 10.

European champion Ray Famechon stopped Jacques DeHaye, 7.

Charley Riley defeated Eddie Burgin, 10. Jackie Blair beat Lauro Salas, 10. Tirso Del Rosario outpointed Manuel Ortiz, 10.

Gene Smith knocked out Little Dynamite, 10. Elmer Barksdale drew with Jimmy Cooper, 10.

Frankie Sodano defeated Pat Marcune, 8, who whipped Leo LeBrun, 8.

French champion Francis Bonnardel outpointed Umberto Molinaro, 10. Tommy Bailey decisioned Johnny Molloy, 10.

Alex Fimbres won over Carmen Iacobucci, 4, chilled Johnny Lemons, 4, and beat Gene Butler, 8. Lettie Petteway drew with Willie Hernandez, 6.

Norm Praine decisioned Fred Kay, 12. Denny Dawson stopped Bernard Fairbanks, 8, and drew with Scottish champion George Stewart, 8.

Stan Skinkiss outpointed Gene Caffrey, 6. Kid Centella nodded Tony Alvarez, 10. Jimmy McKenzie stopped Vinnie Calderone, 3. Tony Amabile whipped Rafael LaBoy, 4.

Tommy Miller outboxed George Lamont, 10. Billy (Spider) Kelly, son of the one-time British champion, suffered his first professional defeat when he was outpointed by Don McTaggart, 6.

Filberto Osario won from Jose Colon Garcia, 6. Rafael LaBoy stopped Willie Orsini, 5, but lost to Tippy Simmons, 4.

Tony Pennino stopped Castro Calderone, 8. Alvaro Cerasini kayoed Marcel LeSage, 1. Tony Say stopped Marcel Barbier, 7. Eddie Magee whipped Jock Bonas, 8.

Teddy Peckham stopped Bernard Pugh, 5.

Jackie Horseman edged out Don Scott, 12. Teddy Odus won the West African title by beating Bola Lawal, 12.

Norm Praine decisioned Fred Kay, 12. Danny Hirsch outpointed Frank Hutchinson, 10.

Vin Woods won from bantamweight Les Brooks, 12. Johnny Caro stopped Phil Nolam, 3.

Jackie Turpin halted Billy Daniels, 8. Willi Swoboda whipped Mario Lutti, 8. Rudi Langer decisioned Jacques Lesseine, 10.

Hadi Tijani outpointed Guido Ferracin, 10.

Sonny Bishop whipped Mike Ward, 4. Lulu Perez chilled Charles Hedges, 3. Frankie Grillo outpointed Tony Franco, 4. Gene Robnett decisioned Lettie Petteway, 4.

Eddie Barton kayoed Tommy Brennan, 3. Andy Organ stopped Joe Francis, 4.

Ronnie Clayton won on a disqualification from Guido Ferracin, 4. Teddy Peckham stopped Tony Lombard, 10.

Gavino Furesi decisioned Antonio Ladisi, 8. Tommy Bailey kayoed Bert Jackson, 8. Bobby Mason whipped Tommy Higgins, 8.

Corky Gonzales won from Eddie Lacy, 10. Joey Cam halted Bernie Murray, 9.

BANTAMWEIGHTS

In his ninth professional bout, Jimmy Carruthers won the Australian title by thrashing Elley Bennett, 15.

French champion Emile Chemama whipped Marcel Mathieu, 10. Mathieu also lost to Gianni Zuddas, 10.

Maurice Sandeyron decisioned Alvaro Nuvoloni, 10, and won on a disqualification over Bobby Boland, 4. Boland previously trounced Gaetano Annaloro, 10.

Fernando Gagnon kayoed Claude Meunier, 4. Jackie Fairclough drew with Scottish champion Eddie Carson, 8. Carson whipped Amleto Falcinelli, 10.

Ilario Tanelli outpointed Arturo Paoletti, 8. Ken Diston decisioned Mickey O'Sullivan, 8. O'Sullivan came back to draw with Peter Fay, 8.

Jimmy Brewer stopped Billy Litwin, 2, and outpointed Cliff Giles, 6. Hughie Thomas decisioned George Sutton, 6.

Glyn Evans outpointed Ron Perry and Alf Clarke in eight-rounders.

Kev Hampton stopped flyweight Leo Firpo, 10. Bruce Cole kayoed Jack Harrison, 7. Cecil Brown drew with Young Walker, 10.

Jim Fisher outpointed Eddie McNally, 8. Les Brooks lost to featherweight Vin Woods, 12.

Bob Scrivano outpointed Rod Cutter, 12. Cutter also lost to Johnny Gleeson, 12.

Mario D'Agata whipped Benito Fattori, 8. Theo Medina drew with Kid Andre, 10.

Bob Scrivano outpointed Rod Parsons, 12.

European champion Luis Romero kayoed Mustapha Mustaphaoui, 3. Peter Fay outpointed Ronnie Draper, 8. Ron Johnson shaded Jimmy Cardew in 10.

French champion Emile Chemama was held to a draw by Theo Medina, 10 (non-title). Keeny Teran halted Armando Felix, 4. Kid Bassey stopped Kid Chukudi, 3.

FLYWEIGHTS

World champion Dado Marino won from Yoshio Shirai, 10 (non-title), and was held to a draw by Hideo Goto, 10.

Teddy Gardner stopped Charles Bohbot, 8. Mark Harrison won on a disqualification over Jeff Oscroft, 4.

Taffy Hancock stopped Kevin James, 5, and Baby Jacson, 4.

Johnny Gleeson decisioned Mickey Roberts, 12. Leo Firpo halted Harry Robinson, 6, but in turn was stopped by bantamweight Kev Hampton, 10.

Mickey Roche outpointed Dennis Sale, 8. Sale came back to outpoint Sid Charles, 8. Joe Cairney stopped Billy Barnes, 5.

South African champion Kalla Persson stopped Welsh champion Glyn David, 1, but in turn was halted by Norman Tennant, 7.

Ian Killeen drew with Mickey Roberts, 12.

Terry Allen retained the British title by outpointing Vic Herman, 15.

Teddy Gardner outboxed Joe Murphy, 10.

NEWS of the MAT WORLD

By STANLEY WESTON

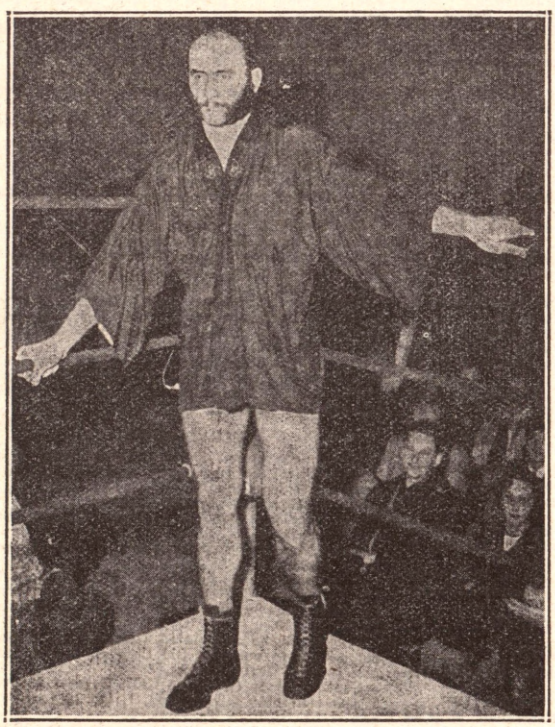
THERE seems to be a new trend in television these days and naturally, anything that has to do with video, is of interest to wrestling promoters, wrestlers and the public who have been viewing the matches on the cuff for over five years.

It all started with the announcement, before the Joe Louis and Lee Savold boxing match, that television would be carried to movie theaters only. In other words the TV set in your living room will be a useless box if you attempt to tune in the fight that particular evening.

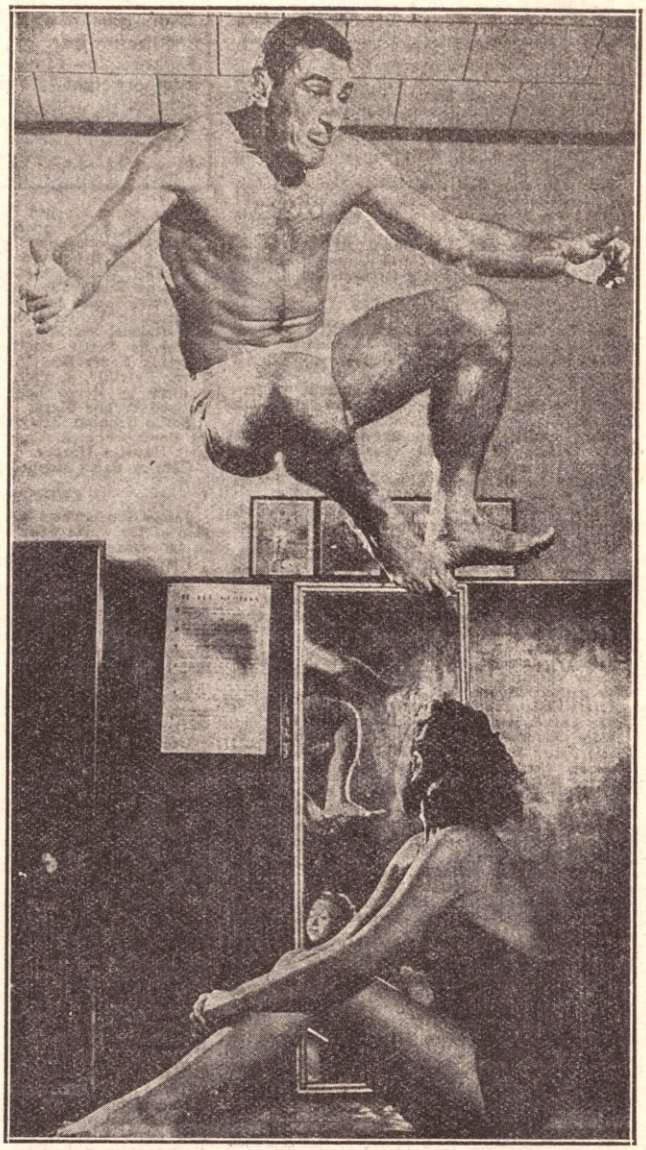
Should this policy be accepted as standard procedure and take in all branches of entertainment, wrestling will be effected to a large extent. The sport continues to rate at the top of the ladder judging by recent hooper standards. The question is, if the public is made to pay to see it by going to the local theater or by paying the telephone company a certain amount of money to have the program piped into their home, will wrestling benefit to any degree?

Naturally, if matches are televised into theaters only, they would be part of a larger program. Perhaps the regular feature, a newsreel and a short subject would be shown along with the wrestling. The movie people would pay the promoter for the rights to use the bouts and a portion of the money would be passed on to the wrestlers. Will people go out of their homes to see wrestling, or will they do without it if they have to leave their firesides and put the dough on the line. Frankly, we doubt if they will. We feel that they would rather go to the local clubs and see the grunters in the flesh rather than pay to see them on a screen.

The other alternative is to use the telephone system, where you pay, as part of your phone bill, for the right to see the programs in your home. This is by far the best method as it satisfies all parties concerned. The wrestlers will cut in on the profits, the people can still stay home and see wrestling, and the promoters will cater to the biggest paying audience they ever had.



Here is the Wolfman, a wrestler who comes from the icy country, Alaska, and who sends cold shrills down your spine when he lets out with his "Wolfcall." Very strong and a good showman, he's a top attraction in the Pacific Northwest.



The "Amazing" Antonino Rocca shown here in a publicity photo. You see him in position to deliver his deadly drop kick. He is about five feet in the air at this point. We have no idea what the young lady is doing sitting so quietly on the floor watching him.

It's no secret that the wrestlers are against television in its present form. Some get as little as $25 for working before an audience of millions. It isn't difficult to see there is something very wrong with a system like that. Certainly the men are entitled to much more than the few dollars they get for entertaining so many wrestling fans.

This new plan of making the public pay for what they see should boom wrestling.

PRIMO CARNERA was booked to wrestle in Singapore this summer, but the trip is off due to world conditions. Instead DaPreem will move on to South America where he is well liked. He expects to spend two months in Argentine.

Chief Little Wolf writes from Australia that this is his most successful tour to date. "Wrestling is going better in the land down under than ever before," writes the Chief.

After the big build-up given Max Baer as a future wrestling star, it seems to us that Maxie wants no part of actual wrestling.

At present he is making quite a few bucks acting as a referee and there seems no reason why he should change his status. Toots Mondt was supposed to have paid Baer $100,000 to become a wrestler. The plan was to get him started as a referee to give him the feel of things, and then work him into active competition. Maxie has a wonderful time acting as third man, puffing up his chest and blowing kisses to the female ringsiders. He's the whole show without even doing a speck of wrestling.

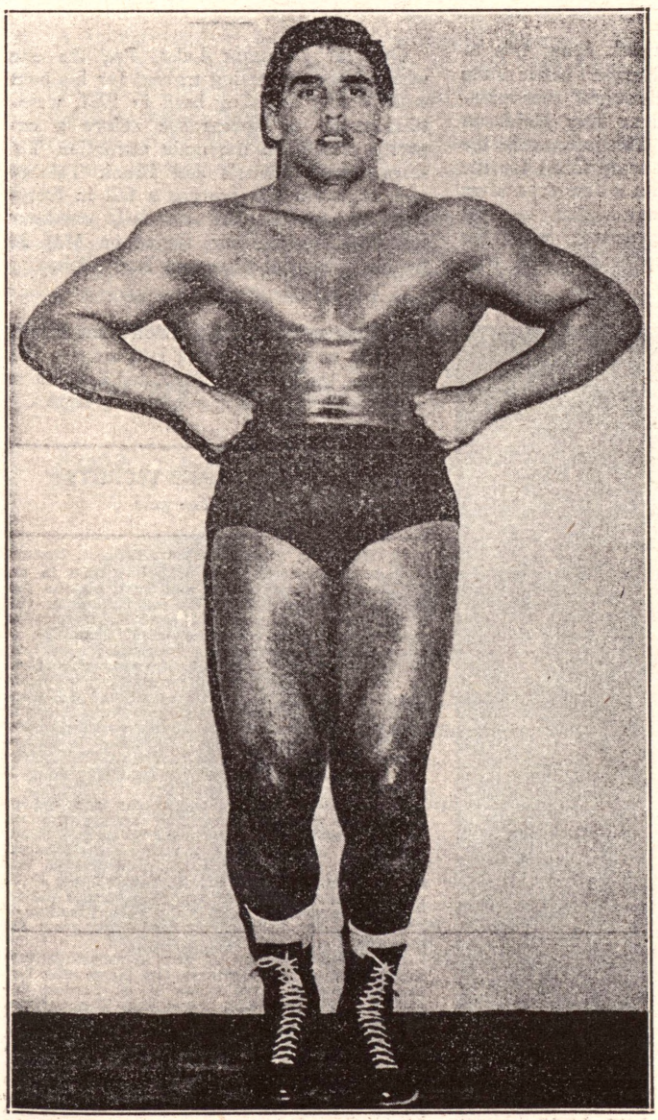
Whenever the talkative former heavyweight champion of the world is asked when he'll start wrestling, he quickly changes the subject and talks about his favorite subject, Max Baer.

His mat career was to have started last month, but thus far we are still waiting. What's it going to be Max, wrestler or referee?

EZZARD CHARLES, current heavyweight boxing champion, is a nut about wrestling. He enjoys every minute of every bout as he sits before his television set.

Villain of the mat, Don Evans, and a most colorful showman, is knocking them dead in Texas rings. Don let his hair grow long and his temper short.

A veteran wrestler in California decided to get in line with the times and change his name. He thought and thought about a new moniker to use and finally came up with a name to beat all others. He called himself "THE CHAMP," which sums up everything in two words.



Mr. Canada or Sammy Berg—a well built star who is making a lot of money wrestling for Don George in Buffalo, N. Y. He's a very powerful man. Berg is well schooled in the finer points of grappling and makes a good opponent for the best in the world.

Don Evans, the veteran from New York State, now showing in Texas rings. Evans is a rough and ready type wrestler noted for his villainous tactics.

Lou Thez, N.W.A. champion, planned to wrestle in New York this month, but when he figured it out on paper, he realized he'd lose about $2000 per week. He based his figures on what matches now draw in the Mid-West as compared to what is being done in the East.

The Sharpe brothers, tag team champions of the Pacific Coast, must return to their native Canada. Immigration regulations. These giants will be missed out California way, where they worked wonders in picking the sport out of a lull period.

Frank Sexton is back in this country after a successful trip abroad. Frank is the most under-rated wrestler in the world today. A master at his trade, he is content to go along playing the straight man. He refuses to turn to comedy or become a wrestling villain. Sexton gets by on good old-fashioned ability. In some localities his work is appreciated and he is given the credit he so richly deserves. The real fan, who goes out to see a wrestling match and not a comedy, appreciates Frank Sexton. If he changed his style and catered to the tastes of the bobby-soxers, he probably could earn a lot more money and build up a tremendous following. But he continues on his own road and a lot of people admire him for it.

WRESTLING in Europe continues to hold its own with the major arenas in Paris, London, Brussels, Zurich and Milan operating regularly. Though there is a considerable amount of boxing on the continent, it is wrestling that packs 'em in most of the big centers. Gilbert Banaim, operating at the Palais des Sports, caters to a select gathering weekly. He has been trying to bring over Primo Carnera, Gene Stanlee and the Golden Terror, but unfortunately the difficulty in taking American dollars out of Europe is the handicap.

In England wrestling goes over big, according to THE RING Editor, who returned from a tour a few weeks ago. The European wrestlers do not employ the antics of those who compete in America, but they have their acrobatics and their comedy, and as in America, it is the side show that brings in the patrons. The fans are far more excited over a match in Europe than they are in America.

AL WOLGAST, our Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio representative, says that wrestling is thriving in his locality with several new clubs operating. Here is his report:

The wrestling sport came back *(Continued on page 38)*

NAT FLEISCHER SAYS:

(Continued from page 21)

chess star, football player and boxer.

On his seventy-fourth birthday, Glassop, who lived in Brisbane, walked from his home at Taringa to Scarborough and back, a distance of 64 miles. His elapsed time was 16 hours and 52 minutes.

WHAT'S wrong with boxing? That's the query that so often is asked and invariably the blame for the fall in attendance is laid to television. We must agree that video has played havoc with sports of all sorts, particularly boxing, but this has been aggravated by exceedingly poor matchmaking in many parts of the country where the gates have been hardest hit. For example, on June 5 in Baltimore, the great Willie Pep, former world featherweight champion, was pitted against Jesus Compos of Cuba in the main event.

The fans of Maryland knew as did boxing critics from other sectors that Compos had no business being in the same ring with Willie. Yet, despite the fact that the Cuban had ten fights in 1951 and the closest he could come to a victory was a six round draw, he was granted a license to fight Pep. The result? An easy victory for Willie who toyed with the rival all the way. The gate and attendance? Just what it should have been. Only 477 persons paid admission fees and the gross gate was $1019.50.

Who's to blame for the lack of interest? The promoter and the Commission that doesn't guard its patrons from such matches as these. This is one for which television can't be blamed.

AS was expected, based on the discussions in London at the European Boxing Congress, Kid Gavilan will have to defeat the Charles Humez-Eddie Thomas winner overseas if he hopes to gain international recognition as world champion welterweight. One cannot blame the European boxing legislators for their refusal to name Gavilan as Ray Robinson's successor. After all, as we have so frequently pointed out, neither the N.B.A. nor Colonel Eddie Eagan have the right to name a world titleholder without giving due consideration to the men overseas—where Continental Europe and England have about 30 percent of the world boxers. They are entitled to have a say in crowning a new champion.

THE RING recognizes Gavilan as the best of all world welterweights, the Number One man in his division. When he whipped Bratton, he defeated the second highest ranking welterweight and therefore the Cuban Kid stands out in his field.

However, THE RING is an international publication without favorites or prejudices, and as such must guard the rights of pugilists in all parts of the world. Therefore we must agree with J. Onslow Fane, President of the British Board of Boxing Control and the European Boxing Union in the stand of Europe in the Gavilan case.

But THE RING will not permit any dodging of the issue. If the winner of the Thomas-Humez European championship fight refuses to make the trip to America to face Gavilan, a place where the final of the eliminations belongs, we won't hesitate to grant international recognition to Gavilan as world champion and to present him with THE RING championship belt. It is up to the E.B.U. and to the British Board of Boxing Control.

NOW for another quick flying trip to London to report Europe's battle of the year—the world middleweight championship fight between Sugar Ray Robinson and Randolph Turpin. The interest in the contest is so keen, that every ticket for the fight was sold out within a few days after Jack Solomons announced that he had finally reached an agreement with the champ on Robinson's guarantee and percentage demands.

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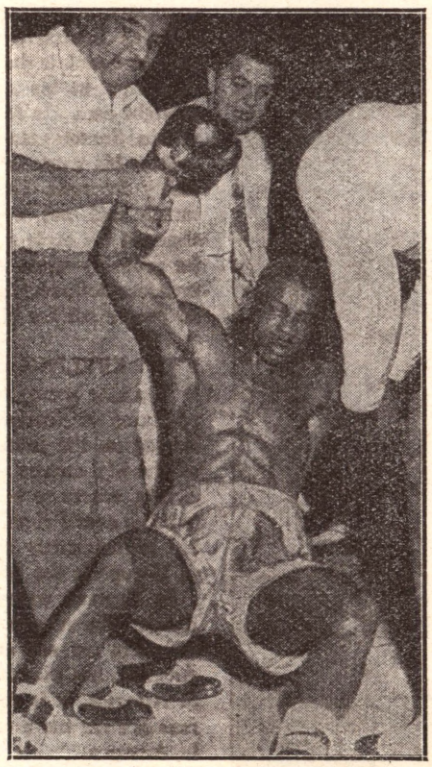

At Washington, D. C., Elijah "Little Dynamite" Williams, seen here being helped from the canvas after being knocked out in the tenth round of his bout with Gene Jones in a featherweight contest. Williams was rushed to a hospital for injuries sustained and latest reports have him on the recovery list.

NEWS OF THE MAT WORLD

(Continued from page 37)

with a bang in Eastern Ohio and Western Pennsylvania with Promoter Mike Palumbo and Matchmaker George Beloff staging their first of weekly shows on June 2 at Masury, Ohio, just a few miles north of Youngstown. The feature was a battle royal with eight men in the ring at the same time. Count Warshawski and Shiek Arab came out on top of this novel attraction which thrilled the crowd.

In other bouts Martino Angelo of Buffalo, N. Y., scored a fall over Billy Sandow of Miami in fifteen minutes of a thirty-minute one fall match. Tor Yamato beat Gill LaCrosse with a body press in eleven minutes. Prof. Sakata of Honolulu judoed Mr. X of New York in eighteen minutes for a win and the final bout saw the winners of the battle royal meet with Count Warshawski given the referee's nod after Shiek Arab was disqualified for rough-house tactics. The show drew 1000 fans.

Over at Conneaut Lake, Pa., the site where Max Schmeling trained for his bout with Young Stribling back in 1931, wrestling made an appearance before a capacity crowd. In the main attraction TV stars Jackie Nichols and Frank Talaber met, with Nichols scoring a fall in forty-five minutes of the one-fall, one-hour match. The show was staged on May 26 by the Conneaut Gun and Rod Club.

Promoter Tommy Leach of New Castle, Pa., has wrestling coming into his city this month at the Flaherty Field, and Leach also is planning on several pro boxing shows.

KANSAS CITY AND VICINITY

By Max Yeargain

HERE AND THERE—Frank Gilleece, Kansas' boxing commissioner who has been in the hospital, is now out and back on the job. Mr. Gilleece has done a lot for boxing in this state. Nelson Levering, the good looking Indian welterweight became welterweight champion of Iowa when he stopped the undefeated Gale Outhouse in the eighth round before a capacity crowd at Sioux City. Levering prior to that, won Nebraska's welterweight crown by stiffening Eugene Brown, terrific hitting southpaw in the fourth round at Omaha. Harold Hulet, crowd-pleasing middleweight from Macy, Nebraska, is Levering's half brother. Charlie Foster, brother of the late Vince, continues to march through the lightweights.

In order to develop talent for the Golden Gloves this winter, an amateur boxing program this summer is being sponsored by Kansas City's recreation division of the welfare department. Each Tuesday night open air bouts will be held at the North Side American Youth Club, Fifth and Harrison, and they are free to the public. These programs are under the able direction of Charley Myers, head of the boxing program for Kansas City.

Under the direction of your correspondent, a former boxing instructor in the Navy who had the pleasure to serve under U. S. Boxing Coordinator, Barney Felix, now a New York referee, a "talent developing program," will get under way the first part of August at Topeka, Kansas. Such well known professionals as Chief Alvin Williams, Bill Sudduth, Nelson Levering, Bobby Spaeth, and Ray Augustus will assist in the free training of all the lads who want to become boxers. During the fall and winter months two amateur and two professional bouts will be carded to develop talent.

Your writer may be reached by writing to Max Yeargain, 2101 Potomac Drive or calling him at 2-4188 during the day and at night by dialing 3-8084.

SOME PUNCH!

(Continued from page 30)

Turpin first used it with full effect in his fight with Eli Elandon in September of last year. What transpired in that London ring that night was called one of the most perfect knockouts ever seen.

Loosening up his opponent with a right either to the body or head, Turpin, in working his pet punch, then follows the advantage with a left that starts for the body. With split second precision the blow, mid-way in its course, changes its direction and lands flush on his opponent's chin. The element of surprise and the power behind the blow inevitably contrive to land the recipient on the canvas, usually content to call it a night.

Slam, bang—Alakasam!!! It's nothing new but maybe Turpin and the British have something there.

Bolo Punch Gavilan and Garcia Specialties —By Johnny Valentine

ONE of the most exciting punches in boxing, if not the most colorful one, is the bolo punch. Boxing fans still talk in awe of the devastating power that Ceferino Garcia used to generate with this sweeping, wide-arc uppercut. Its present exponent is the current American welterweight champion, Kid Gavilan. He keeps the crowd on the edge of their seats, waiting for that moment when he draws back his right hand and prepares to charge in, flailing away.

However, right at that point comparison ceases between Garcia and Gavilan, for all the similarity of this pet punch of theirs.

Garcia used it as a power punch. With it he cut a fearsome swath through the welterweight and middleweight divisions and eventually won the middleweight championship. When he fought Henry Armstrong in 1938, he landed one on crouching Henry's chin and observers swear that he lifted Armstrong a foot off the floor.

Gavilan, on the other hand, is more of a cutie. He has no real power to speak of, and he throws a bolo when he feels like "show-boating," or picking up a few easy points.

The physical damage is insignificant compared to the enthusiasm the blow arouses. It excites the fans, and their wild shouts often have an effect on the officials judging the fight. Indeed, when he thunders in, shooting five or six bolos in succession, combined with a left hook or two, he seems like a tribe of Sioux run amok.

But it is indicative of how little faith he has in the punch as a damaging wallop or even as a point-getter in that he seldom, if ever, uses it in a really important fight, such as the recent Bratton title encounter. In that bout, he stuck to the conventional style of fighting and won a runaway decision.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THOSE BIG GUYS

(Written by Tex Rickard in 1928)

"TO say that there is no outlook for a real champion at this time is like saying that our Presidential timber is so poor that in a dozen years we will have no President.

"Well, we all know that a dozen years from now we will have a President as usual and that he is likely to be a corking good President, too.

"You might as well say that when Ty Cobb ended his career baseball was through. Well, what happened? Along came Babe Ruth.

"This world of ours has a habit of going right along. And the heavyweights will go right along with it.

"It's funny how every generation is prone to belittle its own fighting talent."

(Ed. Note: This was written before the era of Joe Louis when everyone was moaning about the future of sports, especially boxing. But the outstanding men in sports will continue to come along.)

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BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By JERSEY JONES

IT ISN'T OFTEN that we Yanks are forced to admit running second to anybody or anything, but it certainly looks as thought the capital of world boxing is shifting from New York to London. From the sort of paydays they've been getting over yonder, it isn't difficult to understand why American glove-tossers are tumbling all over themselves trying to grab dates from Jack Solomons.

Jack needs practically no preliminary building-up for his shows. It seems that he merely has to announce a card and it promptly becomes a sellout.

Two days after he cinched the Ray Robinson-Randy Turpin middleweight title affair for July 10, Solomons reported every one of the 18,000-odd seats available in Earl's Court Arena had been taken, and he was deluged with thousands of orders that couldn't be filled.

At the prevailing scale of admission prices, it is estimated that the bout will draw $250,000—and if the accommodations were there, the total would double or triple that figure!

Here in the United States there probably isn't a match in sight that could promise a $200,000 gate—with or without television.

It seems fairly certain that when Joey Maxim gets around to defending his light-heavyweight title, it'll be against Don Cockell in London. Maxim could grab himself at least $50,000 for his end—and there wouldn't be much chance for him to pick up anywhere near that much here with Harry Matthews, Archie Moore or the Bob Murphy-Jake LaMotta winner.

Solomons' success is simple to explain. Jack, a colorful showman, is putting on the sort of cards in England that we Americans were accustomed to getting during the era of Tex Rickard and early years of Mike Jacobs' promotions. Solomons' usual bill is of the all-star variety. Jack doesn't toss in one main bout and support it with a lot of trivia. In his most recent promotion, for instance, he had four of his top attractions—three of them double British and European champions—appearing on the same bill with international opposition. And the so-called preliminary card featured outstanding youngsters, normal main-eventers in smaller clubs.

Solomons gives 'em both quality and quantity—a combination that pays off handsomely at the box-office.

Time was when New York set the pace with shows of that sort, but, like the old grey mare, things here ain't what they used to be.

THEIR venture with the Tony Janiro-Charley Fusari bout in Ruppert Stadium has convinced the promotional combination of Babe Culnan, Willie Gilzenberg, Angelo Pucci and Sam Bozza that boxing in Newark is not quite ready for the mortician, and that the right sort of attractions, without the competition of television, would do lively business there.

Once a thriving center for the trade, Newark has not been too hale and hearty in its leather-pushing activities in recent years. Much of the blame has been attributed to the televising of New York fights and the scarcity of hometown drawing cards.

The Janiro-Fusari bout was offered in the nature of a test. The match was purely local in appeal, and had no significance in the national scene. The futures of both Tony and Charley were behind them, and the result was of little consequence to anybody but the fighters themselves. But the match represented the best attraction offered in Newark in three years, and enabled the promoters to determine for themselves whether it would be worth while to keep going or to call it quits.

Despite the fact that publicity on the show was pretty well smothered by the ballyhoo unloaded on the Louis-Savold affair in New York the following week, Janiro and Fusari tangled before some 7,000 paying customers and a gate of $21,500—a better set of figures than most of the Madison Square Garden cards were able to report for the past year.

The Newark promoters seemed well satisfied with the returns; so much so, in fact, that they're chattering now of going after a big-time match later in the summer. The bout they'd like to grab would pit Harry Matthews against Roland LaStarza, an attraction they believe would not only register strongly with Newark's local clientele, but entice enough fans from New York to assure a gate of $75,000.

ANOTHER pair of grand old-timers, Cyclone Johnny Thompson and Frank Loughrey, have had the final counts droned over them.

Thompson, 75 when he died in Sycamore, Ill., was a busy campaigner for more than two decades, starting as a feather in 1892 and finishing as a light-heavy in 1914. No complete record was kept of Johnny's career, but it is estimated that he fought between 400 and 500 battles during his industrious span, the lengthy list of his opponents, including the likes of Adam Ryan, Otto Sieloff, Battling Nelson, Charley Neary, George Memsic, Dick Hyland, Lew Powell, Maurice Thompson, Rufe Turner, Rudy Unholz, Freddie Welsh, Kid Goodman, Ray Bronson, Packey McFarland, Willie Lewis, Billy Papke, Frank Mantell, George (K.O.) Brown, Hugo Kelly, Frank Klaus, George Chip, Eddie McGoorty, Bob Moha and Gunboat Smith.

Though a consistent headliner during his long career, the nearest that Thompson came to a world title was in February, 1911, when he whipped Billy Papke in a 20-rounder in Sydney, Australia. (And Johnny was then 35!) Thompson and Papke were in a contingent of Americans campaigning Down Under when the boxing world was stunned by the news of Stanley Ketchel's tragic passing. As former champion, and Ketchel's keenest rival, Papke promptly claimed the middleweight title, and his match with Thompson was billed as for the championship.

Despite his victory, Johnny was not generally recognized as champion, and he waived his claim when he moved up with the light-heavies.

Thompson's last recorded battle was in September, 1914, when he was 38, but had enough stuff left to step along for six no-decision rounds in Pittsburgh with Gunboat Smith, then rated the best of the "White Hopes" scrambling for a shot at Jack Johnson and the heavyweight title.

Loughrey—square name Loughran—was 60 when he died in his native Manayunk district of Philadelphia. Frank was the younger of two popular fighting brothers who flourished in the pre-World War I era. The other half of the team, Tommy, was better known to the trade as Young Loughrey.

Frank earned two distinctions during his career. He was the first prominent American to face Georges Carpentier, losing a close 15-round decision to the Frenchman in Paris in 1911. Four years later, on the other side of the world, Frank became one of the few visiting Yanks to last the 20-round distance with Les Darcy in Australia.

IT MAY be television, it may be the attractions, or it may be a combination of both, but the general trend in Madison Square Garden's boxing figures continues downward.

The 1950-51 season, which finished with the Jimmy Herring-Jimmy Flood affair, fell off approximately one-third from the previous year's totals in attendance and receipts.

The 26 shows staged during the recent semester accounted for 159,167 clients and a gross of $598,856, for averages of 6,122 and $23,000.

For 22 shows in 1949-50, the statistics were 226,376 and $793,450, for averages of 10,289 and $36,066.

Without minimizing the impact of television on the box-office, this department feels that much of boxing's current depression can be charged against the generally poor calibre of available talent. The blunt truth of the matter is that there's a paucity of good fighters, and very few "new faces" are coming along to replace the fading veterans.

This past year wasn't particularly productive in its output of likely youngsters. From a New York standpoint, Jimmy Herring probably was the best prospect in the lot. The Ozone Park blond still is a long distance from hitting the top brackets, but he's only 19, improving steadily and, off his showing against Jimmy Flood, he is a good bet for future headline recognition.

OUR nomination for the year's best line in boxing is the one that came out of the Pittsburgh office of the Associated Press, announcing the Charles-Walcott bout for July 18: "Old heavyweights never die—they just keep on fighting Ezzard Charles."

IT was a real treat seeing Mike Gibbons back in New York. When the old Phantom of St. Paul flitted into town for the Louis-Savold affair, it marked his first visit here since his son, Jack, boxed in the Garden in 1936.

The years have done right well by the elder of the celebrated Gibbons brothers. Mike's hair is gray and he wears specs, but at 63 he looks as trim and spry as he did when he last fought in these parts thirty years ago. And he still totes along that infectious Irish grin of his.

One of the all-time greats of the ring, Mike Gibbons. He did much of his best boxing in and around New York, and we still retain vivid recollections of his dazzling skill. We were only a kid in this business when we saw him box Ted (Kid) Lewis and knock out Bob McAllister in the old Garden. Though nearing the end of his career, he was still a great mechanic when we saw him with Augie Ratner at Dyckman Oval, Jeff Smith in Jersey City and Phil Krug in Newark.

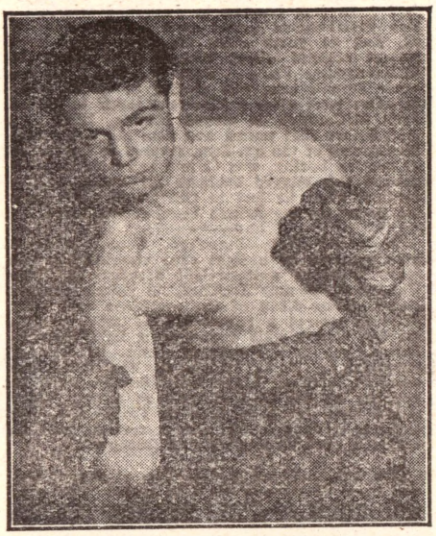
Mike has never lost his interest in boxing. He currently is the St. Paul member of the Minnesota State Athletic Commission.

WITH $2,700 netted from a fight card topped by Henry Brimm and Joey DeJohn, and another $3,000 realized from a dinner, Buffalo sportdom did itself proud in its fun-raising campaign to assure its ailing one-time idol, Jimmy Slattery, remaining for further treatment in Tucson, Ariz. . . . The ring career of Paul Berlenbach, Jr., was a brief one. With his illustrious dad in his corner, Paul, Jr., appeared in a preliminary bout at Meadowbrook Oval, Newark, but he was so thoroughly inept that the referee stopped the bout after he'd been knocked down a couple of times. . . . Louis Schiro, who recently died of a heart attack here, will be recalled by fight fans as the manager of Sol Bartolo of Boston, claimant of the featherweight title ten years ago. . . . Sid Marks, hard-hitting English lightweight of a quarter-century ago, who did quite a bit of fighting in and around New York before heading for Hollywood, is campaigning for a Newboy's Hall of Fame. Sid has rounded up bales of material on prominent politicians, business tycoons, military personalities and sports celebrities who peddled papers at some time or another in their youth.

The month's results:

His speed and sharper punching carried 19-year-old Jimmy Herring, 157½, Ozone Park, to a decisive win over aggressive Artie Diamond, 161, Middle Village, in a hard-fought eight at the St. Nick Arena. All three officials came up with identical 6-2 counts in Herring's favor. Diamond's features were a gory mess in the last three rounds from an ugly gash ripped under his left eye. The semi-final, also listed for eight, was over in a hurry, Ralph Jones, 152, Yonkers, flattening Roy Carter, 149½, Bronx, in 2:21 of the first. In a pair of sixes, Pete Indaco, 136¾, England, was too clever for Floro Hita, 135½, Cuba, and Letty Petway, 128½, Vineland, N. J., scrambled to a draw with Willie Hernandez, 130½, Puerto Rico. In fours, Al Robbins, 142, Bronx, won over Ramon Parilla, 147, Harlem; Sammy Anderson, 132, Brooklyn, stopped Chris Gonzales, 130½, Bronx, in the third, and Willie Troy, 148, Philadelphia, halted Al Warner, 151½, Rochester, with less than a minute to go.

With ideal weather and a fine fighting card combining for the occasion, the local outdoor season opened auspiciously at Fort Hamilton Arena. In the windup eight, Orlando Zulueta, 136, Cuba, held off a strong finish by lanky Bill Neri, 140½, Bridgeport, to grab a split decision. In a lively duel of left hands, the flashy and more experienced Zulueta held the lead going into the last two rounds, but the youthful Neri almost caught up to him with



One of likeliest youngsters in metropolitan area, 19-year-old Jimmy Herring closed Madison Square Garden's 1950-51 season with impressive victory over Jimmy Flood.

his final burst. In sixes, Joe Tomasello, 151¾, Matawan, N. J., outpointed Ronnie Moore, 151¾, West Side, and Alex Fimbres, 126, Phoenix, Ariz., whipped Carmen Iacobucci, 123, Cincinnati. In fours, Herb McMullen, 136, Halifax, N. S., drew with Jimmy Sullivan, 136½, Boston; Tony Ambile, 126½, Bronx, decisioned Rafael Laboi, 126, Puerto Rico, and Jimmy McKenzie, 122½, Halifax, was credited with the only knockout on the card when his meeting with Vince Calderone, 124, East Side, was stopped in the third because of a cut over Calderone's left eye.

Showing in a local ring for the first time in 16 months, Rocky Castellani, 159½, Luzerne, Pa., breezed through a brisk workout at the Eastern Parkway Arena, stopped Joe DiMartino, 157¼, Bridgeport, in 2:17 of the sixth of a scheduled eight. Castellani had too much of everything for his slow-moving opponent, and peppered him practically at will from the start, but didn't put on real pressure until the sixth, when he dumped DiMartino for nine and had him wobbling on the ropes, at which point the referee called a halt. In sixes, Charley DeBow, 122¼, Springfield, Mass., decisioned Charley McGarrity, 126, Brooklyn, and Tommy Pennino, 128¼, Brooklyn, stopped Castro Calderone, 123½, Puerto Rico, in the third. In fours, Joey Worth, 137, Ozone Park, won over Lem Harvey, 132, Washington Heights; Vince Smith, 170, Boston, outpointed Joe Harley, 167¾, Philadelphia, and Andy Cammera, 140½, Brooklyn, halted Jimmy Carabello, 141, Puerto Rico, in the second.

Using his advantages in height and reach, lanky Roger Donoghue, 155½, Yonkers, finished ahead of Phil Rizzo, 152½, Brooklyn, in a rugged eight at the Ridgewood Grove. Though his margin was clear enough, Donoghue had to hustle all the way to stay in front of his aggressive rival. Both boys were nursing damaged left eyes at the final bell. Gus Ruvicini, 152, Paterson, outslugged Al Mouzon, 148, Baltimore, in a bruising semi-final six. In another six, Flora Hita, 135½, Cuba, had the better of Billy Liggett, 131, Trenton. Those Canadian teammates from Halifax—lightweight Herbie McMullen and featherweight Jimmy McKenzie—won and lost in two of the fours, McMullen, 136, decisioning Talbert Anderson, 139, Wilmington, Del., and McKenzie, 126, losing the verdict to Tony Franco, 127½, Brooklyn. In the other four, an all-Brooklyn affair, Frankie Grillo, 131, grabbed the vote over Phil Nolan, 131.

After softening his opponent with a vicious body pounding for three rounds of a scheduled eight at Sunnyside Garden, Alex Fimbres, 126½, Phoenix, Ariz., shifted to the head and flattened Johnny Lemons, 129, Stamford, Conn., with a thumping left hook to the chin in 1:04 of the fourth. In another eight, Ted Murray, 146½, Long Island City, finished strong to win over Miguel Mindivil, 146½, Cuba. Mendivil, showing for the first time in a local ring, puzzled Murray with his busy, clownish style during the early rounds, but Ted eventually figured the right answers. Jimmy Suber, 155, Bronx, was a winner over Al Mouzon, 150½, Baltimore, in six. Those Halifax teammates, lightweight Herbie McMullen and lightweight Jimmy McKenzie, again won and lost in fours, McMullen, 137, whipping Fox Williams, 142½, Brooklyn, and McKenzie, 125½, losing to Zeke Adams, 125, Philadelphia. In another four, Paddy Evans, 153, East Side, belted out a decision over Ray Otero, 148, Puerto Rico.

Rocky Rubicini, 155¾, Toronto, the latest product of the Bill Daly-Tex Pelte developing "farm" in Canada, proved an able substitute for Ernie Durando in the semi-final to the Jimmy Carter-Ike Williams lightweight title affair in Madison Square Garden. Rubicini, a rugged, willing, two-handed mixer, made a fine impression on the clients by outlasting the more experienced Joe Giardello, 155, Philadelphia, to grab the decision in a hard-fought eight. Rubicini's win gave the Dominion a two-for-four score for the night. Another Canadian, Marcel Brisebois, 147, Montreal, a Carter stablemate, had previously slambanged his way to a verdict over Mario Pinero, 142¾, Bronx, in a slugging six. Showing for the first time in a New York ring, Irvin Steen, 151, San Diego, Calif., lately returned from an Australian junket, had too much stuff for Bobby Hughes, 160¼, Detroit, in another six. Richie Reed, 144½, White Plains, was a winner over Al Robbins, 141½, Bronx, in the opening four.

One of the better developments hereabouts, Ernie Roberts, 141, Brooklyn, continued along the winning trail by boxing and punching his way to a unanimous decision over Ike Jenkins, 143, Harlem, in eight at the Ridgewood Grove. Though he won handily enough, Roberts had difficulty getting a solid shot at Jenkins' chin, Ike offering a troublesome target hunched behind a tight defense of arms and gloves. Phil Morizio, 134½, Yorkville, was a winner over Al Pennino, 131½, Brooklyn, in a co-featured eight. West Indians didn't fare too well in preliminary fours, two from Puerto Rico and one from Cuba finishing on the short end of decisions. The Puerto Rican losers were Jimmy Carabella, 141, beaten by Jimmy Sullivan, 137½, Boston, and Angelo Cruz, 131, who lost to Tony Franco, 128½, Brooklyn. The Cuban was Bill Alvarez, 138½, outfought by Bill Horan, 136, Newburgh. In another four, Johnny Cerky, 151½, West Side, drew with Al Werner, 154, Syracuse.

Posting his most impressive triumph to date, 19-year-old Lou (Sonny) Volpe, 145½, West Side, was a decisive winner over Johnny (Sonny) Luciano, 143, Paterson, in a fast-moving, hard-punching eight at Fort Hamilton Arena. Volpe's more effective work at long range more than offset Luciano's aggressiveness and rugged infighting. West Side Sonny scored the only knockdown of the fight when he dropped Paterson Sonny for nine in the sixth. In the semi-final six, Tommy Pennino, 128½, Brooklyn, battled to a lively draw with Mickey Zezza, 144, West Side. In another six, Joey Klein, 145½, East Side, decisioned Jimmy Bethea, 144, West Side. In fours, Frank Carutti, 129½, Brooklyn, won over Lem Harvey, 131, Harlem; Jimmy Sullivan, 137, Boston, outfought Joey Worth, 136, Long Island City, and Frank Keating, 157½, Meriden, Conn., was credited with a kayo over Dom Zimbardo, 156, Union, N. J., when the bout was halted at the end of the second because of a gash over Zimbardo's left eye.

Forcing the action in his usual roughhouse style, Paddy DeMarco, 138, Brooklyn, was a winner over Eddie Giosa, 139¾, Philadelphia, in the windup ten of the St. Nick Arena's final show of the 1950-51 season. DeMarco was well ahead going into the last three rounds, when Giosa cut loose with several two-fisted outbursts that rattled the Brooklyn bully boy. Visiting Englishmen split even in two supporting numbers. In the semi-final, listed for eight, Ray Wilding, 195, needed less than two rounds to stop George Henley, 216, Jacksonville, Fla., while in a six Pete Indaco, 135½, boxed too cautiously and permitted Esmerido Salazar (Bon Bon Oriental), 134½, Cuba, to take the decision on aggressiveness. In fours, Tippy Simmons, 130, Brooklyn, outpointed Rafael Laboi, 130, Puerto Rico, and Johnny Caro, 139¾, Bronx, stopped Phil Nolan, 132, Brooklyn, at the end of the third, nasty cuts over both of Nolan's eyes prompting the referee to call a halt.

It was three times and out in a round and a third for Haywood Henry, 181, Jamaica, in a scheduled eight with Randall (Skeets) Starkey, 175, Cumberland, W. Va., at the Ridgewood Grove. Henry staggered up from one knockdown just as the bell ended the first round, and in 55 seconds of the next stanza he was down twice more, the second time for keeps. In another eight, the aggressive Miguel Mendivil, 143¾, Cuba, tired in the closing stanzas and the veteran Henry Jordan, 151, Philadelphia, came through with a strong finish to grab a draw. In fours, Willie Stevenson, 133½, Bronx, punched out a verdict over Herbie McMullen, 137½, Halifax; Vince Viandoletti, 126, Brooklyn, had the better of Zeke Adams, 126½, Philadelphia; Fox Williams, 142, Brooklyn, was too experienced for Phil Modica, 145, East Side, and Albert Anderson, 139½, Harlem, decisioned Al Robbins, 140, Brooklyn.

Back in the ring after an absence of two and a half years, Frankie Palermo, 144½, Bronx, picked too tough a spot for his return and was flattened by Tommy Bazzano, 148, Middletown,

Conn., in the fourth of a scheduled eight at Fort Hamilton Arena. Showing the effects of the long layoff, Palermo was practically beaten in the first when hurt by a vicious right to the body. He succeeded in staving off disaster, however, until the fourth when Bazzano staggered him with a right to the chin and followed with a left hook that spilled the Bronxite for the full count. In the semi-final six, Frankie Ryff, 136, Bronx, former Golden Gloves star, celebrated his professional debut by whipping Jerry Russo, 136, Newark. Gene Smith, 156½, Staten Island, drew with Al Warner, 155½, Rochester, N. Y., in another six. In fours, Andy Camera, 141, Brooklyn, outpointed Ed Rawlings, 137, West Side, and Joe Panigua, 125, Bronx, drew with Sammy Lowery, 127½, West Side.

Though he won handily enough, Terry Moore, 160¾, Baltimore, bumped into unexpected opposition from the veteran Jose Basora, 163, Puerto Rico, in one of the eights on the Jimmy Herring-Jimmy Flood card in Madison Square Garden. The ringwise Basora used his vast experience to make things troublesome for the youthful Baltimorean, but Terry's persistent aggressiveness and lusty body belting gave him the edge. Showing for the first time in a New York ring, Luther Rawlings, 136½, lanky Chicagoan, flattened Arthur Persley, 138½, Red Cross, La., with a short right to the chin in the fourth of another eight. In fours, Frankie Grillo, 129½, outpointed a Brooklyn rival, Tony Franco, 127½, Jean Robnett, 131, France, won over Letty Petway, 127½, Vineland, N. J., and Johnny Moran, 136, Bronx, drew with Abdou Ali, 143, Arabia. The card, winding up the Garden's 1950-51 schedule, drew a disappointing turnout of 4,026 and a gross of $12,158.

Pat Marcune, 127½, Coney Island, had a difficult problem figuring the tactics of Leo LeBrun, 125¾, Bronx, in a top eight at the Ridgewood Grove. LeBrun's bouncing, slapping style was something new for Marcune, but Pat kept plugging along and won the decision on aggressiveness and sharper punching. In another eight, Nazzarano Vitale, 138, New Haven, Conn., survived a rugged second session to box his way to a close verdict over hard-hitting Joey Brocato, 134¾, East Side. Brocato forced the action all the way, but Vitale was just a bit too shifty for him. In fours, Bernie Delmont, 161½, Brooklyn, grabbed the verdict over Sandy Baxter, 156¾, Danbury, Conn.; Sonny Williams, 163, East Side, was a winner over Jimmy Johnson, 158, Corona; Chester Dorris, 154½, Cypress Hills stopped Santos Santiago, 154, Puerto Rico, in the fourth, and Lulu Perez, 126, Brooklyn, polished off Charley Hedges, 131, East Side, in the third.

Showing for the first time hereabouts, Jesse Underwood of Charlestown, W. Va., who also operates as Dave Shade, proved himself a rugged, willing "club fighter" but out of his class with a fast, smooth worker like Eddie Compo of New Haven. All three officials came up with identical 9-1 counts for Compo after ten rounds of fast but one-sided milling at Fort Hamilton Arena. Eddie scaled 132 to Underwood's 132¼. Tommy Pennino, 130½, Brooklyn, edged out Mickey Zezza, 131, Bronx, in a lively semi-final six. In another scheduled six, the winning streak of Alex Fimbres, 125½, Phoenix, Ariz., came to a sudden halt when his bout with Earl Hilton, 127½, Philadelphia, was halted at 1:37 of the fourth because of a deep gash above his left eye. In fours, Artie Gilman, 129½, West Side, decisioned Willie Orsini, 128, Brooklyn; Tony DeNagelis, 138½, Bronx, whipped Lem Harvey, 133¼, Harlem, and Benny Smith, 132½, Bronx, stopped Georgie Drouin, 130, Montreal, in the third.

Afterthoughts—Celebrating his 50th anniversary as head man of the A.A.U.'s local boxing department, Ben Levine was tossed a testimonial party in Brooklyn—a well-deserved tribute to a grand old guy. . . . Sad Sam Rose, veteran Newark manager, who has made a career of discovering promising young talent for other managers to swipe, insists he is "well protected" against any raids on his latest protege, welterweight Tony Gonzales of Orange. . . . Gil Turner, Philadelphia's latest rage, with 21 straight wins, 19 by kayoes, gets his first major test July 9 with Charley Fusari in Philly's Shibe Park. . . . Headaches are piling up on Ike Williams. (But Ike has given out so many to promoters and fans that he's due for a few himself.) Still groggy from the licking he absorbed in losing his lightweight title to Jimmy Carter in the Garden, Ike was slapped with a suspension by the N.B.A. for a tangle in California. . . . He couldn't get along without television, and now he cannot get along with it, so George (Korn) Kobb has again closed down operations in Elizabeth. The payoff came when a show drew only 32 paid admissions! . . . Former light-heavy champion Tommy Loughran is doing the commentating on a weekly televised amateur boxing program in Philadelphia.

Old Soldiers Department—Joe Louis still has a long distance to travel to match Jack Johnson's record for fistic longevity. "Li'l Arthur" was 48 and had been fighting for 27 years when he called it quits after winning on a foul from Bob Lawson in Juarez, Mexico. . . . Bob Fitzsimmons lasted even longer. Nearing 52, and 34 years after his first bout, Ruby Robert stepped along with K.O. Sweeney in Williamsport, Pa. . . . John L. Sullivan, another durable one, was closing in on 47 when he came back after a nine-year layoff to flatten Jack McCormick in Grand Rapids, Mich. . . . And before that crowd was Jem Mace, the real Methuselah of the lot. Jem, revered as the father of modern boxing, was 69 and had been messing around this rugged business for nearly half a century when he lost to Charley Mitchell in a bid to regain the British heavyweight title!

Prosperity Note—Stamford, Conn., made a gala occasion of a fight card starring its two local favorites, welterweight stablemates Chico Vejar and Sammy Guiliani, in double feature eights. Some 6,100 of the neighbors and their children poured a robust $16,714 into the till, for the largest gate drawn by a fight show in Connecticut in a couple of years. By way of supplying a fitting finale to the auspicious occasion, both of Steve Ellis' entries won. In running off his 29th straight as a pro, Vejar didn't have much to beat in Floro Hita, but Guiliani came through with a real surprise in taking a decision from Roger Donoghue.

The International Front—One of the fastest and most spectacular rises in recent years was engineered by southpaw Jimmy Carruthers who, in his ninth pro outing, copped the Australian bantam title by whipping Elley Bennett in a torrid 15-rounder in Sydney. In his eight previous wins, Carruthers posted seven kayoes. . . . Johnny Attell reports that his Cleveland middleweight, Jackie Keough, looked so well in losing to Randy Turpin in London that Promoter Jack Solomons is inviting him back for another date or two. . . . Inactive for several months while contract tangles were being unravelled, Vic Towee! is planning a couple of tune-up bouts, then a defense of his world bantam title against his No. 1 challenger, Luis Romero, in Johannesburg in September.

Portrait of Charley Humez—Successor to Eddie Thomas as Europe's entry in eliminations for world welterweight title. Born, Mericourt-les-Mines, France, May 18, 1927. Was coal miner at 14, and became interested in boxing. Not yet 15 when he made amateur debut. In six years of simon-pure competition, lost only three decisions and was held to three draws in 320 bouts. After winning a French national title for fourth straight year, turned professional in September, 1948. Since then, one lost decision and one disqualification have marred perfect slate. Has scored 25 knockouts and won 22 verdicts. Won and lost French welter title in successive bouts in 1950, whipping Pierre Langlois in Paris and losing on foul to Titi Clavel in Lens. (Was beating Clavel until disqualification.) Regained title this year by trouncing Gilbert Lavoine in Paris. Became European champion by decisively defeating Eddie Thomas in Porthcawl, Wales. Was touted year ago by Gilbert Benaim, Paris promoter and keen judge of ring talent, as best fighter to come along in France since Marcel Cerdan. Is colorful performer, with aggressive, bobbing-weaving style, and stiff punch in either hand. Those who have seen him rate him an even-money bet against Kid Gavilan.

CANADIAN TOPICS

By Lawson Bampton

ROCKY GRAZIANO, former middleweight king, showed his wares for only two and a half rounds at the Montreal Forum but it was enough to impress Montrealers that Rocky is still a very dangerous man. Midway through the third round of his scheduled ten-rounder with Johnny Greco, the former champ got a chance for a clean shot at Johnny's chin and that was it! That fast right hand whipped out and Greco went down as it poleaxed. He was instinctively trying to get up in the last few seconds of the kayo toll but it was just as well he didn't as he would have risked serious injury as a helpless target.

It was a good fight while it lasted but the $23,421 gate was below expectations. The betting was on Graziano to win inside six rounds, and the "wise boys" were right. Greco scaled 158 to Graziano's 161½. The first round was tame, with both sparring cautiously, until about the last half-minute when Greco drove in, rushed Rocky to the ropes with a two-fisted attack. Rocky covered up, then lashed out and they were slugging merrily at the bell.

Greco carried the fight to Rocky in the second round, keeping in low and close and banging away to the body. Rocky couldn't seem to get going with little room to punch against Greco's crowding tactics. Greco took the round and was heading to take the third by a bigger margin when he penned Rocky against the ropes, belaboring him with both hands.

Then came the break for Rocky. As Greco paused to line up his shots, a swinging left hit his shoulder, knocking him backwards off balance. As he reeled back, Graziano stepped forward and fired a long right to the jaw. That was it!

Outside of bringing Ray Robinson here to fight Dauthuille, the biggest attraction would be a ballpark battle between Graziano and Dauthuille. Such a match might hit well over the $100,000 mark.

The best battle of the night was the eight-rounder after the main bout between Aime Gauthier, promising young lightweight, and Rocky Armando, a tough, game boy, who lacks punching power. Gauthier, 136½, again got the close decision but many figured the leather-tossing Armando, 137, was entitled to a draw. Armando landed the most punches but Gauthier's were the harder.

Roy Wouters, Canadian middleweight champ, put the hex on Ossie Farrell, Halifax, early by blocking most of Farrell's wallops and just walking right through the ones that landed, meanwhile whanging away with both hands. A few rounds of this and Farrell became completely befuddled and discouraged, reverting to entirely safety first defensive measures. The referee called a halt in the fifth of their scheduled eight-rounder. Farrell scaled 167½, and Woufers, 161½.

A couple of lively six-rounders opened the show. Bryan Kelly, 137½, Toronto, outslugged Jerry Laliberte, same weight. Claude Fortin, 133, outboxed Keith Paris, Halifax, 133½.

Li'l Arthur King of Toronto and Philadelphia, British Empire lightweight titlist, proved much too smart and experienced for youthful Armand Savoie, Montreal kayo artist, in a ten-rounder at Toronto that drew over $24,000 to set a gate record for that city. Savoie's only real bid was in the ninth round when he staggered King with a hard right to the jaw. King clinched quickly and boxed his way out of trouble. Outside of that, King gave Savoie a boxing lesson but the up-and-coming Savoie may turn the tables later on when he gains a little more experience. King scaled 137 to Savoie's 133½.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS

By Bill Davee

BOXING is at an all-time low ebb in the state of Texas at present. With the folding of the Olympiad at Houston, that leaves San Antonio the only city in the entire state holding fights. Juarez, Mexico, across the river from El Paso, however, is running.

Scarcity of talent that will draw enough customers through the turnstiles is the reason. Tommy Ramirez, Corpus Christi's ace drawing card, announced his retirement, which left the Gulf Coast city without an attraction. Dolph Quijano, El Paso's gate attraction, is inactive and rumors have it that he will not fight again, leaving that Border city dark.

San Antonio, where the writer promotes, does not depend on local talent, importing most of the cards from California or Mexico, and will continue operating. Several local fighters are developing in the Alamo City that may become drawing cards in the near future. Chief of these is Joe Moran, a sensational young light-heavy, who has scored three straight knockouts in as many pro fights. Moran went into main event competition in only his third pro start. If Moran fulfills the early promise he shows, he may become the best attraction this city has yet had.

Results for the month of May:

At Houston—Jesse De Hoyos, 123, decisioned Robert Alaniz, 119, four; Raul Reyna, 141, decisioned J. W. Henry, 137, four; Billy Trero, 160, kayoed Augustine Bustos, 151, four; O'Neal Crocker, 174, T.K.O.'ed Dave Hamza, 178, three; Vince Mazac, 160, decisioned Dick Smith, 163, ten.

At Houston—Herman LaDay, 148, T.K.O.'ed Charles McZeal, 146, four; Don Glenn, 134, T.K.O.'ed Joe Bertrand, 134, four; George Easterling, 138, decisioned Al Juergens, 139, four; Billy Morgan, 138, decisioned Charlie Flint, 140, six; Jacky Blair, 128, kayoed Gilberto Gonzales, 128, four.

At Houston—Richard Powell, 117, decisioned Jerry Ford, 119, four; John Neeley, 147, decisioned Benny Fusarez, 151, four; J. W. Henry, 138, decisioned Tony Medina, 141, four; Boyd Smith, 165, kayoed Andrew Shelton, 177, one; Pete Gil, 156, T.K.O.'ed Vincent J. Mazac, 158, five.

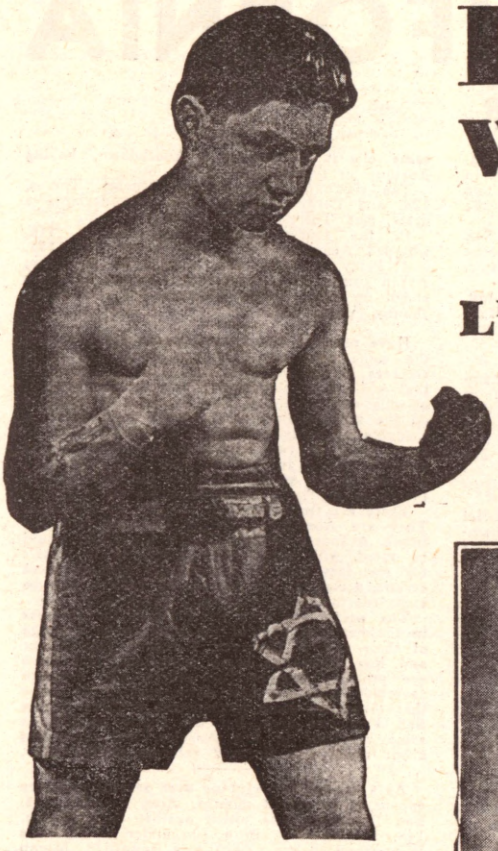
At San Antonio—Al Juergens, 140, T.K.O.'ed Gilbert de la Garza, 146, two; Billy Morgan, 142, T.K.O.'ed Fidel Hernandez, 140, five; Ben Gann, 172, kayoed Joe Moran, 173, one; Pat Viola, 202, T.K.O.'ed Dave Hamza, 184, five; O'Neal Crocker, 184, decisioned Jesus Alonzo, 210, ten.

At San Antonio—Don Glenn, 138, decisioned Juan Guebara, 138, four; Rudy De Hoyos, 135, decisioned Herbert Fairris, 138, six; Billy Morgan, 139, decisioned Paul Valdez, 137, six; Joe Moran, 170, kayoed Gene Lopresati, 174, one; Jacky Blair, 130, decisioned Lauro Salas, 130, ten (championship).

The writer's address: 926 Navarro St., San Antonio, Tex.

EUROPEANS
Who Please Fans

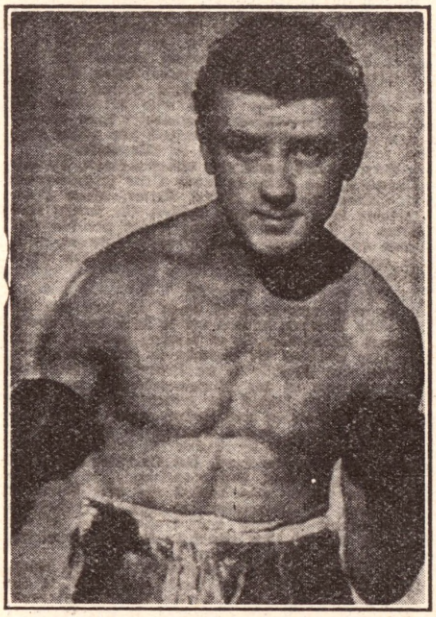
By ART COLLINS



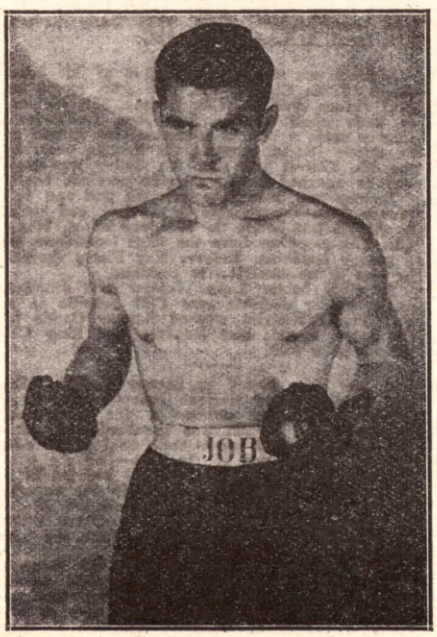
Vic Herman, Scottish flyweight champion, walks into battle with bagpipes blaring and both hands flailing.

VIC HERMAN

LITTLE Vic Herman, the Jordan Highlander, is probably the most colorful flyweight who is campaigning in the ring today. What makes it more interesting is the fact that this young Scottish champion, who has a terrific punch and walks into battle with both hands flailing, can fight with the best of them.



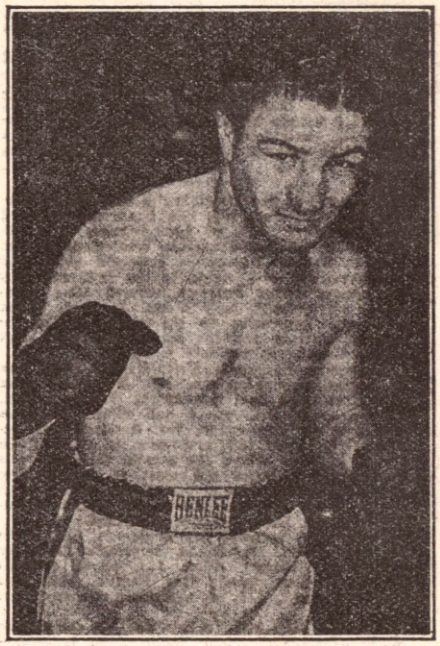
Pierre Montane, French lightweight who holds the European title.



Willi Hoepner, one of Germany's leading light-heavyweights. He holds a decision over veteran Lloyd Marshall.

Herman, born February 12, 1929, started his professional career in 1947 after having served with the Royal Flying Corps. He won his first seven bouts by knockouts and has been giving the best men of the division trouble ever since.

He has stopped his opponents in half of his thirty bouts, an unusually high percentage for a little man, a figure which attests to his punching power. Herman has halted such stalwarts as Eddie Fitzsimmons, Jackie Bryce and Norman Lewis and holds decisions over Eddie Carson, Scottish bantamweight champion, Norman Tennant (twice) and Tino Cardinale, the Italian bantam. Peter Keenan, the undefeated Scot,



Ronnie Clayton, British featherweight champion, is a clever fighter who also packs a wallop.

has been a thorn in his side, having taken two decisions from him. A draw late in 1950, with Honore Pratesi, who lost to Terry Allen in a bout for the vacant world flyweight title, did much to enhance Herman's reputation. In his most recent bout he lost to Terry Allen in a British flyweight title bout.

Herman is always escorted into the ring by a company of Scottish bagpipers whenever he fights. Little Vic has talents in other directions aside from fighting. He plays the violin and paints extraordinarily well in oils.

The toast of all Scotland, Vic Herman can well sing the tune, "Glasgee Belongs to Me."

PIERRE MONTANE

M. PIERRE MONTANE, the French and European lightweight champion, is what is known as a "cutey," an exceedingly clever boxer, though lacking a dynamic punch.

Born at Toulouse, December 1, 1919, Montane turned pro in 1942. He won his native title on May 17, 1948, stopping Jean Mougin in thirteen rounds at Marseilles, and two months later narrowly missed out on winning the European championship when he drew over fifteen stanzas with Billy Thompson.

The following year Montane toured Australia where he found the opposition rugged but entertaining. He defeated Archie Kemp, was stopped by Jack Hassen, lost and won with Frank Flannery, lost to the highly rated American, Rudy Cruz, was defeated by Norm Gent and won and lost in bouts with Alfie Clay.

Back on the Continent in 1950 Montane returned to good form and went through the year undefeated. He defended his French title twice, against Roger Baour and Jean Julien, and won over Des Garrod, Jacques Dehaye, Ben Hamida and Auguste Caulet. Sadok Bahri held him to a draw.

The Frenchman prepped for his trip to the States by easily taking the European title from Billy Thompson, stopping him in twelve rounds at Manchester early this year.

In his one fight on this side of the ocean he was forced to retire after one round in Montreal against Canadian lightweight Armand Savoie, due to his badly cut eye. He was accompanied by manager Eugene Huat, a former French champion who was very popular in his fights over here more than a score of years ago.

WILLI HOEPNER

IN Willi Hoepner, Richard Vogt, Dieter Hucks, Heinz Sachs and Gerhard Hecht, Germany has a fine array of light heavyweight talent and with increased in

(Continued on page 46)

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By HARRY WINKLER

In defeating Mario Trigo at the Los Angeles Olympic, Art Aragon won the California lightweight title and the dubious distinction of being the foremost contender (California version) for world title. And some of the local scribes stated that he looked the part. Personally, I thought that Art made one of his poorest fights, even though he did stop Trigo—with Referee Charlie Randolph's assistance—in the 9th heat.

It was an action scrap and although not one-sided, Trigo was the recipient of much punishment. Mario was not as elusive as usual, in fact, was an easy target, but, due to poor timing, Aragon missed half his punches. Aragon, set on a kayo victory, stalked Trigo continually and had his jinx opponent hurt and wobbly several times, but couldn't put over a finisher. Trigo appeared about to cave in numerous times, but he recuperates quickly, and would always come back with a counter-attack. Mario was decked once, a short hook dropping him for a 1-count in the second.

Trigo outslugged the tired Aragon in the 8th, and came out fast in the 9th, forcing Art to give ground, but shortly after was knocked into the ropes from a left hook to the jaw. Seeing his foe was hurt, Aragon tore in with a vengeance, raining lefts and rights to Mario's head. Trigo was being badly pounded but appeared in no worse shape than on several previous occasions and the referee's action in halting the fight at this point brought forth considerable booing.

This observer had Aragon ahead by 4 points at the end of the 8th, crediting Art with 4 rounds, Trigo 2, with 2 even. Aragon looked drawn and pasty at 134½, Trigo came in at 135.

In other bouts: Tommy Umeda, 123, decisioned Manuel Hernandez, 121, in six-round semi; Johnny Malloy, 124, knocked out Manuel Maldonado, 124, in the first round; Armando Salas, 120, nodded Armando Felix, 121, in four; Tony Renteria, 158, won from Adrain Linares, 162, in a four; Babe Carreon, 132, whipped Joe Maldonado, 134, in four.

Returning to the ring after a nine month layoff, Grant Butcher, 190, San Francisco, defeated Lonnie Malone, 180, of Los Angeles, in a 10-rounder at the San Francisco Winterland Arena. Butcher decked Malone in both the third and fourth rounds with rights to the jaw, and had the colored boxer hurt on several other occasions, mostly with body blows. In fact, Grant was very impressive in the early rounds, he punched sharply and his timing was good, but he tired badly in the late heats.

In another 10-rounder, Felix Ramirez, 130, San Jose, and Glen Flanagan, 129, St. Paul, went to a draw in a bout that lacked thrills, in fact, for the most part, was a dull affair. Flanagan was best at long range, but Ramirez was reluctant to stand off and mix it, instead he stayed in close where the erratic Irishman was ineffective. Flanagan did most of the leading and shook Felix up a few times with rights to the head. Ramirez scored his points at infighting. All three officials disagreed.

In the two prelims, Leo Anderson, 138, made his professional debut an impressive one by belting out Tommy Allen, 134, in 48 seconds of the opening round; Don Badilla, 120, beat Rosy Caballero, 119, in a sizzling four-rounder.

Like the little girl "with a curl in the middle of her forehead," when Willie Bean is good—he is very, very good, but when he is bad—he is awful. The Negro giant met Jimmy Bivins in a 10-rounder at the Hollywood Stadium—and Bean was bad. Although Bivins is still a good fighter, it wasn't so much the Clevelander's prowess, as it was Bean's lethargy, that made Bivin's victory such a easy one. For the most part, Willie was about as punacious as Ferdinand, the Bull.

Bean became riled and tossed a few punches occasionally, but in only one round did he make the fight he is capable of. In this one heat, he hurt Bivin's with hard blows to the body, backed him around the ring and forced him to grab. But Willie went pacific again in the next round, and Bivins returned to the pleasant chore of jabbing, hooking and crossing rights to Willie's bean. Bivins was credited with 7 of the rounds which the spectators wished they had missed.

Disgusted with his showing, Bean expressed the desire of meeting Bivins a third time (this one was the second lesson) but because of Willie's complex, I, for one, do not believe he would ever win over the Cleveland vet.

In supporting bouts: Joe Fisher, 136, defeated Joe Gurrola, 138, in a good six-round semi; Oscar Reyes, 144, beat Edgar Flowers, 141, in four; Morrie McFarland, 160, TKO'ed Loren Fro, 159, in the second heat; Joe Davis, 142, decisioned George Cramer, 143, in a four; Juan Zavala, 142, and Butch Martinez, 146, fought to a draw.

Matchmaker Johnny Munro's opening show in Richmond's new $200,000 Auditorium, featured Charlie Cato, 158, Oakland, versus Joe Orosco, 165, Stockton. It was a fast ten-rounder, with Cato the winner. Orosco started fast and won the early rounds, but weakened under a punishing body attack launched by the Oaklander in the fifth. Cato turned on the heat in the final two rounds and Orosco was a weary battler at the finish.

In two six-rounders, Doug Kirby, 136, San Francisco, beat Tommy Allen, 135; George Smith, 159, Oakland, won over Lepp Webster, 160.

In two four-rounders, Frankie Carter, 140, Richmond, laced Willie Jackson, 134; Rosy Caballero, 120, Vallejo, whipped Ray Ramirez, 123, San Jose.

James Carter winning the lightweight championship has probably caused more concern in California than elsewhere, due to the fact that Ike Williams had been scheduled to defend his title against Art Aragon in Los Angeles this month. And too, because here in California are some of the rated boxers, whose followers believe are entitled to consideration in any lightweight eliminations.

If Frank Palermo has, as is rumored, financial interest in James Carter, newly-crowned champion, he should arrange for Carter to make his first title defense under the promotion of Cal Eaton of Los Angeles. For, it was Eaton who paid Palermo the two largest purses that Ike Williams ever received; it was Eaton who had the Williams-Aragon title fight booked for this month, and it was Eaton who persuaded the California Commission to reconsider their suspension of Ike Williams and extend him added time to fulfill his commitments in this state.

Personally, I doubt that either Aragon, Tommy Campbell, Joe Bown or Rudy Cruz (campaigning in California) could defeat Carter, whom I remember as a really good fighter, (he fought four times in L. A. in '49) and I am positive that none of them can defeat Freddie Dawson, who, in my book is the best lightweight in the world today.

In what was expected to be an easy one for Freddie Herman, turned out to be a tough chore, Rafael Hadad Carrillo of Mexico, probably would be easy pickings for Herman on one of his good nights, but Freddie is an in-and-outer and this was on one of his vitamin-deficiency evenings. Herman's left lacked the authority to keep Carrillo at a distance and Rafael waged a body attack that often forced Freddie to give ground.

Herman hit his aggressive foe repeatedly with solid rights to the head, but Carrillo kept right on tossing leather, and surprisingly, it was the Mexican visitor who landed the best blows of the bout, a 10-rounder, at the Los Angeles Auditorium. Herman had a slim lead at the end of the 9th, but added to it by copping the final round. Each weight 137.

In another scheduled 10-rounder, Watson Jones, 173, won by TKO over Paul Pargo, 172, in the 6th, when Pargo retired at the end of the round, due to his teeth being loosened. It was Watson's sixth come-back victory, and he had won every round over his mediocre opponent, but the win added little to his prestige, as he should have stopped Pargo in a round.

In three 4-rounders: Bobby Romo, 135, defeated Ruben Salazar, 133; Walter Landry, 169, won over Jimmy Ingram, 173; Oscar Torres, 123, laced Armando Salas, 121.

Making one of the best fights of his brief career, Eddie Chavez, 138, San Jose, scored an easy victory over Chu Chu Jiminez, 137, Mexico, in their clash at the San Jose Auditorium. Chavez made a rout of a contest that figured to be closely fought, stopping the fighting tenor in the 4th. Chavez was cool, his timing was good and he punched harder than in previous bouts.

Jiminez was decked in both the 2nd and 3rd rounds from sharp rights to the jaw, and again in the 4th just before the bout was halted. When Chu Chu came up from the third knockdown in a groggy condition, Referee Ray Flores decided he was in no condition to continue.

In other bouts: Lepp Webster was awarded an unpopular decision over Cliff Schellin in a six; Jimmy Espiritu stopped Sammy Garcia in the fourth round; Ray Ramirez beat Rosy Caballero in a four.

A low blow landed by Manny Madrid, 138, was all that saved Enrique Bolanos, 136, from suffering his first defeat in the Hollywood Stadium ring. Madrid was penalized one point for the foul, which made their total points add up even at the end of the bout—and the contest was declared a draw. Madrid had led in 5 of the first 7 rounds, but faded in the stretch, possibly due, in part, to a psychological effect, as Bolanos moved out in front immediately after being given a rest to recuperate from the low blow.

When the bout was resumed in the 7th, Bolanos fought with renewed vigor, while Madrid slowed up and became wild in his punching. Enrique won the final three rounds, mostly with an effective left hook to the body. Although Bolanos is the puncher of the two, it was Madrid who came closest to scoring a knockdown, having Enrique in trouble late in the 6th.

The six-round semi between Rueben Torres, 126, and Leroy Richards, 126, was declared a draw, but Torrest really rated the win.

In the four-rounders: Keeny Teran, 116, whipped Armando Felix, 118; Loren Pro, 135, and Petey Alvarez, 150, fought to a draw; Aaron Junior, 137, and George Cramer, 142, also ended up even; Edgar Flowers, 141, decisioned Johnny Vega, 137.

Have received two letters, weeks apart, asking the same question, "Do you have any good referees in California?" Now, I have discovered that while a single inquiry may be the thought of only one individual, two inquiries or opinions on the same subject most always represents the thoughts of many persons. Therefore, I wish to reply to these two letters in this column and establish who, in my opinion, are the good referees in the southern part of the state; (California is nearly a thousand miles in length).

There are three excellent referees in this area. They are Abe Roth, Mushy Callahan and Joe Stone. A fourth arbiter, Charlie Randolph, would be rated with these other three, if it wasn't for the fact that he occasionally renders most erratic decisions. Of course, no referee can be expected to please everyone, every time.

The writer has seen too little of the referees in the northern part of the state to be a judge of their ability. However, I regard Jack Silver and Ray Flores as being competent, and there are probably one or two others who compare favorably with our best down here. I do know that there are some incompetent arbiters in the San Francisco area, but not nearly as bad as some we have in Los Angeles, and there are about twenty-five licensed referees in the state.

As a reward for winning over several mediocre opponents in recent months, Alex Amador, 143, San Francisco, was pitted against Nick Moran, 148, Mexico City, in a 10-rounder at 'Frisco's Winterland Arena. (That's a reward?) Moran proved too big a bite for Amador, but the 'Frisco boy made a real fight of it, in fact, the score was even at the end of the 7th. And there were sessions when Alex more than held his own in toe-to-toe slugfests.

It was early in the 8th round that Amador was staggered into the ropes from three solid blows to the head. Moran rushed in for the kill and pounded his hurt opponent along the ropes into a corner. With Amador dazed, bleeding and not defending himself, Referee Frankie Carter stepped in and raised Moran's arm.

In the semi, Lonnie Malone, 177, Los Angeles, dropped Jose Ochea, 193, Boise, Idaho, for a 9-count just before the bell ending the first round. Returning to his corner, Ochea complained of head pains and retired.

In two prelims, Rudy Martinez, 148, bested Woody Winslow, 149, in a six; Jimmy Espiritu, 119, nodded Sammy Garcia, 117, in four.

A left hook on the jaw probably convinced El Conscripto (Tomas Lopez) that Mexico City is much healthier than Hollywood. It was Tommy Campbell, sharp-punching Negro of Rock Island, who parked the hook on Conscripto's whiskers in the 4th frame of their go at the Movie City Stadium. So, Lopez is now back in Mexico basking in the sun, with little chance of suffering from the "chills" he received in California.

Conscripto had the physical advantages, but Campbell possessed too much skill and punch for the Latin visitor. Conscripto kept the first and third rounds close, but was pounded to the canvas for an 8-count in the second and put down for the full count in 1:38 of the fourth. Campbell weighed 139, Lopez 145.

In the six-round semi, Clifton Lester, 149, Houston, finished strong to win a close decision over Rudy Martinez, 148, El Paso.

In the four-rounders: Armando Felix, 120, outpointed Armando Salas, 120; Juan Zavala, 145, bested Butch Martinez, 144; Jimmy Ingram, 170, nodded Lou Newman, 170; Frankie Rivera, 129, won over Johnny Richards, 133.

Residents of Eureka probably wouldn't recognize an earthquake if one did hit the thriving little city, for, with such hefties as Junior Payne, Joe Charles, Buford, Parmentier and Peterson (this quintet averages 230 pounds) dumping each other on the Auditorium ring floor, the Eureka citizens are accustomed to earth shocks. The most recent thud to shake the dishes of Eureka householder's was produced by Georges Parmentier, 220, who was belted out in 38 seconds of the 7th round by Bill Peterson, 218, of Chicago.

Parmentier had piled up a lead, but an indication of what might happen was unfolded in the late seconds of the 6th, when Peterson sent Georges staggering into the ropes from a right on the chin. Peterson walked out in the 7th and whipped over a right to the chin and down goes Georges. The big Frenchman regained his feet but Bill was at him with both fists and another hard right put the local giant down for the count.

In supporting bouts: Irish Jimmy McCoy, 140, Portland, whipped Frankie Carter, 144, San Francisco, 6; Jimmy Smith, 148, Eureka, outscored Woody Harper, 152, Oakland, 4; Gene Campbell, 155, Eureka, nodded Ronnie Marshall, 156, Hoopa, 4; Earl Stockton, 145, Arcata, won decision over Bob Carlson, 146, Samoa, 3.

Anytime a cagey, shifty boxer is bent on merely going the distance, it is almost impossible to knock him out and in failing to tag him, his opponent is made to look bad. Such was Art Aragon's predicament in his 10-rounder with Teddy (Red Top) Davis, of Hartford, at the Los Angeles Olympic. They started fast, but Davis soon discovered that Aragon was out for a KO victory and that is what would happen if he, Davis, didn't avoid Art's artillery. And Red Top knew the answer to that one.

Davis ducked like a hell-diver, ran like a deer and grabbed like a bargain hunter at Macy's. The crowd booed the colored cutie's tactics, but it didn't change his safety-first technique. The pattern of the contest was the same, round after round. Aragon continually stalked Davis, but missed over half his punches and all of the pay-off ones. Art did get in some short hooks and uppercuts that hurt the Hartford hare. Red Top may not have been scared, but at times he gave a good imitation of a guy who was. Aragon, 138, was credited with 9 of the rounds. Davis weighed 134.

In other bouts: Tommy Umeda, 122, Seattle, decisioned Oscar Torres, 123, Mexico, in six-round semi; Manuel Maldonado, 127, beat John ny Malloy, 126, in a four; Charlie Green, 157, KO'ed Morrie McFarland, 155, i.. the second; Bobby Romo, 135, won over George Cramer, 142, in four; Joe Maldonado, 135, nodded Eddie Beltram in four.

One judge of the above lop-sided contest had Aragon ahead by only four points, partly due to the 11-points per round system of scoring a fight, which is the bunk. Either 6, 10 or even 20 points per round would more accurately score a fight. With the 11-points per round, the official's invariably tab the rounds 6-5, even though the rounds may have been very one-sided. Then, it is their practise—if not instructions—to tab a round 7-4, whenever a knockdown has been scored.

This means that one fighter may hand his opponent a shellacking for three straight rounds, only to have the bout tabbed as even at the end of the 4th, if he should happen to be decked in this fourth round, for, according to this system, each boxer had scored 22 points. With either 6, 10 or 20 points per round, the boxer winning three rounds would still be 2 points ahead, after losing the 4th heat, due to a knockdown. And I believe that most referee's will agree that a knockdown should not offset more than two rounds won by the opponent.

Bakersfield was treated to a fight program this month, the first professional boxing card staged in this little city in thirteen years. The promoter was Steve Strelich, wrestling promoter of Bakersfield. The Matchmaker of the club is Hap Navarro of Hollywood. A crowd of 1,500 forked over $2,302 to witness the opening show, which is a good turnout for a city of this size. However, because of the season, the promoters will stage only one show a month until winter.

Strelich, a real sportsman, is very popular in his city, and Navarro is equally well liked by the boxing fraternity in Los Angeles, so, this pair will probably put Bakersfield back on the fight map; (it was a good fight town in years past). If moral support will help—they're in.

The main-event of Bakersfield's opening show featured Frankie Muche, 136, that wild and wooly mixer from Niles, O., and Bobby Brewer, 139, the Pasadena Negro with the murderous right hand. It was, of course, a brawl and one closely contested up to the finish. (The matchmaker may take a bow at this point). The tide turned in Muche's favor in the 5th, when he sunk some solid blows into Bobby's midsection. And it was these belts to the body that put Brewer down for the full count in the 6th.

After the bout was over, it was discovered that one of Brewer's smashing rights had broken Muche's jaw. Frankie received the injury in the second round. That is how game this Ohio battler is.

In other bouts: Johnny Malloy, 127, whipped Johnny Richards, 132, in a six-rounder; Joe Davis, 142, stopped Bobby Romo, 137, in the fifth; the classy Gilbert Cadilli, 119, easily defeated Andy Ramos, 117, in a four.

Mushy Callahan officiated, an assignment that has been given him several times, for which the Commission is to be congratulated, for, Mushy is the ideal referee for a club's opening show. His first concern has always been to put the show over.

Displaying little of the speed and skill that made him a bundle of class a few years back, Harold Dade, 127, was pushed further down the pugilistic ladder by Fabela Chavez, 126, in an uninteresting 10-rounder at the Hollywood Stadium. It was Dade who was most responsible for the bout being a dull one, Harold tying Chavez up at every opportunity. Fabela, enraged by Dade's clinching, roughed it up with Harold and there was considerable wrestling and some unethical tactics resorted to.

Although both judges, the sport scribes and most of the spectators saw Chavez as a decisive winner, the decision was a split one, Referee Charlie Randolph voting for Dade.

In the six-round semi, Jimmy Dunn, 126, San Diego, punched out the win over Ruben Torres, 127. It was a fast go between two willing little scrappers.

In the prelims: Loren Pro, 157, won by TKO over Petey Alvarez, 152, in the fourth round; Nick Ramos, 118, nodded Armando Felix, 120, in a four; George Cramer, 143, beat Edgar Flowers, 139, in four; Eddie Beltram, 134, laced Johnny Richards, 132, in four.

Smooth-working Joe Lopez, 132, Sacramento, punched out a close decision over Archie Whitewater, 135, Oakland, in a bristling ten-rounder at the Sacramento Auditorium. There was bad blood between these two (Lopez had won over the Indian last year) and they continued to swap punches after the bell on two occasions. Whitewater won the early rounds, but Lopez took over in the fifth and forged ahead.

In a companion ten-rounder, Buddy J,-er, Buddy Jay (yep, he has been given a name, and it will be Jay in this column until Buddy comes up with a better one) pulled a real upset in winning over Art Soto, 153, who showed the effects of a layoff. Jay, 151, won on aggressiveness.

In two prelims, Zeke Robinson, 165, KO'ed Bruce Ayers, 163, in the second heat; Cliff Schillen, 159, bested Bob Petty, 159, in a four.

If Ralph Gambina, manager of Willie Bean, doesn't already have ulcers, one more match between his Willie and Jimmy Bivins should make it positive. These heavies met again—this one a request performance by Bean—in a 10-rounder at the Los Angeles Olympic. It was Boxing Lesson Number Three. Bean did a bit better than he did in their shindig at Hollywood, but Bivins has got Willie's number—and how! Bean is real fast for a big fellow and he boxes well, but against Bivins he is slow and cannot box a lick.

Bean got going occasionally and shook the Clevelander up several times with left hooks to the head and hard rights to the body, but for the most time, Bivins gloves were in Willie's face. Jimmy was just too smart for Bean and even when hurt, Bivins would befuddle Willie, check his offence and take the play away from him. Bivins, 179, was credited with 8 of the rounds. Bean weighed 202.

In the six-round semi, Tommy Umeda, 122, Seattle Japanese, again decisioned Oscar Torres, 122, Mexico, and in the same manner, retreating and counter-punching.

In the prelims: George Cramer, 140, and Edgar Flowers, 138, drew in six; Lou Fillipo, 141, whipped Aaron Junior, 141, in a four; Walter Landry, 165, nodded Ray Louis, 166, in four.

If you think you have troubles, you should talk to a boxing promoter these days. For instance, Matchmaker Cal Working of the Hollywood Stadium, after booking the Coast's best boxers for months and staging fights that have been drawing large crowds, has occasionally had to put small club talent in his main-events. With the shortage of boxers these days, it takes only a few cases of illness or injuries, to raise havoc with weekly cards. The Hollywood program reported here was made necessary when the scheduled Bolanos-Madrid match had to be set back.

Lonnie Malone, 176, came from far behind to belt out Dean Hubbard, 175, Reno, in the 8th round. Hubbard had piled up a lead with a body attack and Malone appeared to have lost too much steam to be dangerous. It was a hard right to the chin that put Hubbard down for the count—a count that he strongly protested, claiming that he had regained his feet at 9.

Bobby Brewer, 138, won by TKO over Sammy Figueroa, 137, in six rounds. An eye injury and exhaustion caused Figueroa to call it quits at the end of the 6th.

In three 4-rounders, Ray Louis, 165, decisioned Tony Renteria, 159; Johnny Vega, 140, beat George Cramer, 142; Pedro Alvarez, 150, nodded Juan Zavala, 145.

After his defeat and subsequent suspension at Manila, Manuel Ortiz probably realizes that he made a great mistake in severing his association with Ray Luna, which Manuel did just before leaving for the Philippines. Luna is not only a first-class trainer, he is also a smart young man with a business head, and Ortiz would not have gotten into any embarrassing situations if Ray had been present.

Ortiz realizes that his bookings today is based on reputation, rather than present ability, therefore he should also realize how valuable a man of Luna's talents is to him. As a trainer, Luna did the almost impossible in twice getting Ortiz into fighting condition. And as the ex-champion's representative, the likable Luna made business transactions easier to close. And his congeniality and breezy manner must have made him a good traveling companion.

I have known both Manuel and Ray since they were youngsters and I was pleased when they became associated, believing that they would make a fine team, which they did. I regretted to hear of their split and dare say, that by this time, Manuel too, regrets it.

Lest I Forget: Legislative investigating committee has recommended increasing minimum size of boxing rings from 16 to 20 feet; two complete physical examinations each year; boxers to be given physical check-ups after each bout, as well as before; and that the Athletic Commission engage the club's physicians, instead of allowing promoters to do so.

Since most of the professional boxers come out of the amateur ranks, the fistic outlook for California is not very promising at this time.

In a recent state amateur championship tournament staged at Hollywood, there were but four of the eight divisions represented. . . . There have been so many instances of money tossed into the ring in recent months, that one wonders if someone isn't doing a little "business," acting as a "shill," to start the ball rolling? . . . Roxie Eisen, former manager, now operates the Roxie's Valet Shop, a service establishment that does everything from cut their hair to wash their sox. . . . No less than a dozen of our best preliminary boxers and four main-eventers have been inducted into the Service.

Harry B. Smith of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, dean of Coast sports writers, stated that Del Flanagan reminded him of Willie Ritchie in his early career. The St. Paul youth should feel quite pleased over that compliment, as there are no Ritchies in the lightweight division today. . . . Smith was also impressed with the skill of Willie Pep, but expressed a belief that Abe Attell could have beaten him. And this all but establishes the fact, for, Smith is one of the foremost authorities on boxing and boxers. . . . Harold (Baby Face) Jones spoke more fluently and intelligently in a radio interview than any boxer I have heard in such a broadcast.

Joe Lynch, former promoter of Los Angeles, has won a judgment of $40,000 against Ike Williams for breach of contract. The amount granted was said to be based on calculated profit from a scheduled title bout. Wow, Joe sure must have expected the boys and girls to turn out for that one! . . . John L. Davis is the owner of a record shop in Richmond, Calif., and Manager Harry Fine states that Davis "is fairly well fixed" financially.

A bill has been introduced in the Assembly prohibiting any promoter from sharing in purses of boxers. It was said to be aimed at International Boxing Club, to prevent them from r ceiving percentage of receipts from any more bouts staged in California, as they did from the bouts in which Ezzard Charles and Joe Louis participated. . . . And remember fellows, "From childhood to the grave, those who get hit most, are those who do not hit back."

Harry E. Winkler, 1231 N. June St., Hollywood 38, Calif.

NEWS FROM AIKEN, S. C.

By J. R. Lybrand

BOXING was slow during the past month in this section. However, Promoter Cyclone Copley expects to put on several outdoor shows during the summer months in the vicinity of Aiken, S. C. Next fall and winter should produce the best boxing shows ever staged in this section, as the population is steadily increasing in the Hydrogen Bomb Plant Area.

Fred Krueger, Fort Jackson, S. C., light-heavy, won a close ten-round decision over Eddie Greene of Kanapolis, N. C., at Bell Auditorium in Augusta, Ga. This was the second meeting of the two, Greene having won the first in April in the same auditorium on a very close decision. The crowd was disappointing to Promoters Dudley and Renner. The crowd was only about one-third as large as that at the fight put on by Promoter Copley in April.

The fight was a dandy from the opening gong. The South Carolina soldier apparently had Greene out in the fifth and sixth rounds, but Greene weathered the storm and in the closing rounds it was an even battle.

In the semi-final, Joe Lassiter of Charlotte, N. C., won a very close six-round decision over Beauford Barbee of Kanapolis, N. C.

In the four-rounders, Jimmie Little, Fairbanks, Alaska, won by T.K.O. over Bobbie Efird of Graniteville, S. C. Both are welters. K. O. Forrest, Augusta, Ga., decisioned Sparky Kid of Augusta, Ga., in a four-rounder, and Battling Griffin of Augusta, Ga., decisioned Alex Cummings, Augusta, Ga. All are welters.

All clippings of fights should be sent to the writer not later than the fourth of each month. The writer's address is: J. R. Lybrand, Police Department, Aiken, S. C., or Box 190, Aiken, S. C.

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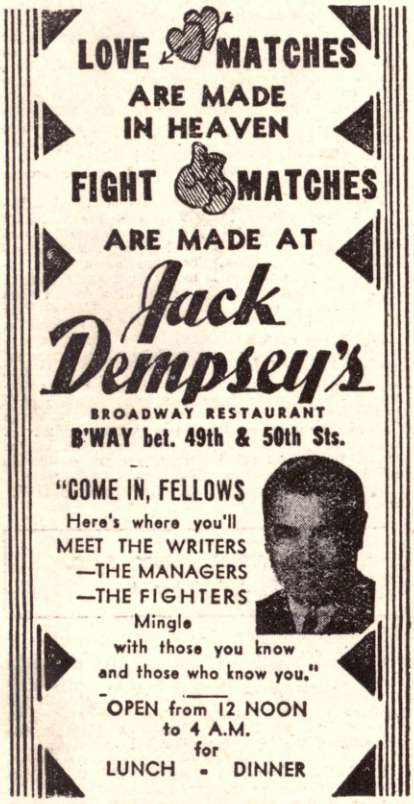

CARTER — A BITTER PILL TO WILLIAMS

(Continued from page 16)

Carter started as a professional in 1946 after having come out of the service. He worked for a time as a sorter in a dress factory but soon found he could make better use of his hands devoting his full time to boxing.

Never what could be termed a really good fighter, he was always known as a capable ringman—a mechanic at his trade. After a year around New York which saw him quickly turn into a main event fighter, he started off on his travels which led half-way around the world and back home to win a world title.

Down in New Orleans he lost to a tough battler, Joe Brown, who has recently gained a place in the ratings. A couple of months later Carter held Sandy Saddler, then on a terrific winning streak, to a ten-round draw at Washington, D. C.

In November, 1947, he was stopped for the first and only time in his career by Charley Cabey Lewis, on a cut eye, at Hartford.

Carter started coming into his own in 1949. Opening in New York, he defeated Harold Jones. Then he beat Talmadge Bussey at Detroit and halted Nick Diaz, Archie Whitewater and Mario Trigo in California.

A trip to Australia saw him lose a twelve-rounder to Norman Gent at Melbourne and halt Charlie Ashenden at Sydney. Back in Los Angeles he lost to rated Rudy Cruz.

The new lightweight king had only three bouts in 1950, opposition shunning the boy who knew how to take care of himself. He beat Wallace (Bud) Smith and Jesse Underwood at Cincinnati, and drew with one of the top lightweights, Tommy Campbell, in New Orleans.

This year his efforts, before the Williams match, were hardly outstanding and seemed unworthy of a shot at a world title. He lost to Calvin Smith, defeated Percy Bassett, and lost to Bassett in a return. Despite that lacklustre record, THE RING Magazine recognized his ability and held him seventh among the rated lightweights.

ON the surface, to Ike Williams' brain-trust, Carter was the ideal opponent to fight and meet the commitments that go with holding a world championship. The champion was long overdue for a title defense, not having put his title on the line since Freddy Dawson narrowly missed taking it from him on December 5, 1949. Even as far back as that bout, Williams was having trouble making the lightweight limit and since that time, in well over a dozen matches, Ike ranged up to 146 pounds and only on one occasion did he manage to get under 140—still high over the 135 pounds his title calls for.

The match with Carter was meant to pacify the various commissions who were after Williams' scalp and crown and also provide the champion with a challenger who would offer the least resistance in Williams' attempt to keep and cash in on holding a world championship.

The plan back-fired entirely as have few others in the history of boxing. Williams was doomed from the moment he stepped on the scales, and lost his title in the bargain. Carter who, perhaps, might never have gotten a championship bout on merit, took advantage of the situation and walked away a winner, finally recognized in his own hometown.

Weight and Carter's long right marked the changing of champions. Three arduous weeks of sweating off some 20 pounds—sweating it off a frame that was built to hold those pounds, eight rounds of shadow boxing on the afternoon of the fight to take off an additional few ounces, a fast that lasted for 24 hours previous to the weighing-in—they all combined to rob Williams of his punching power and sacrificed his stamina.

There was nothing left of Williams as he entered that ring but skin, bones and a heart. All James W. Carter had to do was keep throwing that right.

And he did.

EUROPEANS WHO PLEASE FANS

(Continued from page 43)

ternational competition they are rapidly making their way to the fore of the division.

Hoepner, the Rhineland's 26-year-old prospect, was ranked eleventh in THE RING's annual ratings, good for a career that has been brief but near brilliant.

He proved himself by beating the experienced veteran Lloyd Marshall over eight rounds at Hamburg last September. Of his seventeen fights he has won 12 on knockouts and three by decision. His first defeat, by Hein Titze on a two round disqualification for landing a low blow, was quickly reversed. In the return he won an easy eight round decision. Hoepner's most recent bout saw him stopped by the impressive Dieter Hucks. Hoepner is now trying to get a return match.

After an amateur career that embraced 73 fights, of which he lost only three on points and one on a knockout, Wily Willi turned pro in July, 1949. Much of his knowledge of the game he picked up sparring with Jack Gardner, now the British champion, who was then in the army stationed in BAOR.

Prior to beating Marshall Hoepner's best effort was in knocking out Theo Imbsweiler, the first time the latter had been halted in over 250 bouts.

The light-heavyweight division is sadly lacking in good fighters and perhaps Germany has the men to pep up the division.

RONNIE CLAYTON

RONNIE CLAYTON, one of the more clever of the clever English fighters, also packs a knockout wallop. He is the holder of the British featherweight title and recently lost the Empire crown to Roy Ankarah.

Clayton, born at Blackpool, February 9, 1923, has been fighting as a professional since 1941, and has had a long and successful career though he has been thwarted twice, by Ray Famechon, in attempts to win the European crown. He won his two titles against Al Phillips back in 1947 and has defended one or the other of the honors against Johnny Molloy, Eddie Miller, Jim Kenny and Phillips.

One of his most impressive performances was a decision over Manuel Ortiz, in Manchester on October 3, 1949, when the latter was still the world bantamweight champion.

He has met a number of non-English fighters, including Luis de Santiago, Jean Machtelinck, Enzo Correggiolli and Paul Doginaux, but Clayton has fought away from the Isles only once. In July of 1949 he traveled down to South Africa where he lost a twelve round decision to tough Tony Lombard.

Though he has failed three times against Ray Famechon (one a non-title bout), the Britisher would like another chance at the European crown and, if successful, a shot at Sandy Saddler for world honors. Clayton is currently ranked high in his division in THE RING ratings.

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THE RING WINS WITH CARTER

(Continued from page 10)

crowning was by edict of the N.Y. Boxing Commission rather than by actual ring performance. Neither Jack nor Montgomery were universally recognized as champions. The N.B.A. put forth Sammy Angott as the champ during this period. In fact there was much confusion clouding the picture until Ike Williams cleared the field of all claimants in 1947.

Poor Sid Terris who should have been champion, never even got a chance to fight for the crown. Terris' arch-rival, Sammy Mandell, after losing in the tournament to Goodrich caught up with old Rocky Kansas, Goodrich's conqueror, in Chicago and finally won the championship.

Although seldom brought up and one wonders why, Mandell, while champion, turned in one of the finest exhibitions ever given by a lightweight when he turned back Jimmy McLarnin's title bid in New York back in 1928. This was a classic demonstration of the boxing art. Most observers gave the then sensational McLarnin only one round of the fifteen.

ONE of the bitterest feuds in the class was that between dour Ike Williams—who is built for feuding—and Bob Montgomery.

Philadelphia's Bob had stopped Ike in a previous battle, and Williams, a good two-fisted hater, took it to heart in his darkly brooding manner. He tore into Montgomery with a viciousness which was extreme even for him and Ike had never been noted as a kindly competitor. Afterwards the hard-boiled Trentonite confessed that he received more satisfaction from the revenge angle than he did from winning the title. This was the fight which gave Ike universal recognition.

While he couldn't exactly be called a "dark horse" some old timers testify that Leonard's win over Welsh was a surprise. In two prior meetings Welsh had shown he could handle the up and coming Harlemite. It was an entirely different story the third time.

Everyone is waiting to see just what effect winning the title will have on Carter. Certainly he looked like a highly competent mittman against even a weight weakened Williams, and there is a growing suspicion that "Unknown Jimmy," no longer just a straggler on the pugilistic highway, may become a tough customer to beat.

TOO YOUNG AND TOO BIG

(Continued from page 23)

Uzcudun, the rugged Spaniard, as the fourth entry. But Johnston howled so long and so lustily for McTigue that he won his point. Mike was nominated instead of Paulino.

McTigue, however, didn't get his coveted crack at Delaney. For the first two pairings, Jack was pitted against Maloney and Mike drew Sharkey.

Any chance Ol' Michael may have had of meeting Delaney in the next elimination round went a-glimmering when Jack was beaten by Maloney. It was Jim's big advantages in weight and strength that whipped Delaney.

Now McTigue was to try his luck against an opponent who not only had weight and strength in his favor, but also ten years in youth.

NEITHER Sharkey nor McTigue enjoyed the tremendous personal popularity of Maloney and Delaney, and the figures for attendance and receipts for their meeting fell considerably short of those recorded by Jim and Jack two weeks previously. The crowd was announced as 14,181 and the gate as $132,147.

As was customary at Garden shows in those days, the main event was supported by a strong undercard. In the opening preliminary four, Pierre de Caluwe, Belgian featherweight, whipped Speedy Dean of Chicago. In the second four, a young light-heavyweight of whom much was to be heard a few years later, Jim Braddock of North Bergen, N. J., outpointed Lou Barba of Greenwich Village.

The first of two ten-rounders pitted that rugged Bridgeport veteran, Lou Bogash, against Billy Vidabeck, Bayonne light-heavyweight. Bogash won.

In the semi-final, ponderous Pat Lester, 238-pound Californian, making his New York debut, ran into misfortune when a damaged left eye prompted Referee Jim Crowley to call a halt midway through the second round of an exciting slugfest with Arthur DeKuh, 209½-pound Italian. Lester dropped DeKuh in the first and again in the second before the Italian nailed him with a right that closed his eye and ripped a nasty gash under it.

For the main event, Sharkey's weight was announced as 190 and McTigue's as 170½. Jack also was some four inches taller than the venerable Irishman.

Bill (Kid) McPartland was the referee, with George Kelly and Charley Mathison as judges.

HAD the scrap been over ten rounds, the route travelled by Maloney and Delaney, McTigue probably would have been declared the winner. But the longer distance, as Johnny Buckley, Sharkey's manager, had foreseen, proved too much for the old boy. McTigue was well ahead in points at the end of the eighth, but Sharkey's weight, strength and youth were telling, and 34-year-old Mike faded rapidly from then on.

Outscored by Sharkey in the first two rounds, McTigue uncovered a dazzling exhibition of defensive boxing and counter-punching to take the next six rounds in succession.

Defensively, Mike's clever weaving and rolling with punches had Sharkey missing wildly, and the veteran's favorite counter, a short inside right, kept the big fellow's head bobbing like an apple in a Hallowe'en tub.

Both rivals were displaying ample evidence of the rugged going as the ninth round started. McTigue was bleeding from a cut inside his mouth and his left eye was closing, while Sharkey's lips were ripped, his nose was dripping a thin trickle of crimson, and the immediate vicinity of his left eye was beginning to puff.

But the younger, stronger ex-sailor had much more in reserve than McTigue. The pace was telling on Mike, and he was a weary old man as he came out for the ninth.

But, while the flesh may have been weak, the spirit was still willing. Carefully nursing his fast-waning resources, McTigue boxed cagily on the defensive, retreating before the advancing Sharkey, tying Jack up in the clinches when he could, and lashing out with desperate lefts and rights when openings appeared.

Sharkey, however, was using his weight and strength in the clinches to tire the veteran further by leaning on him, dragging down on his arms, and mauling him around.

At the end of the tenth, McTigue was so near exhaustion that the only question remaining to be answered was whether or not the old man would be able to last out the full distance.

Sensing certain victory, Sharkey swarmed all over McTigue in the eleventh. Mike fought back as best he could, but he had nothing left with which to hold off the determined ex-sailor. Sharkey's jabs were reaching McTigue's face almost at will, and twice during the round, first from a looping right, then from a left hook, Mike's knees buckled under him and he nearly collapsed.

Sharkey continued his assault in the twelfth. He peppered McTigue's face with jabs, then jolted him with a hook. McTigue was reeling wearily around the ring, hardly able to raise his arms. Sharkey drove him into the ropes, and ripped across a hook which split Mike's lower lip. The claret started to gush, and Referee McPartland stepped in and humanely called a halt. The round had gone 1:29.

It was an important victory for Sharkey—but the plaudits of the crowd were for the loser, Old Man McTigue, beaten but far from disgraced in a gallant fight against tremendous odds.

(The next chapter in this series of famous fights staged in The House That Tex Built will cover the Tom Heeney-Jim Maloney bout on Sept. 30, 1927—the match that established the "Hard Rock from Down Under" as a strong contender for the heavyweight title.)

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Record Book Correction

In the 1950 record of Jesse Turner, Jan. 16, in bout with Andy Anderson, make the loss a win for Turner (Page 599).

And in record of Andy Anderson, Page 148, change his win with Turner to a loss for January 16, 1950, fight.

TIMELY CHATTER in GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

BRITAIN lost one of its four European championships when welterweight Eddie Thomas was decisively beaten by the 24-year-old Frenchman, Charley Humez, in fifteen rounds in Porthcawl, Wales. Held in the outdoor stadium, the bout was fought in drizzling rain, and only 8,000 of Thomas' loyal Welsh followers braved the miserable weather to see their idol absorb a thorough lacing from the rugged, aggressive, two-fisted challenger. Reports that the growing Humez would have difficulty making the class limit without weakening himself were dispelled when he came in at 146¼, and travelled the entire route without showing any signs of slowing down. Thomas scaled 145½.

Humez set a blistering pace from the start. By the fourth round he had Thomas bleeding from cuts above both eyes. Though he repeatedly jolted the Welshman, however, he was unable to score a knockdown, but Thomas was a badly beaten ex-champion at the finish.

By his victory, Humez replaced Thomas as the European entry in the tournament to determine Ray Robinson's success as world welterweight champion. The American eliminations so far have resulted in Kid Gavilan of Cuba receiving official recognition from New York and the National Boxing Association. Gavilan is scheduled to defend his laurels shortly against Billy Graham in New York, and the winner of that match will probably clash with Humez in the grand finale.

With three victories in the four star bouts, Britain did well for itself in an international tourney staged by Jack Solomons in White City Stadium. The one loser was heavyweight Jack Gardner, beaten by Cesar Brion of the Argentine in a gruelling ten-rounder. It was a hard-fought battle all the way, with both boys suffering heavy punishment, but Brion's last-round rally decided the issue. Light-heavyweight Don Cockell and middleweight Randolph Turpin scored knockouts over American opponents, Cockell flattening Nick Barone of Syracuse, N. Y., in the sixth round, and Turpin stowing away Jackie Keough of Cleveland, Ohio, in the seventh. In the fourth ten-rounder, Johnny Williams, Britain's No. 2 heavyweight, continued his impressive comeback campaign by knocking out Jo Weidin of Austria in the sixth. Two sensational upsets were registered in the preliminaries, when unbeaten Terry Ratcliffe, Bristol welterweight, and Algar Smith, London welterweight, suffered their first setbacks as professionals. Ratcliffe, after 17 straight wins, was knocked out by Bob Frost of London in the fourth, and Algar, with 14 wins in a row, was trounced by Duggie du Preez, the South African, in six.

Continuing his campaign for a return match with Dado Marino for the world flyweight championship, Terry Allen, cagey Islington veteran, retained his British title by outpointing the Scottish challenger, Vic Herman, in fifteen rounds in Leicester. Herman, as usual, was the aggressor, but couldn't match the speed, skill and ringcraft of Allen. Emile Delmine, Belgian welterweight, outpointed Jeff Tite of Spratton in the ten-round semi-final. In eight-round bouts, Baby Day (Les Warren), American middleweight, won from Duggie Miller of South Africa, and Johnny Carrington, southpaw Nottingham lightweight, decisioned Willie Croke of Leamington Spa.

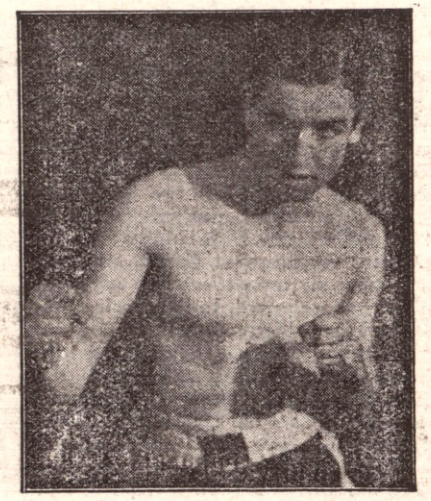
Wally Thom, Birkenhead, retained his unbeaten record when scoring a twelve-round points win over Alf Danahar, Bethnal Green, at the Stadium, Liverpool. The contest was an eliminator for Eddie Thomas' welterweight crown, and Thom now meets the winner of the Cliff Curvis-Billy Rattray contest for the right to challenge Thomas.

Tony Lombard, South Africa, outpointed Bert Jackson, Fleetwood, over eight rounds. Owen Trainor, Manchester, stopped Ron Greb, Liverpool, in six rounds. Billy Ellaway, Liverpool, knocked out Ken Richardson, Retford, in the third.

Vic Herman, Glasgow, who shortly meets Terry Allen, Islington, for the British flyweight crown, didn't have things entirely his own way with France's Dante Bini, at Belle Vue, Manchester, but notched enough points over ten rounds to be a clear winner.

Robert Eugene, Belgium, outpointed schoolteacher Frank Ball, Barnoldswick, over ten rounds. George Dilkes, South Elmshall, knocked out Freddy Webb, Belfast, in the eighth. Len Brown, Harrow, outpointed Alex Roman, Salford, over six rounds. Dick Ashcroft, Manchester, outpointed Ken Maynard, Stalybridge, over six.

Willie Myles, Dundee, scored a ten-round points win over Mannie "Kid" Francis, Gold Coast, at Carlisle. Gordon Riding, Lancaster, outpointed Harry Lewis, Bradford, over six rounds. Ken Gordon, Sowerbridge, won from Laurie Davies, Nigeria, who was disqualified in the second of a six-rounder. Tommy O'Niell, Manchester, stopped George Dailly, Dundee, in the fourth.



Terry Allen continued his campaign for a return match with Dado Marino for the world flyweight title by defending his British laurels against Vic Herman.

Making a rare appearance these days, ex-flyweight champion of the world, Pete Kane, Golbourne, took very little time to dispose of Johnny Conn, Ulverstone, at Barrow, knocking the latter out in the third of a ten round affair.

Tommy McGovern, Bermondsey, stopped Maurice Mancini, Leamington, in the eighth of a ten-rounder at Wimbledon.

Freddie Bird, Bow, stopped Tommy Willoughby, Mitcham, in the third. Bos Murphy, New Zealand, outpointed Ron Pudney, Croydon, over the eight-round course. Steve Brimah, West Africa, stopped Johnny Godfrey, Walworth, in the sixth. Jimmy Brewer, Lincoln, scored over Les Daw, Dagenham, over six rounds. Jackie Williams, East Ham, knocked out Jack Barker, Fulham, in the second.

British and European Light-heavyweight Champion Don Cockell, Battersea, scored an impressive ten rounds win over Freddie Beshore, U. S. A., at Harringay Arena. Cockell, looking every inch a champion, punched Beshore around at will and never for a moment looked anything but a clear cut winner. All credit is due to the young Englishman, who at 23, has overcome a recent severe illness, to stand as Europe's supreme light-heavyweight, a deserving challenger for the Worlds' Crown held by Joey Maxim.

Beshore, a human punching bag in this fight if ever there was one, kept coming forward and took all that Cockell could hand out, and it is to his supreme gameness that he was never once put off his feet, although he took all kinds of punishment from the fists of the Battersea Basher who didn't let up at all, and won by the proverbial "Mile."

Eddie Thomas, British Empire and European Welterweight King, scored an uninspiring ten rounds win over Antonio Monzon, Spain, over ten rounds. Monzon fought back hard, but Thomas was able to notch a clear, if colorless victory. Tommy Farr, ex-British heavyweight champion, gave a ten-round boxing lesson to Gerry McDermott, Ireland, and was an easy winner at the end. Gerald Dreyer, South Africa, was too good for Peter Fallon, Birkenhead, and ran out a points winner over eight rounds. Terry Ratcliffe, Bristol, won another good bout when he stopped Piet Van Staden, South Africa, in the third. Ken Lawrence, Southampton, outpointed Tommy Higgins, Hanley, over six rounds. Tony Lord, Liverpool, outpointed Ron Crookes, Sheffield, over six rounds.

Tony Llanelly, Doncaster, outpointed Bobby Dodoo, Gold Coast, over eight rounds at Spalding. Johnny Heyward, Nottingham, outpointed Con Bailey, York, over eight rounds. Billy Mabon, Nottingham, knocked out Amos Taylor, Doncaster, in the third. Archie Dale, York, kayoed Johnny Walsh, Ireland, in the first. Jackie Raines, York, outpointed Jock McCready, Doncaster, over six rounds.

Reg Spring, Southall, outpointed Gene Fowler, Canada, over eight rounds at Bournemouth. Peter Fay, Bournemouth, outpointed Ken Diston, Hendon, after eight sparkling rounds. Mike Hughes, Netheravon, outscored Al Gunnings, Trinidad, over six. Johnny Syriad, Morden, won from Frank Bassenger, Poole, after six rounds. Johnny Cheatle, Portsmouth, stopped Bruce McAlpine, Southampton, in the fourth.

Ron Cooper, Pyle, and Jim Allsopp, Birkenhead, drew over ten rounds at the Stadium, Liverpool. Eric Marsden, St. Helens, won over Glyn David, Caerau, when the latter was disqualified in the first of an eight rounder. Bobby Mason, Liverpool, outpointed Len Shaw, Sheffield, over eight rounds. Emrys Jones, Four Crosses, knocked out Peter Cardiff, Horwich, in the third.

Roy Ankarah, 124¼, Gold Coast, who is rightly named "The Black Flash", proved that he is the best featherweight in the British Empire when he annexed the Empire title by conquering its holder, Ronnie Clayton, 125½, Blackpool, over fifteen rounds at the Empress Hall, Earls Court.

Ankarah, who must be likened to Harry Greb and Henry Armstrong in his all action nonstop style of fighting, didn't ease up at any time during the fifteen rounds and he kept up his fantastic speed to emerge the winner by the proverbial mile.

Clayton just didn't seem to know how to cope with the Negroe's untiring attacks, and Ankarah gave him no chance to settle down to his susual style of clever boxing. Clayton tried hard, even adopting Ankarah's whirlwind tactics himself, and these two gladiators stood toe-to-toe and slugged it out, but it was Clayton who tired first, while Ankarah, never letting up, punished the Englishman, not with science or clever boxing, but just with the accumulation of his punches.

On his showing Ankarah must be considered a worthy contender for Sandy Saddler's world featherweight title.

Ex-world's flyweight champion, Terry Allen, Islington, who is still anxiously awaiting his return contest with Honolulu's Dado Marino, gave a ten-round boxing lesson to Henry Carpenter, Peckham, in the main supporting bout.

Allen literally toyed with Carpenter throughout, and was never forced to extend himself to tot up enough points to be a clear winner.

Albert Finch, 175¾, Croydon, won over Paddy Slavin, 181¼, Ireland, in a ten-round affair. Gwyn Williams, 143¼, Wales, and Jeff Tite, 147, Spratton, fought eight fierce rounds with Tite emerging a narrow points winner. Sammy McCarthy, 127, Stepney, made a promising professional debut by knocking out Hector McCrow, 126¾, Norwich, in the first. Ken Whitty, 161, Brighton, outpointed Jen Richardson, 162, Retford, over six rounds.

Cliff Curvis, 144¼, Swansea, knocked out Billy Rattray, 145½, Dundee, in the second of a scheduled twelve-rounder at the Ayr Ice Rink.

Curvis now meets Wally Thom, Birkenhead, for the right to meet Eddie Thomas, Wales, for the latter's British welterweight crown.

Peter Fallon, 144¾, Birkenhead, outpointed Jackie Marshall, Glasgow, over eight rounds at Newcastle. Bruce Crawford, 161, Middlesborough, stopped Bob Cleaver, 145¼, Borough, in the sixth of an eight-rounder. Roy Johnson, 149¼, Liverpool, knocked out George Frost, 145½, Mexborough, in the third of an eight-round contest. Jimmy Muirhead, 146½, Choppington, outpointed Jack Thomas, 151, Liverpool, over six. Steve Slater, 152½, Chopwell, outpointed Bob Conway, 153¾, Stockton, over six rounds.

Eddie Carson, 118, Edinburgh, and Jackie Fairclough, 117¾, Preston, drew over eight rounds at Preston. Mickey Roach, 113½, Dublin, outpointed Dennis Sale, 114, Northwich, over eight. Glynn Evans, 120¾, Doncaster, won from Ron Perry, 121¼, Stalybridge, over eight. Roy Evans, Lancaster, outscored Stan Mac, Preston, over four rounds. Peter Smith, Huddersfield, and Jimmy Gregory, Golbourne, drew over four.

Dick Langley, 162½, Peckham, stopped Michael Stack, 160¼, Leamington, in the first of a scheduled ten-rounder at Wimbledon, when Stack retired with a badly cut eyebrow. Roy Paine, 134, Notting Hill, outpointed Danny Hurley, 132½, Morden, over six rounds. Johnny Jackson, Mitcham, stopped Tommy Willerby, Mitcham, in the second. Peter Mahoney, Doonham, and Bobby Brunton, Streatham, drew over six rounds.

Allen Tanner, 136, British Guiana, won an eight-round points decision from Tony Lombard, 133½, South Africa, at Mile End Arena. George Happe, 147, Bethnal Green, stopped Al Jones, 145, Battersea, in the third. Steve Brimah, 153, West Africa, knocked out Pat Rooney, 147, Ireland, in the fifth. George Parmenter, 134¼, Battersea, outpointed Terry Bullivant, 132, Covent Garden, over six rounds. Billy Ambrose, 151¼, Stepney, outpointed Bob Burniston, 152¼, Wales, over eight rounds.

Tommy Bailey, 127½, Liverpool, outscored Johnny Molloy, 127½, St. Helens, after ten interesting rounds at the Liverpool Stadium. Johnny Hazel, 138, Jamaica, won from Tony McTigue, 138, Wigan, over eight. Billy Connolly, 130, Liverpool, scored a first-round kayo win over Jack Walton, 128, Leeds, in the first. Billy Ellaway, 160, Liverpool, took two rounds to dispose of Gordon Nicholl, 165, Batley.

Rocco Long, 145½, Gold Coast, knocked out Bert Middleton, 146½, Kettering, in the fifth at Wembley Town Hall. Bobby Fish, 164, Harlow, got the nod over Jack Allen, 159½, Whitstable, over six rounds. Jimmy Brewer, 119, Kings Cross, stopped Billy Litwin, 121, Stepney, in the second. Ken Diston, 120½, Hendon, outpointed Mickey O'Sullivan, 120½, Finsbury Park, over eight. Jimmy McLachlan, 138¾, Hackney, outpointed Al Gunning, 138, Jamaica, over six rounds.

Dennis Powell, 174¼, Four Crosses, had to fight hard to notch a narrow points win over Jackie "Kid" Harris, 174, U.S.A., over ten rounds at Newtown. Brian McTigue, 164¼, Ireland, stopped Billy Couloulias, 161, New Zealand, in the fifth. George Roe, 161, Wolverhampton, knocked out Joe Baillie, 161, Glasgow, in the sixth. Dick Grindley, 135, Oswestry, outpointed Jack Lewis, 138, Manchester, over six. Emrys Jones, Four Crosses, stopped Roy Long, Manchester, in the fourth. Terry Evans, 156½, Four Crosses, stopped Wilf Mayo, 154½, Tipton, in the third round.

Glyn Evans, 126, Askern, outpointed Alf Clarke, 126½, Bow, over eight rounds at Bath. Ken Milsom, 164, Doncaster, stopped Charlie Howe, 160, London, in the seventh. Ralph Moss, 144½, London, won from Johnny Fitzpatrick, 143, Doncaster, over eight rounds. Gordon Hazell, 161, Bristol, won on points over Ron Crogan, 162, Paddington, over eight rounds.

Teddy Peckham, 126¼, Bournemouth, stopped Bernard Pugh, 128¼, Liverpool, in the fifth of an eight-rounder at the Mile End Arena. Billy Dixon, 138¾, West Ham, outscored Johnny Carrington, 137½, Nottingham, over eight. Jackie Chappell, 126, Bethnal Green, and Jack Leonard, 130, Islington, fought six rounds to a draw. Jackie Williams, 136½, West Ham, stopped Charlie Lyons, 136, Kings Cross, in the fourth. Ernie Fossey, 138¾, Islington, stopped Jack Gyatt, 142¼, Nottingham, in the fifth.

Johnny Barton, 175¼, Lancaster, knocked out Tony Lord, 168, Liverpool, in the seventh of an eight-rounder at Preston. Ronnie Greb, 134¾, Liverpool, stopped Teddy Lewis, 135¾, Dagenham, in the third. Les Basham, 129½, Wrexham, outpointed Billy Richardson, 128¼, Bolton, over six rounds. Len Ashworth, 144¼, Burnley, stopped Billy Devonport, 140, Bolton, in the third. Benny Peters, 127¾, Preston, stopped Billy Ascroft, 125½, Wigan, in the second.

Randolph Turpin, British and European Middleweight Champion, 159¾, scored a kayo win over Jan de Bruin, 159½, Holland, in the sixth of a scheduled ten-rounder at Coventry, but not before de Bruin scored a big surprise by flooring the Britisher in the second round, and had notched the third round by a wide margin. Turpin began to force the fight after the fourth and from then on punished the Hollander unmercifully until applying the coup-de-grace in the sixth, but he also revealed that he can be hit. Turpin will have to tighten up his defense considerably before he contemplates stepping into the ring with "Sugar Ray."

Jean Stock, 161, France, stopped Les Allen, 155¼, Bedworth, in the tenth and last session. Frank Parkes, Nottingham, outpointed his name-sake Stan Parks, Birmingham, over eight rounds. Roy Baird, 146, Birmingham, stopped Eric Davies, 146, Stourbridge, in the seventh. George Stern, 200½, Manchester, won on points from George Nuttall, 203¼, Stockport, over six rounds.

Reg Spring, 177¾, Southall, stopped Pat Stribling, 181¾, Croydon, in the seventh of an eight-rounder at Wimbledon. Tommy Caswell, 174¼, Mitcham, outpointed Jock Taylor, 178, Sidcup, over eight rounds. George Scriven, 198, Downham, and Jack Longford, 189, Croydon, drew over six rounds. Johnny Jones, 177, Croydon, stopped Wally Curtis, 177¾, Islington, in the second. Johnny Hale, 125, Battersea, knocked out Ivor Ross, 131, Eltham, in the fourth. Bobby Callahan, 139½, Borough, stopped Bobby Manito, 139, Clapham, in the second.

Teddy Gardner, 112¼, West Hartlepool, stopped Charles Bohbot, 112¼, Morocco, in the eighth of a ten-rounder at West Hartlepool. Jackie Horseman, 112½, West Hartlepool, outpointed Don Scott, 123¾, Carlisle, over twelve rounds.

George Angelo, 156¾, South Africa, stopped Eric McQuade, 157, Downham, in the ninth of a ten-rounder at the Royal Albert Hall. Duggie Miller, 161¾, South Africa, outpointed Michel Lapourielle 161¾, France, over ten rounds. Kalla Persson, 114, South Africa, stopped Glyn David, 115, Wales, in the first of an eight-rounder. Billy Ambrose, 149¾, Stepney, outpointed Piet Van Staden, 147½, South Africa, over eight rounds. Willie Schagen, 169¾, Holland, stopped Bill Woods, 173¾, South Africa, in the fourth. Jimmy James, 164, Jamaica, outpointed Gene Szczap, 158¾, Brighton, over eight rounds.

Dave Williams, Barry, knocked out Bill Lawley, West Bromwich, in the third of a ten-rounder at Walsall. Billy Conn, Birmingham, knocked out Derek Watson, Nottingham, in the third. Ray Corbett, Birmingham, outpointed Frankie Guest, Blackheath, over six rounds. Jimmy Edwards, Wolverhampton, outpointed Terry Evans, Four Crosses, over four rounds. Billy Chater, Tipton, stopped Will Griffiths, West Bromwich, in the second.

Peter Keenan, 117¼, Glasgow, won the British bantamweight championship when he knocked out the holder, Danny O'Sullivan, 117½, Finsbury Park, in the sixth of a scheduled fifteen-rounder at Glasgow. Keenan floored O'Sullivan eight times during the bout and won with ease. Bobby Boland, 119¼, Dundee, reversed a previous decision when he outpointed Gaetan Annalora, 115½, Tunisia, over ten rounds. Joe Cairney, 111, Belfast, stopped Bill Barnes, 112½, Belfast, in the fifth. Eddie Carson, 118½, Glasgow, outpointed Amleto Falcinelli, 119¼, Italy, over ten rounds. George Stewart, 128, Hamilton, drew with Denny Dawson, 127½, Doncaster, over eight rounds.

Ivor Germain, Barbadoes, contender for the British Empire lightweight championship, outpointed Luigi Coluzzi, Italy, over ten rounds at the Stadium, Liverpool.

Stan Skinkiss, Manchester, won from Jimmy Ford, Newcastle, over eight rounds. Roy Johnson, Liverpool, stopped Tom McLeary, Wrexham, in the third.

Brian McTigue, Wigan, won on points over Dave Davis, Darlington, over six rounds at Ryhope Arena, Ryhope. Jimmy Story, Darlington, outpointed Alf O'Niell, Chopwell, over six rounds. Bob Hodgson, Seaham, outpointed Charlie Simpkins, Leeds, over four rounds. Roy Bluett, Darlington, knocked out George O'Niell, Gateshead, in the first. Jock McCanley, Gateshead, knocked out Bob Williams, Darlington, in the first.

Johnny Cross, Bolton, outpointed Eddie Phillips, Warwick, over eight rounds at Carlisle. Ron Price, Grantham, stopped Harry Warner, Ashton under Lyne, in the sixth. Jimmy Brogden, Manchester, knocked out Johnny Fitzpatrick, Doncaster, in the fourth. Bob Rhodes, Preston, outscored Rees Moore, Luton, over six rounds. Vince Flynn, Leeds, outpointed Donald Scott, Carlisle, over six rounds.

George Angelo, South Africa, won a narrow points decision over Baby Day, U.S.A., after ten fierce rounds at Empress Hall. The final show of the season was witnessed by only a half full arena.

Sammy McCarthy, Stepney, knocked out Roy Groome, Clapham, in the third. Dennis Hallett, Islington, outpointed Peter Mahoney, Dowham, over six rounds. Tommy Barnham, Fulham, won an eight-round points decision over Vince Marshall, Manchester, Jeff Tite, Spratton, received a disputed points win over Rafael da Sylva, Portugal, over ten rounds. Joe Plant, Hackney, stopped Pat Stribling, Croydon, in the third. Ogli Tettey, Gold Coast, outpointed Norman Watts, Kennington, over six rounds.

Tommy Hinson, Dagenham, outpointed Dave Ward, Merthyr, over eight rounds at the Town Hall, Watford. Simon Templar, Burton-on-Trent, outpointed Noel Reid, Cricklewood, over eight rounds. Ken Hogarth, Luton, outpointed Pat Thain, Canvey, over six rounds. Johnny Donn, West Ham, stopped Denny Laylor, High Wycombe, in the third.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS

By Billy Shaw

KNOCKED out by Don Cockell, British and European light-heavyweight champion, in the sixth round in London, England, Nick Barone, Syracuse's one-time title contender, is definitely at the end of the pugilistic road. Prior to being stopped by the English fighter, Barone was ha'ted by Danny Nardico in Miami and Wesley Bascom in St. Louis. Most of the boys in the fistic game believe Nick was hurt in his bout with Ezzard Charles who halted him in 11 rounds.

When he was hated high among the Nation's 175 pounders, only a few months back, Barone was a formidable fighting machine. Whatever has happened to cause Barone to slip since the Charles defeat, his legion of friends here want him to retire now. They still remember Nick at his best. We hope Nick takes the advice of his well-wishers now.

Carmen Basilio, Syracuse's star welterweight, won a ten-round decision over Eddie Giosa of Philadelphia at the Coliseum. The win revenged a loss for Carmen to Giosa in New Orelans last year. Basilio looked like a million dollars in this fight. The cagey Quaker City veteran had to bring all of his science into play to hold off the eager, hard-hitting Basilio.

Unloading a dynamic, two-fisted attack packed with power, Joey DeJohn, Syracuse's Golden Boy, knocked out Vinnie Cidone of Brooklyn, in the second round at the Coliseum. DeJohn walked right into Cidone, a tough, competent fellow, in the first heat and started bombing. Vinnie caught hard left jabs and hooks so fast he nearly came a cropper in the initial stanza. In the second DeJohn went all out for a kayo. Joey's terrific blows floored Cidone three times before Referee Eddie Risko stopped the slaughter. A crowd of 4,417 paid $8,913.75 to watch DeJohn provide his famous punching thrills. Both scaled 162 pounds.

In his first start as a professional, Mike DeJohn, heavyweight brother of Joey, knocked out Mike Barron of Binghamton, 15 seconds after they toed-the-scratch. Mike is definitely a comer. He is cool, dangerous, and a master showman. If this kid takes care of himself he will make the big time. He has oodles of color and best of all he can knock 'em dead with either hand.

IOWA, SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS

By Bill Hawkins

THE long winning streaks of the fighting Outhouse twins, of South Sioux City, Nebr., has ended. Nelson Levering, Macy, Nebr., welterweight added the twin brother Gayus to his record when he won an eight-round decision at the Sioux City auditorium before about 1800 fans. It was a slashing fight all the way with the clever Gayus using a superior reach and a straight right hand to score his points.

Levering scored with hooks and blasted away with vicious uppercuts. With the starting of the eighth round the score sheet added up three rounds each and one round a draw.

In the final heat, Levering uncorked his lethal right hand and he had Outhouse in a dazed, and wobbly condition as the bell ended the bout. Referee Bob Morley did not hesitate to raise Levering's hand in token of victory.

In the semiwindup, Joe Reyes, 156, of Ottumwa, Iowa, was on the short end of a six-round decision with Bob Outten, 157, of Chicago. Reyes was staggered several times by the hard punching Chicago battler. Danny Robinson, 142, Chicago, won an easy six-rounder over Charley Foster, 140, of Omaha; Billy Bryson of Omaha made a punching bag out of Ed Green, South Sioux City lightweight, and won in four rounds. Ronnie Spain, 135, of Omaha, walked off with a decision over Kid Engle, 137, of South Sioux City in another four-rounder. The card was promoted by Leo Mahon and Don Emmick.

Last Minute Sparks—Ed ("Strangler") Lewis, former heavyweight wrestling champion and manager of Lou Thesz was in Sioux City. . . . Lewis was presented with a gold badge by the Sioux City police department, which made him an honorary member of the department. . . . The presentation was made to Lewis by Jack Rispalje, of the Sioux City Policemen's Burial association, in appreciation of his work in connection with crime prevention. . . . Russ Tague, 21-year-old farm youth from Eldridge, Ia., is hanging onto his undefeated record. . . . At this writing it is 29 wins and 23 knockouts. . . . The Iowa comer is fighting as a featherweight. . . . Mail for this department will reach the writer at 2206 N. Lafayette St., Sioux City, Iowa. . . . Our phone number is 8-6849.

ANOTHER FOR THE BOOK

(Continued from page 31)

"Why not have a decision ref? I'll run brother Bell a seventy-five yard foot race and the winner gets the nod."

Now Bell had built up a reputation for himself as a runner as well as an outstanding sportsman and he accepted the challenge. At the word "Go" both took off like rabbits with their tail feathers singed. Langford took the lead and as they approached the end of the course Bell moved up on his rival.

A yard from the end of the race Colin made a mighty jump and they went over the finish line in a cloud of dust. The winner? The match was declared a dead heat. The fight was a draw.

Which only goes to show that when fate steps in to trade with a fighter, there is nothing much he can do.

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NORTHERN NEW ENGLAND NEWS
By Dan "Doc" Avery

AUGUSTA, ME.—The Maine State Boxing Commission on April 27th installed a law stating that no one will be permitted to box in the state upon reaching his 35th birthday.

Sanford, Me.—The writer has completed all arrangements with President Ralph Lovell, Vice-President; Thomas Guillemette, Secretary-Treasurer, Raoul Juneau of the Sanford Speedway, Inc., to handle the promotions and matchmaking of boxing and wrestling shows which will run weekly during the summer season. Plans are in the making to run boxing shows on Monday night, and wrestling on Saturday night. During the season of operations one outstanding boxing show and a championship wrestling show will be held. The Speedway has a seating capacity of 45,000. The first show will open up the season the first week in June. Managers, boxers and wrestlers: contact the writer at Millis, Massachusetts. Tel. Millis 170, if you wish work for the summer.

Augusta, Me.—The Maine state operates with three judges in each boxing contest, who give the decision. The referee does not give any decision, he has nothing to do in this department. His work is in the ring to see that the fighters do the right thing.

Augusta: The Maine State Boxing Commission has released its ratings for 1951. Heavyweights, none; light-heavyweights, none; middleweight, Al Couture, champion; leading contender, Bob Stecher; welterweight, Hermie Freeman, champion; leading contenders, Ken Murray, Evan Roy; lightweight, Larry Griffin, leading contenders, Dick Lundy, Paul Martin; featherweight, Bernie Murray, no contenders; bantamweight, none; flyweight, none active.

The Maine State Boxing Commissioners are Duncan MacDonald, chairman from Bangor, John J. Magee, from Brunswick, and Julius Greenstein from Portland. Carl L. Treworgy, clerk. The Commission is affiliated with the National Boxing Association.

Biddeford, Me.—Paul Junior, former New England lightweight champion, a good one in his day, handles the Maine middleweight champion Al Couture. Paul Martin, one of the leading lightweights in the state of Maine. Donald Simpson manages Bernie Murray, the state featherweight champ, also Ralph Murray, a good 122-pounder. Chick Hayes is interested in Bob Stecher, Smithy Hicks, both middleweights, and Dick Lundy, a very good lightweight.

RING HIGHLIGHTS FROM TORONTO
By Bill Keele

LI'L ARTHUR KING returned to his home town to avenge the defeats of his fellow Torontonians Alan McFater and Solly Cantor at the hands of Montreal's Armand Savoie. He trounced the flashy French-Canadian lightweight in ten rounds at Maple Leaf Gardens before 9,000 fans who turned in a record $24,268 for the privilege.

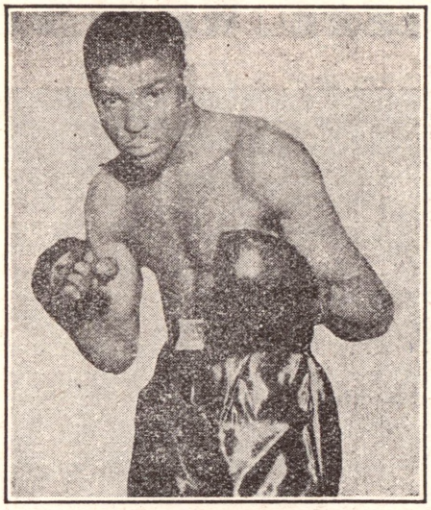
Without extending himself in the slightest, King used his superior boxing skill to jab, hook and right-cross his opponent to pile up a good point margin. Although always dangerous due to the dynamite he carries in both fists, Savoie was unable to score with his heavy artillery, and except for a flurry of heavy punching in the ninth round, when King was hurt on one occasion, the Montrealer showed very little of his former dashing style.

Promoter Frank Tunney of the Gardens is angling for a Jimmy Carter-Arthur King title bout in Toronto.

The semi-final stole the show when Tommy Corrick and Maxie Males, Toronto featherweights, slugged it out toe-to-toe for almost all of the six rounds. Corrick got the decision and it was a tough one for Maxie to lose as a marked improvement in his ability has been noted of late by many of the fans who complimented trainer Joey Ragnato for the very good work in bringing Maxie along.

Davey Mitchell of Toronto lost to Gerry Lalibertie of Montreal in a featherweight six-rounder, while Gordon Wallace of Brantford, Ontario, former Canadian Amateur Middleweight champion, T.K.O.'ed Marc Begin of Montreal when Referee Jackie Silvers stopped it in the fourth as Begin, who was unable to cope with Wallace's heavy punching, was absorbing too much punishment and was in danger of being seriously injured.

Chuck Murphy, local referee and former bantamweight star, is doing a very good job as commentator between rounds over radio station CKFH, during the broadcast of the fights which is regularly handled by the steadily improving Bill Hewitt, son of the well-known Foster of hockey broadcasting fame.



GEORGE SHERMAN

George Sherman, Chicago welterweight, has been fighting professionally since 1947. He scored 32 wins in 38 bouts and has not lost a fight since 1949. The 24-year-old Chicagoan has won his last 11 fights as a result of his fast punching. He throws them from any angle and his managers, Romie Nappi and Lenny Myers, believe Sherman is ready to move in with top competition.

Amateur boxing will be in full swing by the time this article reaches print, under the auspices of the popular Bagnato Brothers at Oakwood Stadium, and by the time the summer season is over, it is expected that a few more amateur stars will be ready for the switch to the professional ring.

COVERING NEW ENGLAND
By Charlie Longo

DYNAMITE JOE RINDONE, Roxbury middleweight contender, fought a sensational draw with Eugene Hairston, New York conqueror of Kid Gavilan and many more, in Boston. Rindone, who made a sensational comeback in the last five rounds, really deserved the fight. Many of the fans thought the same way.

Another good looking prospect and a stable mate of Rindone is Sonny Colon of Roxbury. Colon stopped Willie Woods, a good little fighter, in the first round of a six-round fight. Colon who comes from a fighting family is one of the best punchers around New England in the lightweight class, and is going places.

George Araujo, New England featherweight and lightweight champion, knocked out Richard Crump of San Juan, P.R., in the fourth round of a ten-round bout. Clinton Murphy, 180, Paterson, N. J., was kayoed in the second round of a sixer with Willie James, of Boston, a very good looking prospect. Cliff Hutchinson, 133, Somerville, and Billy Hunter, 136, Boston, went a rough four-round fight with Hutchinson the winner.

Dino Agostino, 153, N. Y., was stopped in the first round by Wilfred Picot, of Dorchester.

Portland, Me.—George Araujo, 135, Providence, Rhode Island, K.O.'ed Hermie Freeman, 135½, Bangor, six.

Providence, Rhode Island—Jackie Lovatt, 153½, Providence, R. I., outpointed Ralph Zanelli, 155½, Providence, 12. Lovatt won the New England middleweight title.

New Bedford, Mass.—Charlie Machine Gun Thompson, 144, of Boston, stopped Billy Andy in the sixth round of a ten-round main bout at the New Page Arena. Eddie Oliver, 142, Windsor Locks, Conn., knocked out Walter Gomes, 142, N.B., 4. Wilfred Picot, 149, Boston, T.K.O.'ed Fred Merola, 152, Boston, 4. Cliff Hutchinson, 133, Somerville, stopped Billy Jarett, 135, Providence, 2. Norman Shaw, 129, Fall River, outpointed Al Duarte, of Bedford, in four.

Providence, R. I.—Norman Hayes, 156, Boston, outpointed Gus Rubicini, Paterson, N. J., 10.

Bangor, Me.—Hermie Freeman, 134, Bangor, kayoed Jack Nicholson, 137, Garfield, N. J., 2.

Bangor, Me.—Billy Paul, 151, Holyoke, outpointed Roger Guerette, 151, Bangor, Me., 8. Bernie Murray, 128, Oakland, Me., outpointed Dick Lundy, 132, Portland, 8.

Al Clemente and Seventy Powers, new owners of the New Garden Gym, which is located at 249 Friend Street in Boston, are doing a wonderful job with all comers at their quarters. It is the only gym in Boston and today it is one of the best around. Many of the boys train there as they are equipped with everything.

Attention Fighters and Managers wishing work in the New England States, contact the writer early in September. Charlie Longo, 249 Friend St., Boston.

FLASHES IN FISTIANA FROM WESTERN CANADA
By Walt Marlow

IN two of the finest matches ever witnessed in Western Canada, Edmonton's Georgie Dunn and Seattle's Joey Velez split two decision verdicts in Calgary and Edmonton during the month of May. Both fights drew capacity crowds.

Their first outing, in Calgary on May 16, saw Velez send Dunn down to his first Canadian defeat in 11 starts. He hammered Dunn throughout the entire ten rounds, and it was only a miracle that Dunn lasted the route.

Two weeks later, however, it was a different story. The former Hartford, Conn., fighter was at his "boxing best" for the rematch, and registered an easy unanimous decision victory in Edmonton. That fight marked the first time that Velez had ever been beaten in a rematch, and the second time he had been beaten by Dunn.

Almost nine months ago, Dunn scored an unpopular decision over Velez, and it was that questionable result that led to the two grueling rematches.

Following his latest victory over Velez, Dunn reported that he would like to fight Toronto's Lil Arthur King or Armand Savoie for the Canadian lightweight title.

Dunn's next outing, however, will probably be against Calgary's Ernie Kemick, who racked up two sterling knockout triumphs in April over Blackie Vanderveer and George Westfall. Kemick lost a decision to Dunn early in the year—and has been anxious for a rematch with the crafty Negro ever since.

Preliminary results of the Dunn-Velez fight in Edmonton were as follows:

In the semi-windup, Billy Green of Calgary was awarded a split decision over Stan James, Edmonton, in the Western Canada welterweight championship eliminations. It was James' second loss in as many starts.

The other bouts saw welterweight Hal Robbins of Vancouver win a split decision over lightweight Billy Spring of Edmonton, middleweight George Hart of Red Deer gain a split over Gordon Gray of Viking and heavyweight Sonny Mathieson of Edmonton stopped Eugene Ericson of Grande Prairie, Alberta.

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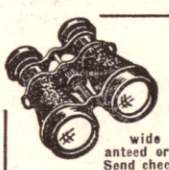

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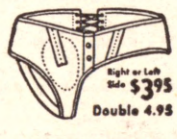

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European Gossip

By CHARLIE PARRISH

THE chief items of interest during the past month were the reappearance of Sugar Ray Robinson on the Continent, the lightning victory of Dauthuille against Bobby Dawson, the European amateur championships at Milan, the debut of British fighters in Germany and the 15-second kayo win registered by Willi Swoboda. Russians did not participate in the Milan championships, thus remain dark horses for next year's Olympics.

Bartolome Martl, the Spanish lightie, won a clear decision over the Hawaiian, Ray Lewis, in ten rounds, at Palma da Mallorca, Spain. Wildcat Amato outpointed Sylvestre Pericas on the same bill, middles. At San Sebastian, however, Amato was obliged to cede the decision to newcomer Ramon Martinez in eight rounds, and at Igualada, Ben Buker suffered a setback at the hands of Humanes Julian in a fast ten, middles. Five days later at the same venue, Buker gained his revenge by winning clearly over Julian.

In Madrid, Spanish fighters cleaned up opposition imported from French Morocco when Augustin Argote flattened Mohamed Halai in two, welters; Eusebio Librero smartly outscored Ahmed Cuchan, bantams; the flyweight, Young Martin, banged out Sidi Ali Ahumar in the first, and finally, Emilio Orozco defeated Kid Azous in an eight-round lightweight affair.

Emilio Marconi halted Savini in the ninth round of their lightweight clash at Piombino, Italy, and Altidoro Polidori won his featherweight bout by outpointing Gallo in eight rounds. At Trieste, the German, Hans Schmitz, was rather fortunate that his opponent, Giovanni Manca, was obliged to retire in the fourth with a cut eyebrow. Manca had had the better of the fight until he was injured. Mario Falescky outscored Gino Rossi in six, middles, and Pravisan halted Ceci in the third, feathers.

Alvaro Cerasani, second only to Ray Famechon among Continental feathers, came through with that kayo once more, this time against Marcel Lesage in Milan. Lesage knocked out the Italian early in 1950. This time Cerasani weathered the early attack and went in with three uppercuts, which stretched the visitor for the full count in 72 seconds of the opening round. Gino Campagna, Italy, and Gaston Chambraud, France, indulged in a violent middles ten, which justly ended in a split verdict, while undefeated Gianni Zuddas appeared rather fortunate to gain the nod over France's Marcel Mathieu in another ten, bantams. Rino Voltolini whipped Giuliano Bianchi, welter.

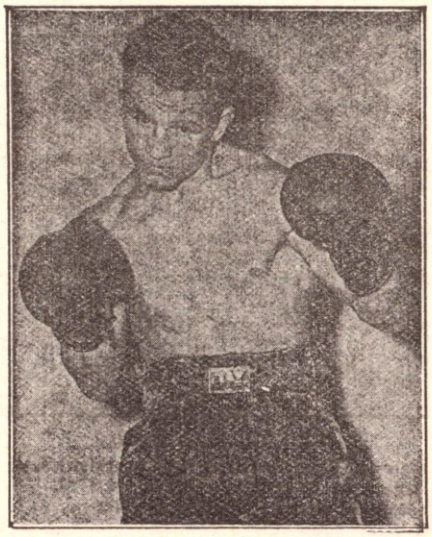
Aaron Wilson, the Negro American heavy, gained his third points victory over Stef Olek of France when the pair clashed in an interesting ten-rounder in Brussels. Kid Dussart won a very close points win over Val Benedetto, the French welter, likewise in ten, and Emile Delmine successfully defended his Belgian welter title against Stan Reypens, whom he defeated in twelve.

At the Salle Wagram, Paris, Gilbert Lavoine won a close verdict at the expense of Roger Baour in a ten-round welter shindig, while in a lightweight scrap, Emile Dicristo won over Kid le Noir without unduly impressing the crowd. Bouadjemi Mokhfi fought a very even match with Roland Guilbert, but the latter was obliged to retire in the tenth round with a cut eyebrow. At Bordeau, Robert Villemain once again made an unsatisfactory showing when he took four rounds to knock out an unknown Spanish middle named Kid Gamero. Leandre Mateos whipped Jullien on points, lightweights. At Suresnes, Tony Say forced Marcel Barbier to retire in the seventh frame of their lightweight rumpus, while at the Paris Stadium, Andre Caucino, the undefeated welter newcomer, trimmed Georges Mellarini in eight.

At Geneva, Switzerland, Francis Bonnardel earned a one-sided victory over the Italian feather, Umberto Molinaro, in ten rounds. The West Indian lightie, Leyton Lewis, suffered another setback at the hands of Alfredo LaGrutta, who obliged him to surrender in the fifth, while the French middle, Roger Lemoine, won clearly over the Swiss, Marcel Schuwey.

The German heavyweight king, Hein Ten Hoff, made a somewhat erratic showing against Gene Jones of the United States at the Berlin Waldbuehne. The lanky German was dropped for nine in the fourth, boxed his way out of trouble and succeeded in keeping Jones at the end of his long left for most of the fight. Ten Hoff gained the decision after ten rounds. Gerhard Hecht came through with a first-class triumph over Albert Yvel, whom he forced to retire in the fourth round of their cruiser clash. Walter Schneider, the welter champ, outpointed Walter Demke, the feathers champ, in eight, and Ken Stribling fought a draw with Herbert Kleinwaechter, cruisers. In the last bout, Werner Wiegand was held to a split decision by Al Hoosman, heavies.

At Barcelona, Diaz Gonzalo and Antonito Ruiz fought a draw and Jose Carmona edged



Laurent Dauthuille, leading French middleweight, added to his partisan popularity by recently stopping American Bobby Dawson in 100 seconds at the Palais des Sports in Paris.

the Frenchman, Roland Mounier, in two lightweight eights. Mariano Diaz had his first outing in twelve months when he handed a beating to another Frenchman, Mastrangelo, who was forced to retire in the seventh after taking several counts, bantams. Yves Calamari, the French cruiser, whipped Juan Torrecillas in eight. In Madrid, Augustin Argote halted Jean Taverne, the French welter, who was making his debut in Spain. Taverne gave up in the final round after taking a bad licking. Young Martin outscored Gonzalez Incera, flyweights, and Pedro Jiminez trimmed Navarro, welters.

Valentino Gianluppi outpointed Angelo Loprieno in a lightweight bout at Cremona, while at Sassari, Sardinia, Gavino Furesi won over Antoni Ladisi, feathers.

At the Palais des Sports in Paris, Laurent Dauthuille set the seal on his popularity by stopping Bobby Dawson in exactly 100 seconds of the first round. Dawson took the play right from the gong, snicking in his long left, and appeared to have the stocky Frenchman at a disadvantage. Dauthuille then moved in with a right, shook Dawson, and followed up with a couple of finishers. Maurice Sandeyron had a very uncomfortable passage against the unruly Al Nuvoloni of Italy, whom he nevertheless defeated in ten, bantams, while Pierre Langlois appeared much too strong for Bruno Marostegan, who was a clear loser after ten rounds. In a lightweight bout, Jacques Prigent drew with Gaston Henriot while Jacques Legendre was whipped by Yves Husson, feathers.

At Amsterdam, Wim Snoek scored a quick win over another Dutch cruiser, the veteran ex-champ, Gerrit Lefebre, who was stopped in the second. Nico Schoenmaker won an eight-round welter affair from Walter Kraus.

At Drancy, France, young Donatien Millet was unable to defeat Fernand Diguer, with whom he drew over ten, flyweights. In a second flyweight scramble, Andre Jasse halted Henri Pageot in the second. At Marseilles, the promising local, Ray Grassi, flattened Pitauld in the first, feathers, while Jean Cuilleries iced Andre Roustan in the seventh, lightweights. At Rueil, near Paris, Vandenmeulenbrouck halted Guilbert in the sixth, middles.

William Poli, the Italian middleweight, returned to action at Bologna, where he came through with a close points victory over Alessandro D'Ottavio, in ten. Ferruccio Rustichelli whipped Aldo Vinci, welters, and Michele Polo gained a popular verdict against Ennio Antonelli, also welters. Finally, Ilario Tanelli won an eight-round bantam affair from Arturo Paoletti. At Arezzo, Giovanni Bidini and Vittorio Costa fought a bitter lightweight duel, with the nod going to Bidini after eight rounds.

The first boxing program since last September was staged in Vienna, featuring four Austro-Italian combats. Hein Wiesner was rather lucky to get the decision over Uber Bacilleri, heavies, while Gaetano Guerriero made hay with Walter Gasparyk, who retired at the beginning of the seventh frame. Carlo Mola and Kurt Ibl fought the best bout, a torrid welter argument which ended in a victory for Mola, on points. Willi Swoboda had his man, Mario Lutti, on the verge of a kayo early, but Lutti recovered to lose the nod, feathers.

Luxembourg—Werner Wiegand, the blond heavyweight idol, received a rude shock here when he was opposed to Winnfried Henne, who was subbing for Karl Peyler. Although inferior in height, weight and reach, the German managed to weather Wiegand's heavy artillery in the early rounds and came back to outbox the local star, although the verdict went to Wiegand after eight rounds. The middles champ, Franz Ehringer, won easily against Francisco Molina of Spain; Leon Roller, the welter champ, defeated Capelle of Belgium, and the German feathers champ, Rudi Langer, had some trouble in gaining the upper hand against Jacques Lesseine of Belgium, who lost on points.

Boxing was very active in French provincial towns. At St. Brieuc, the blond Gilbert Usain fought a ten-round draw with busy Ali Amrane, welters, and at Dieppe, Jean Archambault was held to a draw by Jean Julien in a lightweight ten. At Boulogne-Billancourt, near Paris, Emile Dicristo won a ten-round lightweight affair from the mediocre Belgian, Hermann Korber, lightweights. At Casablanca, Morocco, Ben Miloud forced Boris to retire in the eighth round of another lightie showdown, and El Baze won over Jo Morales, lighties. In the Paris Stadium, Louis Carrara won brilliantly against Bouhier, lightweights, and Jules Bouquet repeated a previous success by knocking out the rugged Jean-Claude Poisson in the sixth round of their middles slam.

In Munich, Karl Oechsle was declared winner against Guy Toupe, welters, and Hans Haefner got the nod against Gustave Perrot after a hectic lightweight duel. All four boxers gave a good account of themselves, but the Frenchman had the necessary edge after the eight rounds. In a similar fashion, the German, Horst Kemena, was lucky to be granted a draw after his middles shindig with Snucky De Bruin of Holland. Leo Starosch likewise boxed an eight-round draw with Karl Schmidt, middles.

The first British boxers to visit Germany since the outbreak of World War II received a warm reception in Cologne from the fans and from their opponents. Peter Mueller, the middles champion, fought a slambang match with Henry Hall, who was halted in the ninth round after taking considerable punishment. Bob Frost was declared defeated by Jupp Muennichhoff, welters, although a draw would have better pleased the onlookers, while Cliff Anderson of British Guiana was held to a split verdict by the clever Heinz Sander, lightweights. Hugo Salfeld knocked out Oskar Biesold in the third round of their heavyweight rumpus, and finally Bob Murphy and Karl Schmidt fought a very interesting middles bout which ended in a narrow victory for the latter.

At Palma de Mallorca, Spain, Bartolome Martl knocked out Jim Martinez in the third round, with the Spanish lightweight title at stake. Tony Lopez whipped the Hawaiian lightie, Ray Lewis, over eight rounds, and Young Cyclone outdistanced Antonio Ruiz, lightweights. The feathers prospect, Galiana, beat Mir over eight.

Willi Hoepner made an impressive return to action at Kiel, where he halted the durable Belgian, Georges Rogiers, who retired in the fourth round with a broken nose. Rogiers was not so aggressive as he had been against Rux and Neuhaus. In a heavyweight bout, Bobby Warmbrumn flattened Rudi Oremek in the sixth, and in two middleweight affairs, Georgi drew with Jupp Neff and Matthias Luyten drew with Amandus Spitzkopf.

At Gelsenkirchen, the French middle, Jean-Jacques Invernizzi, knocked out Van Bernum in the second round.

At Tunis, Theo Medina handed out a neat pasting to Kid Andre, but the verdict was declared a draw, and in another bantam affair, Hadi Tijani was favored by the decision which made him a points winner over the Italian, Guido Ferracin, who had the Tunisian groggy towards the end of the bout. Young Siki forced Franco Titone to retire in the third, feathers.

At St. Ouen, France, the Italian bantam veteran, Tino Cardinale, had his work cut out to gain a victory over the Parisian youngster, Donatien Millet, in ten rounds. Andre Jasse beat Marcel Cournut on points, flyweights, and Ali Graichi forced Jacques Durand to retire in the third round of their contest, recognized as for the flyweight championship of Paris.

At the Paris Central, Julien, Rabaini knocked out Ben Boina in the third round of their welter clash.

At Louvain, Belgium, Maurice Bombaert, the local welter hero, iced Francisco Peiro in the

first round. Peiro has hit the downgrade with a vengeance of late.

At Firenze, Italy, Pietro Scardino and Franco Sisalli fought an eight-round draw, feathers.

At Genoa, the powerful Jugoslav cruiser, Milos Lazarevic, fought a draw with Ricardo Lonati in eight.

In Barcelona, Federico Carbonel knocked out Monbiela in the second heat, welters, and the good French bantam, Sam Conforti, chilled Jose Arias in the third round. Martinez de la Torrasa was disqualified in the fifth frame of his setto with Diaz II for hitting low, and thus lost his Catalonian flyweight title.

Charlie Humetz, the French welter champion, won an easy contest at Geneva, where he was opposed to Ali Amrane, who subbed for the Spaniard, Argote. Humetz coasted home to a points win. Leon Nowiasz gained the nod over Sammy Wilde of Nigeria in a slow middles ten.

Pierre Langlois affirmed his superiority over Emmanuel Clavel at Rouen in a rather monotonous bout which went the full distance of ten rounds. Roger Beaumais, the Norman cruiser, shared the honors with Roger Serfraoui in eight.

At Lyons, Robert Vallet dropped Alazard four times and won by a wide margin, middles, while Coiro forced Schultz, a Paris welter, to retire in the sixth.

Georges Grispos, the Greek middleweight, was rocked to sleep in the third round by a Sudanese, Mohamed Bernawi, in Cairo. Ibrahim Esh-Shab, Tunis, halted Hussein El Sayed of Cairo in the second, feathers, and Orghyris Vlahos whipped Hussein Hegazy in a bantam match. The fight was halted in the fourth.

Modesto Ascensio became the new Spanish bantam champion when he defeated Eusebio Librero on points at Madrid.

Sylvano Locatelli came through with a somewhat undeserved win over Val Gianluppi in eight rounds at Turin.

At Cagliari, Mario Minatelli beat Salvatore Sanna, the referee halting the bout in the seventh, welters. The Melis brothers were again successful. Paolo whipped Pino Facchi in a welter fight and Efisio, a lightweight, trimmed Beppe Colasanti over the same distance.

Hein Wiesner made a better impression against Jean Serres of Luxembourg than he did a week before against Bacilieri. Once again topping the bill in Vienna, the blond Hein took a severe shaking in the sixth but landed a humming left hook which dropped Serres for the count in the seventh. Leo Starosch had little difficulty with the gallant, red-haired Ettore Santella, for whom the bell also tolled in the seventh. The Luxembourg welter was badly overmatched. Willi Swoboda sought a place in the Hall of Fame by disposing of his opponent, Roger Behm, in 15 seconds of the opening round, feathers, and a young middle made a promising debut by defeating Poldi Bauer in six rounds.

At Coulommiers, France, the Franco-Polish brothers, Cielinski, served up respectable performances. Featherweight Jean pulled his way to a points victory over Mohamed Taki, and Edmond, a lightweight, fought a draw with Lucien Prunet. At Dunkirk, Andre Vercoutter won over rugged Gilbert Ussin, welters. The French bantam champion, Emile Chemama, won not too convincingly against Marcel Mathieu in ten rounds at Chateauroux.

At Krefeld, in the Ruhr district, 15,000 fans turned up to see the local matador, German cruiser champion Heinz Sachs, successfully defend his laurels against Hans Strelecki, with whom he reached a draw decision after 12 rounds. Sachs failed to convince his supporters, who bawled for Strelecki as winner. Wilson Kohlbrecher won a one-sided heavyweight maul against Dutch Culbertson, an American Negro, and the cowboy from Arizona, middleweight Al Bishop, won equally clearly over Streicher. Welterweight Leo Starosch, very busy of late, tore into the latest American arrival, Tommy Bell, and finally knocked him out in the eighth round.

Rotterdam—Luc Van Dam made his best showing since his defeat by Randy Turpin when he outpointed the Englishman, Jimmy Davis, over ten rounds. Job Roos drew with Albert Heyen in a return bout, ten rounds, middles, and Pierre Doorenbosch whipped Willy Quentemeyer in ten, cruisers. Nico Schoenmakers creased Weemol, a Dutchman domiciled in Belgium, in the fifth heat of the welter melee.

At the Paris Central, Gaston Vandemeulebrouck became the new Parisian middles champion when he outclassed the title holder, Audignat, in ten rounds. The young bantam, Roland Gilbert, returned to action with a four-round kayo win over Fernand Diguer. At St. Denis, Manuel Fernandez battered Marcel Barbier to defeat inside two rounds, feathers, and Edmond Moletto stopped Jean Brochard in the fifth, bantams. At Algiers, the Italo-Tunisian feather, Franco Titone, whipped the Algerian champ, Rachedi, over ten.

At Carrara, Italy, Florio Pancani continued his winning way by outscoring Arturo Peratici, flyweights.

Luis Romero wasted little time on the North African bantam, Mustaphaoui, at Las Palmas. Romero cut loose in the third with his notorious hooks to the liver, and Mustapha went down in sections. Juan Crespi whipped Jesus Tamaritt over eight, feathers, and Francisco Beltram flattened Bonhomme in the third heat of a welter contest. At Barcelona, the young French bantam star, Sam Conforti, slammed out Gonzalo in the second minute of the opening round. Diaz II confirmed his recent victory over Martinez de la Torrasa by beating the latter for a second time, flyweights, and Bufala came through with a convincing win against Anselmo, who retired in the third, feathers.

Gustav Scholz finally got his chance for a crack at the German welter title, held by Walter Schneider, and made the most of his opportunity, outscoring the champ by a narrow margin, at the Berlin Funkturm. Hans Stretz was the victim of a lucky wallop in the fifth frame of his middles shindig with Heinz Saenger, and was obliged to take the full count. Ex-cruiser champ Richard Vogt came through with a sensational win, knocking out a visitor from the United States, Warren Jones, in the first round, and Fritz Gahrmeister won a one-sided middles slugfest against Al Bishop of America in eight. Finally, Jimmy King scored the sole American victory of the night by whipping game Horst Garz in a welter match.

In two light-heavy bouts held at Amsterdam, Willy Schagen, the Dutch champion, chalked up a four-round win over Belgium's oft-defeated Jean Declercq, the referee intervening on the latter's behalf, while Wim Snoek knocked out the Frenchman, L'Hotellerie, in the second. Dutch feathers champ Jan Maas defeated Gress of France over eight.

At the Paris Stadium, two of those old familiar faces were on view. The first was lightweight Andre Gonnet, attempting his comeback, but forced to accept a rather unjust defeat at the hands of Maurice Maury over eight rounds. The other favorite of a few years back was Louis Orsini, the Corsican, who was similarly the victim of a poor decision against Guy Gracia, lighties.

Valdo Fusaro, the good Italian lightweight, was lucky to earn a draw against Houacine Khalfi at Vercelli, the Italian's home town. In another lightweight affair, Carmine Lutti drew with Gallo in six, and Mario Lutti whipped Mariani in a six-round feathers scramble. In Genoa, Ricardo Lonati drew with Giovanni Ferrari, light-heavies, and Angelo Caimi shared the honors with Trimboli, feathers.

Ray Robinson opened up his second European campaign with a well-publicized fight against the French champion, Kid Marcel, at the Paris Palais des Sports. Robinson fought for a purse of one franc, the proceeds going to the Anti-Cancer Fund. Marcel, although moderately good by European standards, was no match for the super-class Ray, who played with his man for four rounds and finished him off in the fifth. The towel was thrown in by the Frenchman's corner. Another Ray—Ray Famechon—was less impressive in action, although he forced Jacques Dehaye to retire in the seventh frame of their feathers bout.

Bobby Boland was ruled out for butting in the fourth round of his match with Maurice Sandeyron, bantams, and Robert Vallet won convincingly against Mohamed ben Allem, kayoing the North African middle in stanza two. In the final bout, Danny (Bang Bang) Womber edged out a narrow victory over the French welter, Roger Baour, in what was perhaps the best match of the evening.

At The Hague, Giel De Roode defended his Dutch welter title successfully against Harry Bos, who sustained an injured optic in the tenth, whereupon a halt was called. Jan Nicolaas gained an unpopular decision over the Belgian prospect, Edouard Harneveld, in ten rounds, lightweights, and in two welter matches. Nico Schoenmakers drew with Harry Mino of Belgium, and Wim Ludwig lost to Michel Hilderson of Belgium.

Louis Carrara continued to show fine promise when he hooked his way to victory over Kid le Noir, lightweight from North Africa, at the Paris Central. Ben Khelifa won over Julien Rabaini in eight, welters.

The European bantam champ, Luis Romero, was less decisive in his return match with young Sam Conforti at Barcelona. In August of last year, Larruping Luis knocked out the Frenchman in the eighth round, but on this occasion he found the task more difficult and won the fight only by a small margin. Although a destructive puncher, the Spaniard is by no means immune to punishment, and made three trips to the canvas. Conforti took five counts.

Making Zurich his second port of call, Ray Robinson satisfied himself with a points win over the Frenchman, Jean Wanes, whom he sent to the floor five times during the contest. The fans were impressed with Robinson's skill and Wanes' courage. Bruno Marostegan won over Hans Schmitz of Germany, the fight being halted in the third due to a cut over the latter's eye, middles, and Albert Mueller, the German lightweight, decisioned Max Gehring of Switzerland.

At the Vienna Ice Stadium, Kurt Schiegl made a promising return to action by defeating the American, Steve McCall, in masterly fashion over ten rounds heavies. Hein Wiesner, the Austrian heavy and cruiser champ, came in as a cruiser against Eli Elandon of Belgium and showed the effects of getting his weight down to the limit. The bout was halted in the tenth heat, after the Austrian had taken considerable punishment. Ernst Walter won a lightweight bout against Franz Kochmannowitsch.

At Rendsburg, Germany, Karl Schmidt gave a boxing lesson and a points defeat to Herman Vermeulen, the Duisburg middle. In other bouts, Schell whipped Schallehn, middles, and Louis outscored Kohlsaat, lighties.

Bill Jo Cohen, who was none too successful in Paris, showed better form in his native Tunis, where he halted Bouraoui, who retired in the ninth round of their welter clash. Franco Titone and Kid Gaspard fought a poor feathers bout, which was declared "No Contest."

Emile Chemama, the youthful French bantam champion, suffered a rude setback at the hands of aging Theo Medina, who held the Algerian to a draw over ten rounds at Marseilles. Although Chemama was the better man, it was Medina who made the fight, particularly in the opening rounds. Emmanuel Clavel resumed his climb back to the top by decisively outpointing the local hero. Valere Benedetto, welters, while Ray Grassi whipped Fiorlani on points in a feathers bout.

My Continental ratings follow:

Heavyweights—Hein Ten Hoff, Jo Weidin, Wilson Kohlbrecher, Heinz Neuhaus, Stef Olek, Kurt Schiegl, Werner Wiegand, Piet Wilde, Emile Bentz, Gino Buonvino.

Cruiserweights—Conny Rux, Gerhard Hecht, Albert Yvel, J. Hairabedian, Renato Tontini, Willi Hoepner, Dieter Hucks, Willy Schagen, Hans Sachs, Eli Elandon.

Middleweights — Laurent Dauthuille, Robert Villemain, Tiberio Mitri, Luc Van Dam, Michel Lapourielle, Cyrille Delannoit, Jean Walzack, Peter Mueller, Jan De Bruin, Gino Campagna.

Welterweights—Charles Humetz, Pierre Langlois, Gilbert Lavoine, Michele Palermo, Emmanuel Clavel, Chris Christensen, Emile Delmine, Gustav Scholz, Antonio Monzon, Val Benedetto.

Lightweights—Elis Ask, Joergen Johansen, Joseph Preys, Pierre Montane, Gustave Perrot, Diulio Loi, Auguste Caulet, Ben Miloud, Svend Wad, Houacine Khalfi.

Featherweights—Ray Famechon, Alvaro Cerasani, Francis Bonnardel, Ernesto Formenti, Guido Ferracin, Jean Machterlinck, Luis De Santiago, Asger Warburg, Dante Venturi, Roger Bruneau.

Bantamweights—Luis Romero, Jean Sneyers, Maurice Sandeyron, Hadi Tijani, Gaetano Anaforo, Alvaro Nuvoloni, Gianni Zuddas, Emile Chemama, Sam Conforti, Dante Bini.

Flyweights — Louis Skena, Honore Pratesi, Nazzareno Gianelli, Donatien Millet, Otello Belardinelli, Florio Pancani, Andre Jasse, Jackie Boizel, Georg Tietzsch, Ali Graichi.

Middleweight champion Ray Robinson, tuning up for his title bout with Randy Turpin, scored an eight-round knockout over Jan DeBruin at the Sports Palace, Antwerp, before a crowd of 8,000 when the latter strolled out of the ring in the middle of the concluding stanza.

DeBruin had started the fight nervously, bobbing away and occasionally flicking Robinson with long lefts. The middleweight champion really turned on the heat in the fourth round but DeBruin kept coming back for more. Robinson had DeBruin in a corner twice during the bout and when he could have finished the fight he stepped back and let the Dutchman out.

The sudden ending, with DeBruin showing no bruises from the heavy pounding the champion gave him in the sixth and seventh, was unexpected and DeBruin said he abandoned the fight because Robinson let him out of the corners and did not push home the fight.

The two leading French middleweights, and both contenders for the world crown, fought a cautious ten-round draw before approximately 25,000 at the outdoor Buffalo Stadium in Paris. Villemain weighed 162 pounds, Dauthuille 160¼. Both fighters showed a healthy respect for the other's punching power and consequently most of the action was at long distance.

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GERMAN BOXING DIARY

By J. A. Tree

KIEL—Willi Hoepner, who had been silent since being K.O.'ed by Dieter Hucks early this year, made a comeback at Kiel, beating Georges Rogiers, Belgium, in four rounds before 6,000 fans.

By the second round Rogiers' left eye was almost closed from Hoepner's right which the Belgian had little or no defense for. His nose was bleeding badly. Hoepner's right, the latter being a southpaw, landed many times in Rogiers' face and the German's left hook often caught the Belgian in the mid-section.

At the end of round three Rogiers' face was covered with blood from his nose and a doctor was called to inspect the damage. The Belgian was, however, allowed to continue and came out for heat four.

A left cut Rogiers' right eye. The German was now landing with rights when and how he pleased.

The Belgian looked once again a sorry sight as he signalled to the third man that he did not wish to carry on.

The doctor once again looked at the injured nose and it was stated that it was broken.

Warmbrunn, Hamburg, chief sparring partner to Hein Ten Hoff, beat Oremek, Krefeld, the referee stopping the fight in round six. Oremek was warned for a low blow in round two and in heat three he took a count of seven. Oremek also visited the canvas for six and nine in the last round before the referee decided that Warmbrunn was the master of the situation.

Georgi, Bremerhaven, drew with Neff, Hamburg, in a six-round middleweight contest.

Luyten, Rheinhausen, shared points with Spitzkopf, Hamburg, in a middleweight contest over six threes.

The show was promoted by the International Boxring and the matchmaker was the noted Carl Schulmeister. The latter promoted most of the Max Schmeling fights before the war.

Essen—Tommy Bell, U.S.A., made his first appearance in Germany on this program.

Bell opposed one of Germany's leading welters, Leo Starosch, Essen, and was knocked out in round eight.

Lefts to the chin and liver brought the fight to a close and gave the verdict to the German.

Baby Dutch Culbertson, 182, U.S.A., was also on the show for the first time in this country and was outpointed over six rounds by Wilson Kohlbrecher, 189, Osnabruch.

Al Bishop, 152, U.S.A., beat Streicher, 148, Hamm, on points over six rounds.

In a four-round affair Glaser, 128, Gelsenkirchen, outpointed Weber, 133, Dortmund. Weber took a count of eight in the opening round from a liver hook.

Leo Starosch, Essen, traveled to Vienna and beat Eltore Santella, Luxembourg, the latter retiring in round seven. Santella took a count of nine from a liver hook in the opening heat and also visited the canvas for five in round six.

The 5,000 crowd were well satisfied with the German's performance.

Werner Weigand, Luxembourg, now residing in Germany, beat Henne, Germany, on points over eight rounds at Luxembourg recently.

Conny Rux, ex-light-heavyweight champion of Germany, has put forward his claim for a European title fight with champion Don Cockell. This is supported by the German Boxing Board.

Essen—Well over 15,000 saw Heinz Sachs, Essen, retain his light-heavy title when he drew with Hans Strelecki, Dortmund, over 12 rounds. Sachs won the title from Richard Vogt last December when the latter was knocked out in four rounds.

Munich—Three international bouts were staged at Munich and resulted as follows:

Guy Toupe, France, 64.7 kilo, lost on points to Karl Ochsle, Germany, 66.1 kilo, in an eight-round welter contest.

Perrot, France, 61.5 kilo, lost on points to Hans Hafner, Germany, 61.0 kilo, in an eight-round welter contest.

Bruyn, Holland, 71.9 kilo, drew with Horst Kemenas, Germany, 71.1 kilo, in an eight-round middle contest.

Carl Schmidt, ex-middleweight champion, who had fought in Koeln the previous day, beating Bos Murphy on points, drew with Leo Starosch on this program. The ex-champion is now 36 years of age and still proving too good for the youngsters in this country.

It was rather a pity that such a small crowd, numbering around 5,000, patronized Promoter Joacham Gottert's star program at the indoor Ernst Merk Halle here in Hamburg on June 3rd.

A record crowd was expected, for the show featured a flyweight title bout and featured the Italian heavy champion, Giorgio Milan in an eight-round contest with Germany's favorite Conny Rux. What's more, the town was packed with visitors for the International Agricultural Exhibition, but there were many empty seats.

Herbert Tauber (Magdeburg) beat the local boy Jimmy Wilkins. Tauber was the more aggressive fighter of the two.

The second bout was between Italian Mario Minatelli, lightweight, and Otto Domke (Hamburg) over six rounds. The contest went the full distance with the result a draw.

Minatelli was caught by a left when off balance in heat two and found himself on the canvas. The referee had no time to take up the count, for the Italian was soon on his feet again. This round was rather even, for Domke was displaying better form.

In the third heat a left from Domke brought blood from the Italian's nose. Both fighters worked hard and the points were shared.

The German's left eyebrow was cut in the next round. Whenever Domke threw a right, he was wide open and Minatelli took every advantage of this, landing with good solid blows. The heat finished up rather even when the German turned on the steam towards the closing minute.

Round five was also even, but Minatelli took the final round. A left to the Italian's nose caused the blood to splash.

Ken Stribling, U.S.A., was far too strong for the ex-middle champion of Germany, Carl Schmidt, winning easily on points over eight rounds. Never have I seen the German fight so badly.

Due to the fact that Schmidt was spoiling most of the time, Stribling was not able to land a solid blow to the point which may well have given him the verdict.

The main bout followed and Conny Rux, considered to be No 1 challenger for Don Cockell's European crown, was first to enter the ring and the Italian champion Milan soon followed. The Italian's courtesy must be mentioned, for it well exceeded any German I have seen, and believe me, that is saying something. Milan bowed gracefully to the spectators on all four sides of the ring.

Rux soon got into action throwing blows with both hands, but most of the time the Italian was out of reach. The German missed again and with the weight of the punch that landed in space he slipped to the canvas. Soon a cut appeared, although not a serious one, under the Italian's left eye.

Rux was warned after landing a low blow in round four, but all was well, for it was not a damaging punch and had little effect on Milan. The German hurt the Italian and lefts brought a swelling on the right eyebrow. Another left and blood was brought from this injury. Whenever Rux directed blows to the stomach the Italian would counter with punches to the head and face.

The sixth round was rather a dramatic one, especially for Milan, for he visited the canvas. The fighters were exchanging blows when Rux stepped back and the Italian fell face downwards on the canvas. It was a short right to the belly that dropped him. Milan was on his way up at seven and fought a rear guard action until the end of the session.

Rux came out for the kill in the next round letting off steam with both hands, landing lefts and rights. A right hook finally put Milan to the canvas and he stayed there for a count of eight. On getting up he was soon on his way down again from a right to the jaw. Referee Max Pippow called a halt as the Italian was taking a third count after having received a right hook to the head.

Rux would certainly give Cockell a good fight on this form, but may not quite be good enough to lift the crown.

The program closed with a flyweight title bout between Georg Tietzsch (holder) and challenger 40-year-old Viktor Liwowski. The contest, over twelve rounds, ended in a draw, but had it been staged in any other country Liwowski may well have won. A fighter must be six points in the lead to win in a title bout in this country.

It was a black day in more ways than one at Augsburg where a boxing program was staged on June first.

Firstly, three American Negroes K.O.'ed their German opponents, and secondly, the brilliant program was only patronized by 4,500 fight fans in that area.

Frenzel (Germany) 80.6 kilo, drew with Al Bishop (U.S.A.) 76.1 kilo, over eight rounds.

Jimmy King (U.S.A.) stopped Dimmer (Germany), the towel being thrown in while the German was taking a count in round eight.

Kohli (Germany) took a count in each round from the fourth onwards against Don Ellis (U.S.A.) and in the eighth the referee called a halt as he visited the canvas a second time.

Motzelt (Germany) 74.7 kilo, was rather unlucky to receive a cut left eyebrow in round one which hindered him for the remainder of the bout. His opponent Charlie Angelee (U.S.A.) 72.6 kilo, finally knocked out the German in round four. Motzelt took a count of nine in heat three.

In Dusseldorf on June 8. Promoters Thelen and Goldschmidt staged a return bout between Peter Muller (Germany) 72 kilo and Michele LaPourielle (France) 73.2 kilo, at the Ice Stadium, Koeln, and some 9000 saw this grand contest. On their previous outing Muller could only get a draw with the Frenchman, but on this occasion he knocked him out in eight rounds.

Orozco (Spain) appeared unlucky not to share points at least with his German opponent, Albert Muller. The verdict was a win for the German, but when the decision was announced the crowd showed their disapproval.

Eduardo Lopez (Spain) had to give up at the end of round four, having sustained an injured nose in his bout with Franz Suzina (Germany). Suzina is one of Germany's best welters.

At Luxembourg on June 3, Werner Weigand (Luxembourg) now living in Germany, knocked out Piet Wilde (Belgium) in round two. The fight lasted only five minutes and four seconds.

A new welterweight champion was crowned in Germany when Gustav Scholz outpointed Walter Schneider in Berlin's huge Funkturm indoor arena. The fight was a good one but a small gathering of less than 5,000 made it a financial disappointment. In one of the scheduled contests, the American, Dutch Culbertson, was to have met the former light-heavyweight title holder, Richard Vogt, but Culbertson was ill and Warren Jones, another American, replaced him and proved no match for the local boy.

Jones, 80.8 kilo, proved rather disappointing. He was knocked out in the first round by Vogt, Hamburg, 82.4 kilo, after taking two counts. As soon as the German put his right hand into operation, the American was on the canvas for nine. A right uppercut, and Jones made an acquaintance with the canvas again. A further right and the fight was over.

Fritz Gahrmeister, Germany, was in grand form in outpointing the American, Al Bishop, U.S.A., over six rounds.

The championship bout followed and resulted in Gustav Scholz, Berlin, winning the welter crown from champion Walter Schneider on points over 12 rounds.

The verdict was accepted by the crowd, but there were not many points between the men at the final bell.

Jimmy King, U.S.A., outpointed Horst Garz, Germany, in six rounds.

DURBAN, NATAL, SOUTH AFRICA

By Leonard Neill

PUNCHING PETER GALLEYMORE, Durban's top-class welter prospect, suffered the initial set-back of his career when he wound up on the wrong end of an eighth round technical knockout at the hands of good-looking Davie van Graan at the Beach Tennis Courts, Durban.

The fight was for the vacant national 147-pound crown, and was of championship calibre. These two great-hearted young men, both 21 years old, and both unbeaten, gave a better display than old veterans with van Grann's "southpaw" stance and power-driven left hook proving too much for the gallant nuggety Peter who stuck to his task as stubbornly as he could.

The weights were van Grann, 144, Galleymore, 143¾.

The supporting bill was packed with thrills. Veteran Ginger Jonker, 136, pulverized Manuel Mentz, 133¼, with a blistering body attack to score a second round K. O. Rugged Tiny Corbett beat Johnny Engelbrecht, 115½, the referee stopping the fight in the fifth. Bernard Nel, 133½, dropped Ike Honeyball, 132, three times before applying the quietus in round one. Alex Weiss, 160, emerged from the hospital to whale the life out of Herby Galleymore, 156, but Herby got the four-round nod.

Promoter Nat Moodley put on a good show in the Durban City Hall when he featured national non-European welterweight Champion Wally Thompson against the fast-rising Les McKenzie in a non-title go. McKenzie banged his way through the champ's defense from the opening gong, kept banging until the fatal eighth when he spilled Thompson for five long counts before Wally's corner remembered that a towel can be used for more things than just as a drying apparatus and threw it in the ring to save their man from further battering.

Watch this McKenzie. His punch is as big as a building. He scaled 145¼ to Thompson's 144½.

In a good eight-rounder, national feathers champion Alby Tissong, 130, had to fight every inch of the way to eke out the decision over newcomer, Brown Bomber, 127. Jim Johnson repeated a former points win over Kid Coco in a welter six-rounder, while Kelly Franks, 131, hit the come-back trail to win over Young Chelty, 138, in a good four-rounder.

The glut of action-packed tournaments continued when the N.B.S.C. put on a terrific bill in the Maritzburg City Hall. The city hadn't seen boxing for 15 years, but this show made up for all that loss.

Ginger Jonker, veteran Durban lightweight, starched Albert Strydom in 57 seconds dead of the principal eight-rounder. Marcus Temple, 110¼, produced a hefty right hook to stop Herby Andre, 115½, mid-way through the eighth. Billy Lamberton, 134, and Bernard Nel, 133¼, went at it slam-bang for six rounds with Lamberton snatching the decision. Harry Roy, 146¾, and Harry Walker, 143½, battled six good rounds to a draw.

JABS FROM ST. LOUIS AND VICINITY
By Bus Burke

THE I.B.C. presented its final indoor show at the Oakland Avenue Arena, the main event seeing East St. Louis' latest sensation, Wesbury Bascom, stop the veteran Nick Barrone in six rounds, with Barrone on the floor a badly bewildered and befuddled fighter.

It was Bascom's eighth professional fight and he left no doubt in the minds of the 3,128 fans, who contributed $7,436, that he was indeed to be reckoned with in the round robin series of eliminations for the coveted heavyweight crown.

Barrone suffered a cut eye in the second round which was opened in each succeeding round until the fight terminated in the sixth. It was the novice Bascom who outfought and outroughed the veteran Barrone throughout the fight, with both boys showing signs of tiring in the fifth, but it was Bascom who rallied in the sixth to score a knockout over the rugged Barrone.

The four prelims on the Arena card, headed by George Carson and Emory Jones, local representatives of the I.B.C., ended in first-round knockouts.

The first came when St. Louis' Nick Sanders, 114½, stopped Bob Ingham, Indianapolis, 117½, in the first round with a sizzling right-hand chop to the chin. It was Sanders' first win on a comeback trail which will let other bantams around the country in for some St. Louis bouts this fall and winter. In the second prelim, Jesse Turner, St. Louis, 158¾, stopped Joe Arthur, Indianapolis, 156, in the first round. The third prelim saw Robert Cotton, Indianapolis, 167, score an upset knockout win over the highly touted George Blackstone, Omaha, 172, in the first round.

The semi-windup saw Proctor Heinold, Oklahoma City, 130, score the easiest win of the evening when he landed one left hook which proved to be the stopper to the chin of Jimmy Thomas, St. Louis, 125.

It was a wild evening with each contestant swinging from the heels. The fans were a little disappointed until the Bascom-Barrone brawl came into the ring. When that was over, the paying public had forgotten the fast K.O.'s which had preceded this crowd-pleaser.

Referees for the evening were Harry Kessler, Bob Ingham and Herbert Kranze. Judges were Fred Connel, Harry Kessler, Howard Hess and Gene Farrel.

Send news of interest to readers of this column to Bus Burke, 1218 So. 4th Street, De Soto, Mo.

DETROIT AND VICINITY FISTIC HEADLINES
By M. Dominguez

THE Wolverine A.C. in Grand Rapids had its first pro boxing show and from the turnout, it should be called a success when you consider that the fights were held on a rainy night, etc. In the main go, Embrel Davidson of Detroit won the unanimous decision over Chubby Bill Roberts of Indianapolis in ten rounds. Davidson hit Roberts hard throughout but he stayed on his feet.

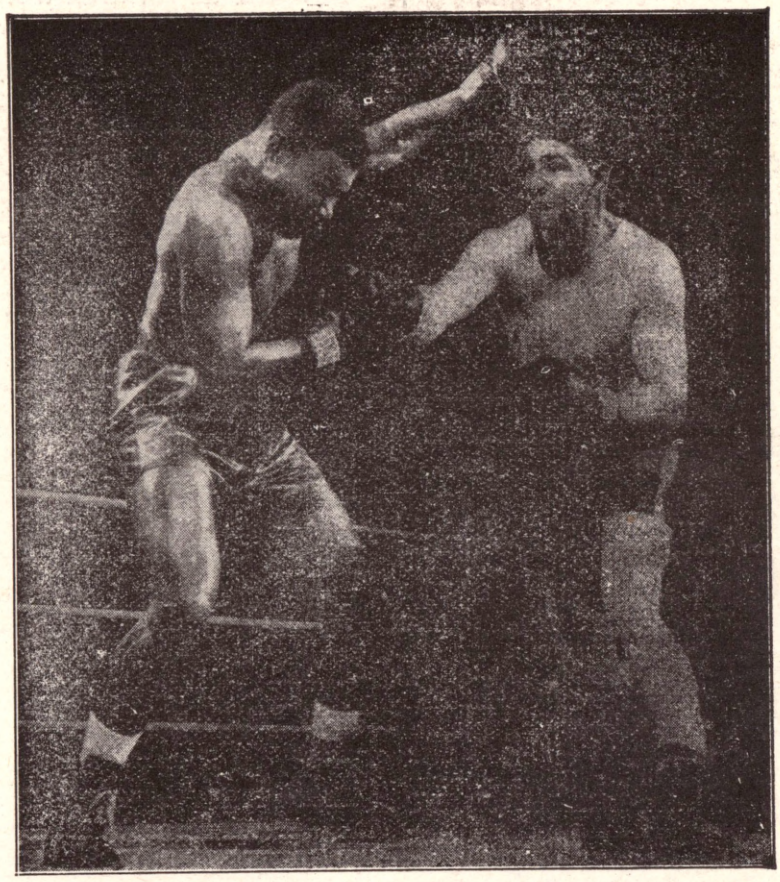
The rest of the show also proved to the fans' liking when Sammy Frigon, a wild-swinging Canadian spoiled the pro debut of Eugene Sobolewski, Grand Rapids, by winning a unanimous decision. Johnny McClendon, Grand Rapids, K.O.'ed rugged Johnny O'Rourke, Windsor, in the second round. Chico Clay, Battle Creek, stopped Ray Shaw of Louisville in the first. Chili Bean Prado of Detroit and Fred Price, Indianapolis, fought to a draw. The fans liked both the fight and the decision. George McDonald, Grand Rapids, K.O.'ed Norman Smith, Detroit, in the second. George Powell, Detroit, K.O.'ed Woody Green, Indianapolis, in the first.

About the saddest boy in Detroit was Embrel Davidson after he broke his long line of wins to lose via a T.K.O. to Clarence Henry, who is rated No. 6 contender for the heavyweight title. Davidson was holding his own until he was told from his handlers to go in and mix it with Henry. Henry knocked Davidson out of the ring and Referee Johnny Weber stopped the fight, which we thought was a good thing.

Joe Garza, Detroit, defeated Jesse Bradshaw, Buffalo, in 8. Johnny Summerlin, Detroit, drew with Charley Lester, Cleveland, in 6. Lee Bachelor, Buffalo, T.K.O.'ed Kenny Lovegrove, Hamilton, Ont., in 1. Jack Ennis, Detroit, defeated Art Gregory, Buffalo, in 4. Clarence Riley, Detroit, defeated Johnny O'Rourke, Windsor, in 4.

Although the card was as good as any seen here this year, the turnout was a disappointment.

Dave Shade, who also fights under the name of Jesse Underwood and comes from Charleston, W. Va., is now making his home in Detroit. He recently scored a T.K.O. over Bob Sandberg at Rainbo Gardens in Chicago in the sixth round.



Rex Layne, heavyweight contender from Jordan, Utah, lands a whopping right to jaw of Odell Riley at Milwaukee. Layne won by a KO in 2:46 of the sixth round.

Lansing opened its outdoor fight program with a show that saw the ball park packed to the gates. The main attraction was Chuck Davey, Lansing, who won a decision over Al Gronik, Lincoln Park. Chico Clay won over Ronny Cannon, George McDonald won over Corazon Fitzgerald, Harold Lyons scored a T.K.O. over Chili Bean Prado, Sammy Srigon won over Eugene Sobolewski, and Bill Grimm lost to Johnny McClendon. This show drew one of the biggest crowds that Lansing has seen for some time.

MINNESOTA NEWS
By Billy Colbert

THE boxing season is at a standstill in the Twin Cities because Tony Stecher, Minneapolis promoter, is unable to get a building to hold a boxing show over in St. Paul. Jack Raleigh, the promoter, is unable to get the Auditorium because the A.B.C. Congress is holding it for ninety days. Tony Stecher is holding his first show the first part of this month featuring Del Flanagan.

Lou Viscusi, manager of Willie Pep and Del Flanagan, the St. Paul lightweight, is trying to land a championship bout for Del with the new lightweight champion, Carter, for Minneapolis.

Tommy O'Loughlin and Jackie Graves are having a lot of trouble with their manager contract. Jackie has offered O'Loughlin $500 for his release and Tommy wants $2,500 for his end.

Bill Daly, manager of Lee Savold, St. Paul heavyweight, is coming to the Twin Cities for a visit with Lee.

My Sullivan is the President of the Boxers' and Managers' Guild in Minnesota and he does a great job.

The Managers' and Trainers' Guild had their annual dinner at the Dyckman Hotel and James Jock Malone, St. Paul middleweight of years ago, was the principal speaker and Jock did a wonderful job as master of ceremonies. He was one of the star middleweight and welterweight boxers of the last 50 years and engaged in over 400 main events with the best in the world.

Emmett Weller, St. Paul amateur and professional manager, has his boys appearing all over the northwest in bouts. He manages boys of every weight.

Earl Kane, formerly of Minneapolis, but now living in Chicago, was the man who started Glen and Del Flanagan on their boxing careers in the La Salle Gym in Minneapolis.

Sad Sam Gallop, Duluth, promoter, holds his shows regularly and is packing them in at the Shrine Auditorium. His best drawing card is Glen Flanagan, St. Paul featherweight.

Send in your news for this column to 88 Holly Ave., in St. Paul, before the 5th of the month. THE RING is for sale at all the newsstands in the Twin Cities.

Many mid-west boxers are either enlisting or leaving for defense jobs overseas. Floyd Hagan is now in Norfolk, Virginia, waiting to be shipped to Iran on a defense job. Dick Lancette, a good welterweight, is also waiting for the call of Uncle Sam to Alaska. Andy Skaff, manager of the Ringside Gym, is also going overseas on a defense job. Spike McCarth and King Tut are Alaska bound on another job for Uncle Sam.

FROM RIO DE JANEIRO
By Dr. Tzorgot

IN a tour of Brazil and other countries of South America, Antonio Carrico, Brazilian light-heavyweight and heavyweight champion, scored two knockouts. Carrico returned without any losses. He K.O.'ed Juan Garcia and Jose Scarlatti in the third and sixth rounds, beat on points Antonio Radelli and Artur Orel in real fights, and had four more exhibitions.

Sebastiao Freitas beat Waldemar Santos in 4.
Carlos Pinto beat Denny Rocha on points.
Pedro Galasso K.O.'ed Olivio Stoffer in the second round.
Carlos Soares beat Gabriel de Amorim on points.
George Narciso T.K.O.'ed Mauro Kizirio in the first round.
Paulo Socaman K.O.'ed Dezio Pain in the third round.
George Silva beat Santos Regino on points in five.
Arlindo de Oliveira beat Rubens Cesar in eight rounds.

NEW JERSEY BOXING NEWS
By Lewis Eskin

RAMBLING AROUND — The loss of the world's lightweight title by Trenton's Ike Williams leaves the Garden State without a world's champion for the first time in ten years. Rocky Castellani, formerly of Luzerne, Pa., is now making his home in Teaneck, N. J., and in his first fight out of Jersey, K.O.'ed Joe DiMartino, the boy who had stopped ex-welter champ Marty Servo's comeback. Gus Rubicini, ex-Canadian, is another boy making New Jersey his home, fighting out of Paterson along with James J. Parker, a hard-hitting heavyweight. Allie Stolz, the ex-Newark title contender, was one of the few who picked his former stablemate, Jimmy Carter, to dethrone Ike Williams. When Carter made his professional debut in Newark he was cited by us as an outstanding prospect. Wallace Talton of Trenton has just won the light-heavyweight championship of the Guam Naval District.

Here are the results of fights involving New Jersey fighters in out-of-state rings:

Joey Lupo stopped Joey Greco. Joe Tomasello drew with Jimmy Suber. Red Cameron was halted by Rex Layne. Rocky Castellani K.O.'ed Joe DiMartino. Kevin Allen K.O.'ed Jack Nelson. Henry Jordan drew with Miguel Mendivil. Sonny Luciano lost to Lou Volpe. Fitzie Pruden K.O.'ed Manuel Gonzales. Gus Rubicini beat Al Mouson and Joe Giordello, but lost to Norman Hayes. Rocky Jones was K.O.'ed by Freddy Bushore. Jerry Russo beat Earl Hilton. Al Wilson beat Richie Anderson. Billy Ligget lost to Flora Hita. Joe Blackwood lost a disputed nod to Major Jones. Jack Nicholson was K.O.'ed by Hermie Freeman. Norman Thompson halted Billy Wyatt and then was stopped by Joey Carlisle. Ike Williams lost his title when he was stopped by Jimmy Carter.

Prospect of the Month—Tex Gonzales, 19-year-old East Orangeite, who was a stellar amateur, since turning pro two months ago has run off four wins, two by knockouts.

Results for the Month:

Laurel Garden, Newark—A large crowd was on hand to honor Announcer Johnny Addie. The popular Johnny, who started here in Newark ten years ago and graduated to Madison Square Garden, was presented gifts by his many friends of the fight clan who came to pay homage to him.

The main bout saw Freddy Russo, 137½, Rahway, now on a comeback, come off the floor in the third round to outsmart and box Johnny (Sonny) Luciano, 137, Paterson, in eight rounds. It was not a fast or exciting melee as Russo put his superior ring generalship and defensive ability to good stead and was able to nullify Sonny's punching power. It was Luciano's fourth loss in over 50 fights.

Charley Slaughter, 134, Elizabeth, halted Gene Takach, 138, Trenton, at the end of the third due to a cut eye. It was Gene's first pro loss. Phil Saxton K.O.'ed Sid Edwards, 167, Newark, at the end of the first. Saxton, 172, from Elizabeth, is another outstanding prospect. Cliff Lee looked good in kayoing Ross Johnson, 169, Newark. Lee, 165, is from Elizabeth. Frankie Carson, 137½, Newark, was too experienced for Manny Santos, 129, Bronx, and won after four rounds. Kid Hatcher, 141, Miami, Fla., beat Gene Barbetta, 139, Bristol, Pa., in four.

Ralph Giordano, 138, Newark, punched his way to an easy eight-round decision over Julio Colon, 135½, Puerto Rico. Colon, who had beaten Ralph a few months before, was outclassed by Giordano, who won every round and had Julio in trouble a couple of times. Tex Gonzales, 149, East Orange, got off slowly, but soon warmed up to win easily over Richard Coleman, 150, New York, in six. Jimmy Hill, 197½, Trenton, returned to action after a long layoff and K.O.'ed Connie Ross, 198, Newark, in 2:09 of the fourth. Ernie Rivers, 139, Montclair, evened it up with Kid Hatcher, 141, Miami, in four. Sonny Bishop, 123, Trenton, had a close call as he rallied to edge out Mike Ward, 124, Newark, in four. Clifton Murphy, 184, Passaic, outpunched Jack LaBroad, 172, Newark, in four.

Bobby Fenty, 138, New York, turned in a big upset by holding Carmine Fiore, 140½, Brooklyn, to a draw in eight. Fenty, who was not given much of a chance against the left hooking Fiore, outboxed Carmine most of the way by using safety-first tactics. George Howard, 157½, Elizabeth, another promising youngster, won from LeRoy Allen, 156, Paterson, in a fast six-rounder. Rafel LaBoy, 128, New York, stopped oft-beaten Willie Orsini, 130, in the fifth. Cesar Bolin, 198, Trenton, won from Andy McClintock, 197, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., in four. Don Welch, 126, Newark, outpointed Howard Roycraft, 131, Poughkeepsie, in four. Paddy Evans, 146, New York, defeated Ramon Etoro, 147, Bronx, in four.

Tex Gonzales, 148, East Orange, opened up the outdoor season at Meadowbrook Bowl, Newark, by outpunching Joey Klein, 147, New York, in a fast moving sixer. Tex, who is a slow starter, got warmed up in the third and went on to win in style. Phil Saxton, 169½, Elizabeth, K.O.'ed LeRoy Vinnie Smith, 167½, Boston, Mass., in 2:21 of the third. It was another good win for Punchin' Phil. Al Fisher, 159, New York, won a close decision from Harry Preston, 157, Brooklyn, in another six-rounder. Don Piccini K.O.'ed Denny Dowdell, 137, Newark, in 43 seconds of the first. Don, 138, Newark, is another boy who is improving with every fight. Ferman King, 136, Brooklyn, outpointed Tommy King, 136, Newark, in four. In the other bout young Paul Berlenbach, Jr., son of the ex-light-heavyweight king, made his pro debut and was K.O.'ed by Sandy Baxter, 160, New York, in 2:10 of the third. Young Paul, 158, of Astoria, L. I., was game but didn't look too sharp.

Hungarian Hall, Elizabeth, N. J.—Basil Maire, 136, Philadelphia, pounded out an eight-round win over Johnny Johnikin, 132, New York. Johnny, who was a late sub for Freddy Monforte, put up a good scrap after being down in the second round.

Pete Indaco, 140, London, England, showed the fans the classic English style as he easily outboxed Dickie Wilson, 138, Waldwick, in eight rounds. Pete was too shifty for the aggressive Wilson and really dazzled him with his footwork. Dom Zimbardo, 160, Union, flattened Ike Lewis, 160, Allentown, Pa., with a left hook in 2:03 of the third. LeRoy Allen, 156, Paterson, outpunched LeRoy Palmer, 162, New York, in four. Dick Witt, 170, Paterson, outslugged Mac Stanford, 170, Englewood, in four. Arnold DeMarzio, 136, Paterson, impressed by beating Lem Harvey, 137, New York, in four.

Twin City Bowl, Elizabeth—James J. Parker, 190, Paterson, rallied in the last two rounds to win a close and hard-fought eight-rounder over George Kaplan, 188, of Brooklyn. Kaplan was down in the first but came back strong and looked like the winner till Parker's late rally. Parker, whose only loss was to Dan Buccerino, looked very good and should do well for himself if he isn't rushed in with any other boys like Bucceroni.

Al Warner, 151, New York, upset Joe Tomasello, 147, Matawan, after six rough and wild-punching rounds. Phil Modica, 144, Jamaica, L. I., K.O.'ed Lorry Edwards, 146, Elizabeth, in 2:18 of the second. Mac Stanford, 167, Englewood, outpointed Cliff Lee, 166, Elizabeth, in four. Dick Witt, 168, Paterson, won from LeRoy Palmer, 160, New York, in four. Henry Beltrante, 128, Philadelphia, K.O.'ed Angelo Cruz, 128, New York, in one.

Polly Smith, 178, Hamilton, Bermuda, stepped in as a last-minute sub for Joe Chesul and scored a knockout over Claude Rolfe, 185, Tampa, Fla., in 2:24 of the seventh. Smith floored Rolfe for nine in the fifth and twice in the seventh before the referee stopped it. Jimmy Suber, 155, Jamaica, L. I., outslugged Norman Thompson, 147, Paterson, in a wild eight-rounder. Thompson, who was subbing for Vince Martinez, who had a bad case of poison ivy, was dropped in the first, third and eighth. Charlie Slaughter, 130, Westfield, and Frankie Freeze, 131, Brooklyn, went to a six-round draw.

Fred Messina, 130, Paterson, scored over Ernesto Figuria, 126, Brooklyn, in four, and Willie Fox, 150, New York City, won from Ray Otero, 149, Puerto Rico, in four.

Ruppert Stadium, Newark — Tony Janiro, 155½, Youngstown, O., won a hairline decision over Charlie Fusari, 150½, Irvington, N. J., after ten exciting rounds. Fusari got off to a fast start as he forced the fighting and made Janiro miss with most of his counters. Tony rallied in the middle rounds but Fusari was coming strong in the ninth as he stunned Janiro with a right to the mouth. Tony came back to cut Charlie over the left eye at the bell. The last round saw both boys trading toe to toe with Fusari again outpunching his foe. The fourth round was Charlie's best as he hurt Janiro with his two-fisted punching, while Tony tried to hold him off. It was a rough fight with both boys being warned for rough stuff. Referee Paul Cavalier scored 5-3-2 for Janiro. I saw Fusari in front, 6-3-1.

In a fast semi-windup Joey Lupo, 148, Paterson, scored a good win by halting Dickie Wilson, 140, Waldick, in 1:34 of the first. Orlando DiPietro, 158½, undefeated, of Youngstown, O., easily won from Dennis Ryan, 160½, Newark, in six. Arnold Curry, 136, New York City, won from Richard Coleman, 144½, Harlem, in four. Sonny Bishop, 122, Trenton, outpointed Mike Ward, 125½, Newark, in four. Billy Hazel, 130, Brooklyn, won from Ralph Jacobs, 136½, Newark, in four. A small crowd of approximately 7,000 paid $21,000. The fight was neither televised nor broadcast.

It was hoped that if a large crowd turned out for the Fusari-Janiro fight it might show the way toward some more outdoor bouts of national importance for Newark.

My address is: 57 Dales Ave., Jersey City, New Jersey.

NEWS FROM CUBA
By Dr. J. A. Vieites

AT Santiago—Cuban featherweight champion Ciro Morasen, 123, retained his title, easily defeating Battleship Martinez, 126, in 12 rounds. Morasen scored three knockdowns in the final round, and Martinez was saved by the bell when the count reached eight seconds.

Santa Clara—Diego Sosa, 130, stopped Jose A. Reverte, 134¼, Spain, in the third of a scheduled eighter.

Camaguey—Cuban flyweight leader Black Pico, 112, retained his title by gaining a close but unanimous decision in 12 rounds over Luis F. Fuentes, 111¾. Pico was credited with seven of the twelve rounds.

Santiago—Tony Armenteros, 145, outpointed Vic Suarez, 147, in ten.

Santa Clara—Zenobio Becerra and Batt Socarras, feathers, drew in ten.

Placetas—Lino Garcia, former feathers king, was stopped in the second of a scheduled ten by Roberto Delgado (feathers).

Santiago—Baby Gavilan outpointed Julian Varona, lightweights, in ten.

Santiago—Ciro Morasen, 121¾, stopped American Bobby Brooks, 127, in the fourth of a scheduled ten-rounder.

Camaguey—Chico Varona, 146¾, easily decisioned Tony Armenteros, 147, in ten.

Havana—Before a poor house with a gross of only $1,982.50, Cuban heavyweight champion Omelio Agramonte, 191¾, scored two long counts to secure a unanimous decision in a thrilling battle with Red Applegate, 196½, in ten rounds.

Rafael Lastre, 134, retained his lightweight crown, gaining a close 12-rounder from Baby Gavilan, 134.

Lino Armenteros, 157, stopped Fco. Cifuentes, 158½, in five. Yova Kid, 175, won a sixer from Juan Naranjo, 177¾, and Julio Mederos, 176½, stopped Jose Casals, 168¼, in the third. Heavy rain proved too much of a handicap.

Havana—Cuban bantam champ Luis Galvani, 121, won a tenner from the American, Johnny Carr, 123. The gate was $2,828.70. Armando Lopez, 125¼, stopped Luis Castillo, 124¼, in the second. Antonio Garcia, 123¾, drew in six with Lazaro Pijuan, 121¾. Oscar Suarez, 106, stopped Jack Ursulino, 111½, in the second. Enrique LaMelas, 116½, kayoed Roberto Cabrera, 118, in the first.

Havana—Chico Varona, 146¾, avenged two previous defeats with vengeance, stopping Kid Pambele, 144, Nicaragua, in the fourth.

The Varona-Pambele bout drew $1,905.90. The Pambele from Nicaragua, who twice decisioned Varona and is managed by Bobby North, and whose name is Miguel Rivas, was stopped this time by our boy.

In the semi-final, Ray Castillo, 123½, won in eight from Manuel Perdomo, 124½.

Lorenso Cabrera, 127¾, stopped Johnny Sarduy, 123¾, in four.

Candido Gonzalez, 138½, stopped Manuel Martinez, 139, in one. Sergio Rios, 141, stopped Gavino Lowell, 142½, in two, while Enrique LaMelas, 114½, stopped Carlos Frias, 111, in two.

Havana—Kid Charolito, 149, seems to be regaining his good old punch, and a harder jaw, judging by the way he stopped Julio Pedroso, 143½, in a welter eliminator to find an adversary for Chico Varona for the vacant title, as Kid Gavilan, who won the New York and N.B.A. version of the world title by easily defeating Johnny Bratton, wouldn't get into the eliminator.

Pedroso was stopped in the third round. The fight drew $2,233.80.

Diego Sosa, 130½, stopped Bill Stevens, 135, Miami, Fla., in the second.

Candido Gonzalez, 135½, stopped Bob Martinez, 136, in one. Sergio Penalver, 114½, kayoed Manuel Cepeda, 115½, in two, while Enrique Fernandez, 110¼, stopped Luis Gonzales, 114½, in two also.

Havana—Before a house that paid $1,620.30, Luis Galvani, 121¼, was held to a ten-round draw by Johnny Carr, 123½. Local newspapers protested, believing that Galvani had a decided edge.

Manuel Armenteros, 118, stopped Tomas Vega, 117¼, in the fifth. Eligio Alvarez, 126¼, gained a sixer from Alf Pagesn, 123½; Orlando Echevarria, 125¼, stopped Gene Garcia, 122½, in one, while Enrique LaMelas, 113, gained the curtain-raiser from Jesus Herrera, 108, in four.

Havana—At the Rafael Trejo Gim, Diego Sosa, 128, stopped Pedro Calderon, 127, in three rounds.

VIENNA, AUSTRIA, BOXING NEWS

By Leo Vollnhofer

VIENNA'S boxing fans had the first big night of the year on Wednesday, May 2, at the Wiener Eislaufverein, translated Vienna Ice-Skating-Club. On account of bad weather, they had to postpone the bouts three times and when they were finally staged, the weather was not so good either, so only about 5,000 people attended.

In the first fight, our light-heavyweight No. 2 faced Guerriero of Italy. Gasparaik, our boy, weighed in at 172. The Italian was a little bit heavier. He was also the better fighter.

Gasparaik was floored in the sixth and lasted through the round, but failed to come out for the seventh.

In the second fight, Austria's best fighter, our featherweight king, Swoboda, faced the brilliant Lutti from Italy. Both weighed 125. Swoboda fought as he always does, throwing crosses, jabs, and uppercuts at his opponent. Lutti is a fine boxer but he lost on points in eight rounds.

Our light-heavyweight and heavyweight king, Hein Wiesner, 36 weighing 178, faced the young Italian heavyweight, Bacilieri, 25, weighing 189. Wiesner started slowly, Bacilieri cautiously. In the ninth and tenth, Wiesner gave everything he had, tore into the Italian and had him in danger. Wiesner won on points in ten rounds.

In the fourth fight our welterweight No. 2, Ibl, 146, faced a very good fighter, Mola, 146, of Italy. Three months ago in Italy, Mola had won on points. This time Mola won again.

On Wednesday, May 9, Bauer, Austria, third ranking middleweight, 156, fought against Kubes, Austria, novice, weighing 158, and won in six rounds.

Leo Starosch, who, though an Austrian, became a West German citizen only a couple of months ago, stopped Santella of Luxembourg in the seventh round. Starosch has not known defeat for the last two and one-half years. He floored Santella regularly for counts of seven and eight until the tortured Luxembourger raised his hand in the seventh round admitting defeat. Each scaled 146.

Light-heavyweight and heavyweight king Hein Wiesner, weighing 177, fought Luxembourg's light-heavyweight and heavyweight king, Jeng Serres, weighing 188. This bout will long be remembered. It was full of dramatic moments and gave the fans all they could possibly hope to get and even more. Wiesner stopped his man in the seventh.

In the last bout of the evening, Austria's best fighter, our featherweight king, Swoboda, beat the featherweight champion of Luxembourg, Behm, by a K.O. in the first with a solar-plexus blow.

Here are the ratings of our Austrian boxers:

Featherweights—Swoboda (champ); 2, Simek.

Lightweights—Marchart (champ); 2, Kochmanowitsch; 3, Paul.

Welterweights—Walter (champ); 2, Ibl; 3, Nesladek.

Middleweights—Balkowitsch (champ); 2, Vancura; 3, Stortetzky.

Light-heavyweights — Wiesner (champ); 2, Gasparik; 3, Kubes.

Heavyweights—Wiesner (champ); 2, Joe Weidin; 3, Schiegl.

The trouble here is that we have no winter stadium and no hall with a capacity of more than 3,000. Our fighters can only fight from May to September.

BOXING IN LIMA, PERU

By Prof. Wilfred Stephenson

BEFORE one of the biggest gatherings to witness a fight program at the Acho Arena, Carlos Rendich, Chilean middleweight champion, received his second defeat at the hands of Antonio Frontado, champion of Peru, in ten rounds. This was a return bout, the first being fought in Santiago de Chile two years ago, with Frontado winning on points.

During the first five rounds, Rendich missed very badly and hugged his opponent too frequently. Frontado, on the other hand, only counter-attacked with lifeless and ineffective punches. His boxing seemed rather mechanical. No doubt he did as he was told to do, and as best he could. However, Rendich's toughness was evident in the last three rounds when Frontado unleashed some wicked rights to the body, but the latter kept on his feet to the end of the road. The spectators were only partly satisfied with the fight.

A draw decision was given in a well-contested semi-final eight-rounder between the Peruvian welterweights, Julio Coronado and Fernando Lopez. Lopez showed more desire to fight but without succeeding in landing his blows, a good number of which went wild, while Coronado finished stronger and gave a better exhibition, effectively gaining the upper hand.

Angel Bernaola and Kid Baquerito fought an unconvincing eight-rounder. The assignment was thought, at first, to be a tough one for Bernaola, but the holding tactics of both men marred their performance. Bernaola took home the decision on points.

Salvador Reyes, a lightweight, had his first crucial test as a professional when he fought Perico Moran and came through with flying colors, for he scored a T.K.O. in the second round. Reyes had a very effective punch, for Moran gave unmistakable signs that he felt the blows, especially one that hit him squarely in his face and affected his sight. As he failed to turn out at the call of the bell in the second stanza, he was counted out by the referee.

BOXING NEWS FROM HAWAII

By Ted Yamachika

IN a ten-round fight which could have been a draw, Henry Davis, of Honolulu, was awarded the decision over Joe Lopes, of Sacramento, in a fast and hard-fought battle held at the local Civic Auditorium. The decision was unanimous. The 1,091 fans who attended the card, promoted by David R. Heath and Company, paid a gross of $1,375.

Davis, 132½, started off at a fast pace and piled up a good lead in the first five rounds. He caught Lopes, 131½, with a hard left to the mid-section in the first round and copped that heat. He lost the second when Lopes surprised everybody, including Davis, by making a strong comeback, but held the edge in the next three by outpunching his fast-moving opponent.

The remaining five rounds proved disastrous for Davis, who began to tire badly. Whereas Davis got slower and arm weary, Lopes seemed to get stronger and fresher as the fight progressed. Now it was Lopes who was punching harder, more accurately, and he came out the winner in nearly every exchange. In the tenth round Lopes went all out trying for a knockout and although he failed in his quest he won this canto by a big margin. Davis went to the floor twice in this heat. The first was due to slipping but the second looked like a real knockdown although by a light blow. However, the officials thought differently and failed to give Lopes credit for a knockdown.

Other results: Bobby Acusta, 130, beat Masa Goda, 134¼, 5 rounds; Puna Titcomb, 142½, knocked out Harold LaPearl, 141½, in the third of four; Linford Chung, 135, decisioned Eddie Kim, 138, four rounds; Ernest Sylva, 117, won over Solomon Dela Cruz, 119¾, in the four-round opener.

Employing a lightning-fast left, Chicago's Freddie Dawson, the nation's top lightweight contender, won a split decision in ten rounds over Frankie Fernandez of Honolulu in an outdoor fight held at the Honolul Stadium. Favoring the Chicagoan were Referee Walter Cho and Judge Frankie Gomes with scores of 16-12 and 14-12. Judge Willie Whittle had the fight even with each fighter getting 13 points.

A crowd of 6,349 fans, smaller than expected, watched in comparative silence as their pride went down to his third defeat of his professional boxing career of about twenty-eight fights. The gate receipt amounted $15,755.70.

Speed and accuracy were the all important factors contributing to Dawson's victory. Not as hard a puncher as his rival, he nevertheless was sharper with his punches and beat Fernandez to the punch whenever they met head on.

For a fighter who had been idle for at least six months, Fernandez displayed wonderful condition but his timing was off and all throughout the fight he was able to land his potent right on but two occasions. Even then they landed a little too high to do much damage.

After an even first round, Dawson garnered the second and third by beating Fernandez to the punch. Whenever the Honolulu boy rushed in he was met with stinging lefts to the jaw.

There was very little to choose between the two in the fourth and fifth rounds. But in the sixth, Fernandez suddenly came to life and connected with hard lefts to Dawson's body. It proved to be the local boy's best round.

The seventh and eighth rounds were about even but Dawson had a big ninth round when he pounded Fernandez with many hard lefts and an occasional right to the head. Fernandez appeared tired in this round and seemed unable to fight back.

Dawson kept up his furious attack right into the final round and was pounding his opponent freely when Fernandez uncorked a terrific right to the button. The blow, the hardest of the fight, stopped Dawson momentarily but he soon recovered and was fighting at top speed again as the bell ended the fight.

The ring was drenched with rain and there were numerous slips by both fighters but there was no legitimate knockdown.

Frankie Fernandez outweighed Freddie Dawson 147 to 143¾.

The fight was promoted by Augie Curtis.

Other results: Ike Patton, 158½, beat Carl Cabral, 155½, in the five-round semi-final. Ernest Sylva, 117, decisioned Salvador Torres, 117½, four rounds. Harry Frodente, 133½ knocked out Linford Chun, 134½, in the second of a four-rounder. Leo Tolentino, 135¾, outpointed Puna Titcomb, 138½, four rounds.

NEWS FROM SUNNY AUSTRALIA

By Ray Mitchell

WITH only eight professional fights behind him—winning seven by the K.O. and one by decision—Jimmy Carruthers entered the ring to challenge Elley Bennett for the latter's Australian bantam title—and lifted Bennett's crown with ease!

Bennett, long rated by THE RING—and justifiably so, as his record against importations proves—found himself outclassed by the tyro in everything except hitting power and courage. Due to his powerful punch (Elley is probably the hardest hitting bantam in the world today), the champion ruled as the favorite. But Carruthers set a blinding pace, and although hurt at times, boxed his way out of trouble to nearly knock out the tough Bennett.

Carruthers revealed dazzling speed, a first-class fighting brain, a severe punch, a fighting heart and coolness under fire. He clearly won ten of the fifteen rounds, with Bennett edging him out of the major points in three rounds, and two being even.

A packed house of 14,500 cheered Carruthers to the echo and now negotiations are going on with Vic Towcel to defend his world title in Sydney against our new champion.

The victory over Bennett was a great triumph for Carruthers, who received $33 for his first bout a few months ago and whose earnings spiralled by $44 per contest until his eighth fight, which earned him $400. For his title victory over Bennett, Jim got $2,755—not bad for a bantam having his ninth contest!

Right now Carruthers is the hottest thing in boxing in Australia. He has displaced Dave Sands as the idol and is certainly the best prospect this writer has seen.

Welter champion Mickey Tollis, who K.O.'ed lightweight champion Jack Hassen in 12 rounds in Sydney in March, in what was the most thrilling contest seen in Sydney this year to date, again K.O.'ed Hassen—in 11 rounds this time—in Melbourne, in what was the most punishing fight staged in that city in 25 years.

Hassen is a terrific puncher, but in both contests with Tollis, he failed to put the welter champion on the boards. Tollis' superior boxing and his tenacity proved too much for Hassen.

Kevin James, highly touted flyweight, had a bad attack of nerves before his match with experienced Taffy Hancock, and was K.O.'ed in five rounds. James can do better and could still develop into a world-beater. He is only a kid, with 12 fights behind him.

Hancock, a few days after beating James, K.O.'ed the Filipino, Baby Jacson, in four rounds. Jacson's performance was very poor and he has been sent home.

An upset occurred in Melbourne when unbeaten middleweight Al Bourke, with 26 victories and No. 1 contender for Dave Sands' middleweight title, went under by the decision route to Ron Toohey, who is somewhat of a Cinderella man. It was a great fight and the pair have been rematched.

Below are the month's results:

Sydney—12 rounds: Max Talbot K.O.'ed Jack Keegan in the first round (middleweights); Little Paras, Filipino, K.O.'ed Mickey McDonald in five (lightweights); Taffy Hancock K.O.'ed Baby Jacson, four (flyweights).

15 rounds: Jimmy Carruthers outpointed Elley Bennett for the bantamweight title of Australia.

Melbourne—12 rounds: Bobby Greville K.O.'ed Andre Famechon in five (welters); Bob Scrivano outpointed Rod Cutter (Scrivano, bantam, and Cutter, flyweight); George Kapeen K.O.'ed Frank Clarke, ten (welters); Ron Toohey outpointed Al Bourke (middles); Mickey Tollis, welter champion, K.O.'ed Jack Hassen, lightweight champion, in 11.

Brisbane—15 rounds: Jackie Ryan K.O.'ed Dave Landers in seven for the Queensland State lightweight title.

12 rounds: Mike Keresztes K.O.'ed Mick Dunningham in four (lightweights); Ian Killeen drew with Mickey Roberts (flyweights); Little Paras outpointed Jackie Ryan.

Newcastle—12 rounds: Alf Sands, middle, K.O.'ed Al Smith, light-heavy, in six; Alf Sands K.O.'ed Bill Roley in four; Max Talbot won on a foul over A. Sands; Alf Sands K.O.'ed Max Talbot in ten.

Leichhardt—12 rounds: Taffy Hancock K.O.'ed Kevin James in five; Johnny Gleeson outpointed Rod Cutter (flyweights); Norm Praine outpointed Fred Kay (featherweights); Johnny Gleeson outpointed Mickey Roberts (flyweights).

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NEW ORLEANS AND THE SOUTH

By "Broadway" Johnny Cox

CHUCK DAVEY, Detroit, Mich., welterweight, scored his 22nd professional ring victory at the Coliseum Arena and his 17th kayo in the money ranks when the former Michigan State collegiate champion knocked out the veteral Tommy Ciarlo, Waterbury, Conn., in the fourth round of a scheduled ten-round main bout staged by Promoter Allen LaCombe.

Ciarlo, scaling 146¼, looked fat and was no match for the redheaded southpaw managed by Izzy Kline. Ciarlo's left eye was cut at the end of the opening round. Davey won every round previous to the kayo. Chuck in the third round dropped Ciarlo for a nine-count with a series of right jabs and left hooks to the body.

In the fourth round Davey floored Ciarlo for nine with a dandy left hook to the body and when the Waterbury trial horse arose, Davey dropped Ciarlo with right jabs and smashing left hooks to the body. Referee Peter Giaruso counted Ciarlo out in 1:04 of the fourth round. Davey scaled 145½.

Lacombe, staging his first white professional fight here in three months, was disappointed at the small attendance. A total of 1,396 fans paid a net gate of $1,987.46 to witness the card.

The preliminaries were lukewarm. Johnny Capitano, New Orleans lightweight, scored a five-round T.K.O. over Henry Luera, Houston, Tex., in a scheduled six-rounder. Promising Ralph Dupas, 138¼, New Orleans, knocked out Ralph Reyna, Houston, Tex., in two. Ed Jennins, New Orleans, making his professional start at 118, decisioned rugged Domingo Rivera, Mexico City, in the opening four.

Nathaniel (Killer) Jackson, 130¼, New Orleans lightweight, a 3 to 1 underdog, scored an upset ten-round decision over Teddy (Redtop) Davis, 128¾, Brooklyn, N. Y., lightweight, in the feature ten-round bout of Promoter Heard Ragas' program at the Coliseum Arena.

Davis was the aggressor from start to finish while Jackson was on his bicycle. The New Orleans lightweight claimed a foul in the seventh round and was given a five minute rest period. The remainder of the rounds were closely contested and Jackson was awarded a split decision over Davis to put Jackson in line for a crack at Virgil Akins, Tommy Campbell or some other headliner.

In another added ten-rounder, Aberdeen U.S. Chico Lynch, 137¼, St. Louis, Mo., junior welterweight, making his debut here, scored another upset by winning a ten-round decision over Melvin Bartholomew, 141¼, durable New Orleans welterweight.

It was a hard-fought fight with the St. Louis cutey outboxing Bartholomew in most of the rounds.

Undefeated Charley Joseph, up-and-coming New Orleans welterweight, added another win to his column by scoring a unanimous six-round decision over Junius West, New Orleans. Joseph scaled 141½; West, 146 pounds.

In the four-round opener, Andrew Brown and Cyril Kelly, local welterweights, battled to a four-round draw.

Maxie Docusen, 133, New Orleans lightweight fistic pride, whose amazing feat of engaging in 67 fights without a defeat gained Maxie national fame and placed him No. 3 lightweight contender, returned to the ring after a seven months' layoff at Baton Rouge, La. Promoter Ned Diliberto and Matchmaker Lew Raymond staged the show, which found Docusen scoring a ten-round decision over Henry Schillizzi, 130, New York, one-time stablemate of Phil Terranova.

Despite his long layoff, Maxie displayed plenty of class against the New York cutey, who holds a decision over local Lenny Alvarez.

Maxie floored the New Yorker for a count of eight in the sixth round and Schillizzi gamely took a good pasting in the final four rounds.

In the eight-round semi-final, Joe Hartegen, classy New Orleans junior welterweight, scored a two-round T.K.O. over Ted Robinson, Natchez, Miss. Hartegen had too many guns for Robinson and Referee Nick Virgets wisely stopped the fight. Ben Lee, Birmingham, Ala., deaf mute, won a four-round decision over Roger Trevino, Houston, Tex. Both welters. Ray (Jitterbug) Smith, New Orleans, lost a four-round decision to Al Selby, Houston, Tex. Both scaled 133. Alex Rilleux, New Orleans bantamweight, scored a four-round win over Baby Alantez, Los Angeles, Cal.

Kid Centella, Managua, Nicaragua, junior lightweight, is the new Southern lightweight champion. Centella won a unanimous ten-round decision over local Lenny Alvarez at the Coliseum Arena. Promoter Heard Ragas, who staged the match, had the Louisiana Athletic Commission sanction the bout for the mythical Dixie lightweight title and Ragas awarded a trophy to the winner, emblematic of the Southern lightweight crown. A crowd of 2,006 fans paid a fine net gate of $3,100.00.

Louis Bravo, the Nicaraguan consul-general and the dean of consuls here, presented the trophy to Centella after the decision was rendered.

Centella is a good hitter and cannot be compared to former great lightweight champions of Dixie like Joe Mandot, Pal Moran, Basile Galiano, Joe Thomas, Phil Virgets, Frankie Russell, Ervin Berlier and others, but with experience he can become a nationally known lightweight contender. He is managed by Charley Rodriguez, one-time local featherweight.

There was no doubt as to the winner. Centella had Alvarez on the deck for a nine-count in the seventh round. Centella scaled 128 pounds to Alvarez's 130.

In the six-round semi-final, J. W. Henry, Orange, Tex., lightweight, making his debut here, displayed only courage against the more experienced Ralph Dupas, New Orleans. Henry was on the floor six times in two rounds and should not have been allowed to finish the third. With experience, Henry may develop into a fair fighter. Dupas scaled 130¼; Henry, 135. Ben Lee, Birmingham, Ala., welterweight, decisioned John Mioriana, New Orleans, in four. In two other fours, "Jitterbug" Smith lost to Al Selby and Alex Rilleux defeated Domingo Rivera.

Joe Brown, New Orleans lightweight, won a ten-round unanimous decision over up-and-coming 22-year-old Virgil Akins, St. Louis, Mo., lightweight, in a hard-fought bout topping Promoter Heard Ragas' card at the Coliseum. Akins, making his debut here, made a gallant if losing fight to Brown.

The St. Louisian, who holds two ten-round decisions over Bud Smith and who decisioned Del Flanagan in the medal game, is a combination boxer and fighter.

Brown, who holds a ten-round decision over the new lightweight king, James Carter of New York, has scored four consecutive local wins since returning from Australia, where Joe won the lightweight championship of the land Down Under by stopping champion Jack Hassen in eight rounds.

Brown scaled 136½; Akins, 136 pounds.

A crowd of 1,379 fans paid a gross gate of $1,975.00.

Charley Joseph, New Orleans welterweight, undefeated since turning professional, stopped Isiah Matthews, Baton Rouge, La., in the second. Both welterweights. Cyril Kelly, New Orleans, chalked up a two-round kayo over Al Young, local welterweight. Dave Cheatum, New Orleans lightweight, belted out Eugene Jacobs, Baton Rouge, La., in one.

Joe Brown, 139½, the best lightweight developed locally since the days of Leo Johnson, who fought the late Benny Leonard in New York, pounded out a unanimous ten-round decision over Clarence (Honey Chile) Johnson, 143¾, Philadelphia, Pa., welterweight, in the main event of ten rounds staged by Promoter Heard Ragas at the Coliseum Arena.

The New Orleans contender for lightweight honors was master of the situation throughout and defeated Joe Gramby's fighter by a comfortable margin. Brown's snakelike left hand and sharp right cross piled up a decisive victory for Brown.

In the six-round semi-final, Melvin Bartholomew, New Orleans welter, stopped Leonard Ceasar in the fourth. It was Bartholomew's second kayo win over Ceasar. Andrew Brown, New Orleans welterweight, scored a five-round T.K.O. over Cyril Kelly, New Orleans. Lawrence Armistead, New Orleans featherweight, plastered Sol McGowan, local 120-pounder, and finally stopped McGowan in the third.

A crowd of 1,837 fans paid a gross gate of $2,671.59 to witness a well-balanced card.

Virgin Akins, 22-year-old crowd-pleasing St. Louis, Mo., lightweight, scored a sensational upset ten-round unanimous decision over Tommy Campbell, Los Angeles, Calif., the No. 2 lightweight contender, in a ten-rounder staged by Promoter Heard Ragas at the Coliseum Arena, June 8. Campbell was a 4 to 1 favorite.

Akins, who had lost a unanimous ten-round decision to Joe Brown here May 25, was on the defensive the first three rounds, but after being nailed by Campbell with pot shot left hooks, the Missouri gamester started boxing and fighting. The rounds were close going into the ninth round, which was Akin's best, as he cornered Tommy in his own corner and for two minutes pounded Campbell with body and jaw punches, winning the round decisively.

Campbell came back to take the tenth. On my scorecard, I had Tommy in front by three rounds. Akin's great losing fight with Brown and his disregard for Campbell's hitting power, impressed the fans and officials and the decision was a popular one with the crowd.

Campbell weighed 137¾; Akins, 138.

In the six-round semi-final, Andrew Brown, 147, New Orleans, decisioned Junius West, 148¾, New Orleans. George Tousaint, 153, New Orleans, won a six-round decision over Leonard Ceasar, 143, New Orleans. Dave Cheatum, 135, New Orleans, stopped Al Young, 140, New Orleans, in one round. Lawrence Armistead, 122½, New Orleans, belted out Joe Green, 125, New Orleans, in one round.

Anyone desiring information on local boxing can contact the writer at the DeSoto Hotel, New Orleans, La.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

By Hugh Shannon

BUFFALO'S Henry Brimm, 159, outboxed Joey De John, 162, of Syracuse, in a hard-fought ten-round match in Memorial Auditorium, May 22. Brimm's return to form completely baffled the hard-punching De John, who was unable to clip Henry with one of his famous lethal punches. Once or twice Brimm found himself a little groggy but on each occasion the Buffalo fighter used his head and cleverly kept away from De John's haymakers.

Your correspondent gave six rounds to Brimm and four to De John. Referee Lou Scozza voted for De John while Judges Fred Hegnauer and Ed Schellerman decided for Brimm. The crowd gave Brimm a great hand at the finish.

Manager Joe Netro and the Syracuse crowd which backed De John thought Joey had won the edge. Immediately there was talk of a return match. Brimm and Manager Barney Snapp want the return staged in Buffalo while the De John management insist that the match goes to Syracuse.

Joey Giambra, crack Buffalo 150-pounder, dropped a close decision to Johnny Cesario in the eight-round semi-final. It was Giambra's first pro defeat. Joey hopes to meet Cesario again within a few weeks. In a companion eight-rounder, another Buffalo favorite, Spider Johnny Thompson, 130, was beaten by Cleve Simmons, 138, of New York.

Jimmy Slattery, an old favorite of twenty years ago, shared in the receipts of the Brimm-De John battle. Slattery got about $6000 in all, a good part of the money coming from a fund-raising dinner which was attended by about fifty prominent Buffalonians from all walks of life.

The Brimm-De John show attracted a gross gate of $18,000. Payoff was on the net of $13,000. The Hudson and Fairview clubs jointly promoted the program which was one of the best staged here in years. The promoters were Tom Lippes of the Hudson club and Dewey Michaels of the FAC. Junior Singer and Charlie Pinto teamed up for the matchmaking.

Joey Giambra journeyed to Detroit June 6 and returned to the winning path by scoring a six-round decision over Al Adams of Chicago. Giamabra weighed 150, Adams 146¼. Manager Mike Scanlon has another engagement booked for Joey in the Michigan metropolis.

In wrestling—Promoter Ed Don George expects to keep going on Friday nights during most of the Summer. George has been drawing some splendid gates in Buffalo. His clubs in Jamestown, Erie, Syracuse, Watertown and other places are all doing well.

Pfc. Frank Dimino, who is one of Buffalo's finest boxing trainers, has been awarded New York State's Conspicuous Service cross for heroic service during a railroad wreck near Ft. Meade, Maryland, where he was stationed during the war. Domino is well liked by members of the fistic profession here.

CONNECTICUT RING NEWS

By Don Hamill

WATERBURY SPORTS CENTER—Vic Cardell, 148, state welterweight champion from Hartford, handed out a boxing lesson to rugged Charley Earley, 149, San Francisco, Calif., in the eight-round feature of the only boxing show in the state for the month. Cardell kept Earley off balance with a good left jab during most of the fight. He won every round on the scorecard of Referee Jim Peters because of his superior boxing ability.

Irish Pat Mallane, 135, Union City, Conn., belted out Monte Curtis, 136½, New York, in the third round but not until he had himself experienced all sorts of difficulty. Mallane planted Curtis into the resin with his potent left hook. Frank Keating, 160, Wallingford, won on a technical knockout in the third round of a four spot when Joe Plouffe, 164, Waterbury, had to resign because of an injury to his left eye.

For several years Vito Tallarita has promoted semi-pro boxing in Thompsonville and although the town boasts a population of about 12,000, it has become the summer metropolis for semi-pro boxing. This year, due to altercations, Tallerita will be promoting at the Mount Carmel Park in Thompsonville instead of the Thompsonville Arena which is an outdoor set-up. The arena, however, will not be idle as Gregory M. Saspouzian is running semi-pro bouts there. Both clubs staged their initial shows on June 7th.

Joe DeMaria, former Thompsonville promoter and who in later years has promoted in Troy, N. Y., West Springfield, Pittsfield, North Adams, and Holyoke, will again stage professional shows at the Thompsonville Arena. He announced the pairing of Springfield's Sammy Walker with Norman Hayes of Boston for June 11th but Walker injured his hand in training and the bout was pushed back to the 25th with no offerings until then.

CONTINENTAL CLOSE-UP

By CHARLIE PARISH

De Bruin In Duplicate—Wiegand Ready For The Big-Time—Middles In Parlous State—Langlois May Succeed Humetz To French Title—Svend Wad To Join Welters—Good Winners And Some Bad Losers In Milan—Spalla Sings For South Americans—Unlucky Three For Walzach—Finns Hope For European Honours.

NOT so long ago, when communication between cities was not the matter of fact thing it is today, it was possible for enterprising fighters to rake in some easy dough merely by hopping a train to Those Faraway Places. Once arrived, the battler registers at the biggest hotel under the name of some well-known champion, admits to acquaintances that he is indeed the famous man, finally accepts generous offers to tangle with the local slugger. After a mediocre bout, our friend pockets his fee, packs his bag and quits. This practice was fairly successful in the more distant parts of the States, and also paid dividends on the Continent, in countries where boxing was in its infancy and fans were not so discerning. Only last year, a fighter bearing the name of Tuzo Portuguez was knocked out in America, but it was afterwards discovered that the Costa Rican middle was in fact many miles from the venue at the time of the fight.

A similar case has arisen in respect of the Dutch middleweight, Jan De Bruin, who has been billed on programmes in Germany under false pretences. There are indeed two Dutch middles christened Jan De Bruin, which is not surprising when one reflects that the name is equivalent to John Brown. But the first man to fight under that name was the fighter who gave such sterling displays against Randy Turpin and Ray Robinson this year, the man who defeated Claude Ritter just after the Frenchman had whipped Mitri. When Jan De Bruin II arrived back from his military service in the Dutch East Indies, he was registered under the name Snucky De Bruin by the Dutch Boxing Federation, to avoid confusion with his team-mate. Both men were managed by Theo Huizenaar at that period.

Under the name "Snucky". the second Jan De Bruin fought several bouts in Holland, against Willy Schagen, Gianetta and Leven. Early this year, Snucky bade farewell to the Land of Tulips and set his course for Hamburg. There he defeated Werner Dietrich. A month later he turned up in Munich, as Jan De Bruin, and made an impressive showing against the young prospect, Horst Kemena, with whom he shared the honours. On the bills and programmes, excerpts of Snucky's record claimed that he had defeated Ritter, Lapourielle, Barthelemy, and had fought Dave Sands. This international background belongs, of course, to Snucky's namesake. As the German authorities concerned were obviously convinced of De Bruin's authenticity, the discredit for allowing the public to be deceived in this manner must go to the boxer.

The oddest point of this affair is that Snucky De Bruin did not fail to live up to public's expectations—press reports of his two German bouts were most flattering !

* * * * *

Another case of Hoaxing the Hayseeds recently came to light in Luxembourg, with the Belgian heavyweight champion, Piet Wilde, painted as a kind of tiger prior to his bout with Werner Wiegand.

On the placards which proclaimed this meeting of giants, Wilde was pictured in the foreground, surrounded by sprawling victims of his dynamite wallops, each of whom was labelled with a name and nationality. Among these battered relics were to be found Carl Nielsen and Kurt Schiegl. In point of fact, Nielsen whipped the Belgian twice, Schiegl beat him once. Paddy Slavin (described as a Norwegian !), Jack London, Jan Klein and several others were beaten by Wilde, on points, not knocked out, or even knocked down ! To complete the illusion, several other foreigners are pictured—who have never fought the Belgian.

The contest was described as a quarter-final eliminator for the European heavy-weight title, as an additional attraction. A record crowd turned up at the Limpertsberg hall to see Wiegand clean up the Belgian invader in two rounds, thus providing less opposition for the blond Luxemburger than many of the more obscure fighters who have served as sacrificial goats. It is difficult to assess Wiegand's true worth. Against German fighters he has not made a great impression—Wiese, Henne, and Nuernberg all lasted the distance, although Wiegand did succeed in halting Tiedtke and Richard Grupe. The remaining motley of international third-raters who feature on his record were mostly stopped before the limit. Out of his first twenty fights Wiegand has won thirteen before the scheduled finish, drawn two, won four on points. His sole defeat was at the hands of Leonard Riva, who would be no match for Wiegand on a second occasion.

The Luxemburger, who is sagely directed by Camille Risch, is probably the most carefully built-up fighter in Europe today. Although he is a German, his name is a sure-fire drawing card in Luxembourg, and he is also becoming a popular figure in German rings. A tremendous hitter, the blond Werner often neglects to close his glove, and thus sometimes takes longer than necessary is wearing down his opponent. As all his adversaries have been hand-picked, it is not surprising that Wiegand has yet to meet a strong second-rater. Piet Wilde is second-rate, but not too robust. Wiegand's manager refused to entertain ideas of a match with Carl Nielsen or Kurt Schiegl—men who are not easy to dump on the canvas, and who punch their weight. On the other hand, Mr. Risch drops hints to the press of negotiations with London regarding a bout with Jack Gardner or Johnny Williams. After twenty professional fights, Wiegand should be ready for the acid test ; most of his victories have not proved a thing. By the time these lines are in print, it is likely that the big blond will have had the test, probably against Stef Olek.

* * * * *

Peter Mueller's knockout victory over Michel Lapourielle has guaranteed the German middleweight a sure place in the first ten Europeans of that category, and perhaps will serve as something of a rallying call for the rest of the younger element who are now seeking honours in the middles class. A few years ago, this division was about the strongest in Europe, at the time when Cerdan, Charron, Villemain, Delannoit and Mitri were in their heyday ; after Ray Robinson's two cyclonic visits, the middles present a rather battered and sorry picture. Robert Villemain and Dauthuille remain the best on the Continent and are worthy to swap punches with the pick of Americans, but the remainder of the pack have been very erratic in their recent performances, and fresh blood is needed to spark enthusiasm in the middleweight ranks.

With Tiberio Mitri still on the sidelines, Delannoit making rare and disappointing appearances, and the remaining leaders, Van Dam, Jean Stock, Kid Marcel, Walzach and Ritter suffering beatings from their immediate superiors—Robinson, Randy Turpin and Dauthuille—with affairs in this state, the time is ripe for the admission of a new crop of drawing-cards. Mueller, Lapourielle, Campagna, Fontana, Vallet, Royer-Crecy and Szuzina form the advance guard of this younger section. Their immediate objective is to dislodge those established veterans, and Mueller and Lapourielle have already succeeded in some measure, Mueller with his victories over Kid Marcel, Henry Hall, Chambraud and Lapourielle with his upset win over Cyrille Delannoit. The others are less rapid in their advance, the veterans and near-veterans show unwillingness to be dislodged from their places at the top of the bill. Kid Marcel is apparently on the way out, but Jean Stock has recently shown a striking return to form and has regained the French middles title. One fighter who has come to the forefront of the widdleweight ranks lately, Jan De Bruin, achieved more fame from his defeats against Sugar Ray and Randy Turpin than he had ever received from his winning fights.

The paucity of talent among European middles can be more easily assessed when one reflects on the suggestions that Ray Robinson should go in the ring with heavyweights, like Gino Buonvino or Stephen Olek. The Sugar is super-class, of that there is no doubt, but there should be enough middles around the place to last at least as long as, say, De Bruin. From the look of things, however, it seems unlikely that the middleweight contingent will have changed its leadership much by the end of next season. The only hope is that several newcomers may have arrived from the welterweight ranks. Humetz has

Dutch Middleweight Snucky De Bruin, whose hoodwinking activities have landed him in trouble in Germany.

experienced weight difficulties and may join a previous European welters champion, Livio Minelli, in the search for middleweight honours.

Fernando Jannilli, who has held both the welter and middleweight titles in Italy, has resolved to promote himself to a cruiserweight. In his first bout as a cruiser, the blond Roman did well enough to gain a split decision with the Italian champion, Renato Tontini. At the age of thirty, Jannilli has a very useful record behind him, and last September suffered his first defeat in 25 starts when he was narrowly outpointed by Van Dam. . . . . The big Austrian, Kurt Schiegl, displayed his best form to date when he outpointed Steve McCall in Vienna. Schiegl used to suffer from difficulty in breathing through his nose after a bout had gone a few rounds, and contemplated retirement on these grounds. An operation has put matters right and manager Alfred Pauser views the future with optimism . . . . Stephan Olek, who lost the French heavyweight title through red-tape, has now been officially declared champion by the Federation. There are no contenders for the genial gentleman-farmer to eliminate ! . . . . Jean Pankowiak, an old foe of Marcel Cerdan, Dauthuille, Kid Tunero, etc., has applied for license to resume his career as a boxer . . . Andre Famechon, who suffered much ill-fortune in Australia, has finally hung up the gloves and gone into business Down Under . . . . In Germany, an amateur boxer named Reisigacker made fight history by knocking himself out. Punching wildly, he rammed his elbow back in his own stomach and went down for the count.

* * * * *

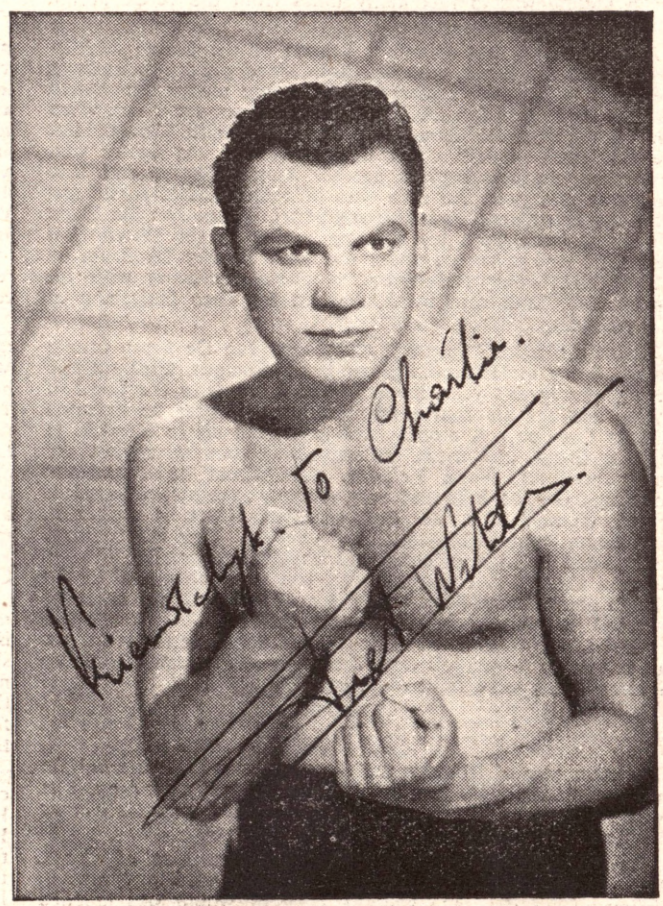
The signal defeat administered to Eddie Thomas by the French champion, Charlie Humetz, has at last brought the Frenchman into the international picture. Humetz has long been rated by your correspondent as the best welter on the Continent, and in fact I stated in an article to the Italian paper, BOXE, that Charlie had the beating of Thomas unless the latter showed much greater improvement. This was after watching a bill at Porthcawl over a year ago, when Thomas defeated Gilbert Ussin and Humetz trimmed Cliff Curvis.

According to latest report, Humetz will be recognised as an official contender for the World Championship, which makes it likely that he will cease to defend his French title. Pierre Langlois, a sturdy Norman, is the leading contender for French honours, so it is likely that Langlois will meet Gilbert Lavoine, Benedetto or Clavel for the vacant post.

Pierre Langlois was accorded a shot at the French title once before, in April, 1950, when he was narrowly outpointed by Humetz—who lost the crown by a disqualification in his next fight, to Titi Clavel. Langlois, who was born on Jack Johnson's birthday, March 31st, is twenty-six years old and has already disputed 46 bouts, of which he has won all but nine, and two of these bouts were draws. His last defeat was against Valere Benedetto, who obtained a highly sympathetic verdict against the Norman at Marseilles, Benedetto's hometown.

The history books tell us that Normandy was settled by the Vikings during the Dark Ages, and Langlois certainly looks more like a Scandinavian than a Frenchman. Blond, clean-featured and robust, his style of fighting is to move towards his man from first to last, blocking and weaving in a constant attempt to land his damaging hooks to the midriff. He first appeared in Paris in January, 1948, where he defeated Joseph Loyer, and since then has continued to operate almost exclusively either in Paris or in one of the towns of Normany. His birthplace, Pont-Audemer, frequently has the opportunity of watching its favourite in action, likewise he appears in Rouen or at Evreux, where the name of Langlois is sufficient to pack the local hall to capacity.

After tasting his first defeat, at the capable hands of Pierre Le Mentec, Langlois set sail with the Eugene Huat colony for Australia, where he spent a very unrewarding season. In six fights he gained but one victory, over Billy Gleeson, but returned home a more experienced and mature scrapper. His first battle on returning to France was against his erstwhile victor, Le Mentec, and Langlois rocked his fellow-townsmen at Pont-Audemer by chilling the Breton in four rounds. A series of wins against other top-line French welters led to



Piet Wilde, Belgian heavies king, was the latest victim of Werner Wiegand.

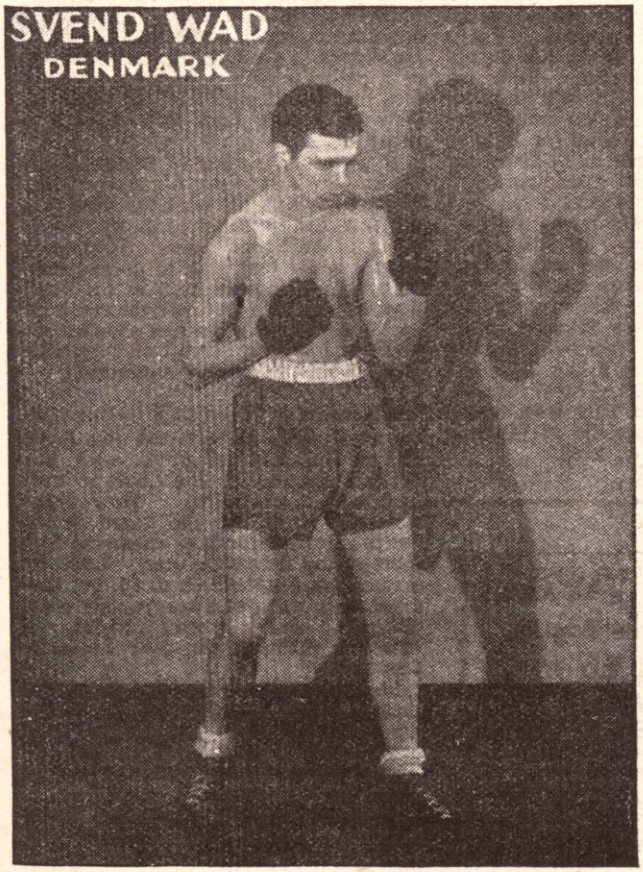
his sole shot at the national crown, after which losing battle Langlois became a confirmed favourite at the Palais des Sports. Fighters of his calibre are greatly sought after for supporting bouts, and Langlois has since figured on nearly all programmes at Gilbert Benaim's fight venue near the Eiffel Tower.

Undefeated in his last twelve outings, Langlois has steamrolled his way to victory against Roger Baour, Gilbert Ussin, Da Sylva, Clavel, Bruno Marostegan, Jackie Braddock, Delmine and Reypens, since dropping that disputed verdict at Marseilles. It does not appear that there is another French welter who can bar his way to the national crown in the event of Humetz resigning, save perhaps Gilbert Lavoine. The latter employs much the same tactics as Langlois, and should these two meet, as they surely must do eventually, a record crowd can be expected at the Palais.

Svend Wad, the Danish lightweight, has decided to move up into the welter division for the forthcoming winter season. Although he has only fought ten bouts as a professional, Wad boasts victories over Ben Miloud, Frank Hermal and Walter Demke, among others. He clashed with Jorgen Johansen for the vacant Danish title last February and was defeated rather easily by the man whom he had previously whipped as an amateur. In the welter class Wad will find another rival in Chris Christensen, but as these two both campaign under the banner of Valdemar Christiansen it is unlikely that they will meet in serious conflict. If such a bout were to be recognized as a title affair, however, manager Valdemar may close his eyes and pray that the best man win. He may adopt the gesture of Pierre Dupain, whose two battlers, Francis Bonnardel and Roger Bruneau, recently met for the French feathers crown. Dupain seated himself in a neutral position at the ringside and allowed two managerial friends of his to preside in the respective corners. Whilst expressing satisfaction over such a clean and open fight, Dupain must nevertheless have felt relieved that Bonnardel succeeded in retaining his laurels.

* * * * *

As was to be expected, the European Amateur Championships in Milan brought forth the usual accusations of poor refereeing, semi-professionals appearing in the guise of amateurs, preferential treatment for Italians, and what have you. Statements were particularly strong in the British and French press, but it should be pointed out that experts from other participating nations were more objective in their findings.



Joining the welter class next season is the Danish lightie, Svend Wad.

The great disappointment was the non-participation of the Russians, who were held up in Prague and arrived in Milan too late. Teams from other countries behind the Iron Curtain took part, however, and two of their representatives succeeded in capturing titles—the Hungarian veteran, Laszlo Papp, won the light-middleweight, and Zygmunt Chycha of Poland won the welter crown. It is reported that amateurs from these countries are allowed long periods away from their employment, with pay and expenses, in order to train for the Championships. Whatever the facts, these fighters did not show up any better than their western rivals, on the average.

Lack of public interest was very evident, all the more surprising when one considers the fine record of Italian amateurs in these championships. Punctuality went by the board for the first few days, and there were also some rather poor verdicts given during the preliminary bouts. By and large, though, the competing fighters were satisfied with the decisions awarded.

The chief complaint from British circles was the usual one of lack of appreciation among Continentals for the orthodox British style, less spectacular than the Continental methods of hammering an opponent to the canvas. The fine performance of Alf Lay, who was nominated as the most gallant loser, was sufficient to prove that this old country can still provide the right brand of men for amateur contests—good losers ! The French are notably more chauvinistic in their attitude. They did not hesitate to accuse a Finnish referee of showing preference for the Dutch flyweight, Van der Zee, who was declared winner over the Frenchman, Martin; the alleged reason for this verdict was that the Dutchman would have been an easier victim for the Finnish participant, Pentti Hamalainen, in the next round of the competition ! Likewise, the Danish super-welter (or light-middle, perhaps) Jens Andersen, was accused of cowardice when he failed to appear in the finals against Laszlo Papp owing to an injured hand. It later transpired that the Italian medicals refused the Dane permission to go through with his bout. These wild statements do little to foster the goodwill between nations which is one of the aims of international sport.

* * * * *

Erminio Spalla, the old Italian heavy who crossed gloves with Gene Tunney and Luis Angel Firpo in his day, has returned to the scene of some of his early triumphs—Brazil. In 1924, the Italian champion knocked out a giant negro named Benedito dos Santos in nine rounds, at San Paolo. Now, twenty-seven years after the battle, Spalla appeared at San Paolo as a singer, and his opening concert there was dedicated to his old ring rival, dos Santos.

* * * * *

It had to happen. Poor Jean Walzach, who withstood two ten-round arguments with Ray Robinson, was matched with the World Champion for the third time at Liege, Belgium. Here, Sugar Ray made no mistake about it, dropped the gallant Pole six times before the referee wisely halted the massacre in the sixth. It was a pity that Walzach was not content to rest on his laurels. He has not won a fight since June of 1949, when he outpointed Fist Dever at Detroit. Since then he has entered the ring eleven times, sometimes against the best around, like Sugar Ray or Laurent Dauthuille, and he has also lost decisions to Charlie Humetz and Jean Stock.

Some of the forthcoming European title matches appear to be meeting with a rather mixed reception by the interested parties. First and foremost, the nomination of two Germans, Ten Hoff and Rux, as challengers for the heavy and light-heavy crowns, has met with the usual opposition which is accorded proposals that Germans should campaign in Britain. It has been suggested that the German champions have done nothing to warrant their nomination. To my mind, the chief fly in the ointment is the possiblity that Gardner and Cockell may both lose their European laurels, which would seriously lessen public interest in the Englishmen. The defeat of Eddie Thomas has already removed one bright star from the London firmament, at least temporarily.

Elis Ask, the smart Finn, may also have to wait before getting his lightweight title bout with Pierre Montane, the holder. Returned from Canada after his inglorious transatlantic debut, Montane was due to meet the Finn in Gothenburg in defence of the European crown. Promoter Eddie Ahlqvist found the Frenchman's purse demands too high, and it seems likely that the fight will take place in Finland, where a record attendance could be expected. Elis Ask will be the first Finn to fight for European honours. Should Montane lose his crown to the likeable Elis, promoter Ahlqvist has plans for bringing the World Champion, Johnny Carter, to Sweden for an all-star show which would feature a World title bout as the main-attraction. The attendance at such a programme would most likely overstep the 45,000 which was recorded at the Olle Tandberg—Jersey Joe Walcott shindy a couple of years ago.

Now Ray Wilding is after Gardner and Williams

By JAMES BUTLER

I pick Williams to reverse decision against Gardner next time—Louis squashes Savold, but Ezzard Charles is the only real champion—Eddie Thomas disappoints against Humez—Danny O'Sullivan to continue as featherweight—Allen wins British flyweight title, but Leicester prefers heavyweights—Algar Smith finds lack of inches handicap in bid among welterweights.

THE defeat of Jack Gardner, British heavyweight champion, by Cesar Brion of the Argentine and the smashing knockout win of Johnny Williams, the young Rugby heavyweight, over Jo Weidin of Austria somewhat complicated the British heavyweight scene, and certainly upset the autumn plans of promoter Jack Solomons.

Add to this the serious challenge of Ray Wilding, the 22 year old Cheshire heavyweight, who has now piled up a string of knockout victories in America, and it is plain that the future of the British heavyweight crown is indeed uncertain.

There are many folk who believe Johnny Williams will most certainly reverse the decision when he gets his return fight with Gardner for the title. Many of us will never forget their meeting at Leicester last year in the final eliminator for the right to meet Bruce Woodcock for the British championship.

Williams was the general favourite, but I was shaken on the day of the fight to see him weigh-in with a nasty looking scar beneath his eye—a souvenir from the Pat Comiskey scrap nearly six weeks earlier.

Johnny also seemed worried by this wound, and I sensed a lack of confidence from the first round. It was understandable because by the end of three minutes blood began to trickle from the old cut, and from the second round on Williams bled freely from the scar. In spite of this, he gave Gardner plenty of trouble, and in the ninth round came close to knocking out the big fellow from Market Harborough.

As it was, the fight was touch-and-go, and I had both boxers level on points at the start of the last round. Only Gardner's great spurt won him the round and the verdict. Williams collapsed at the end when he saw the decision go against him. This was as much psychological as physical collapse, because I am certain had the decision gone to Williams, Johnny would never have cracked up.

Much has happened to the temperamental Rugby boy since that fight. He gained a brilliant win over American George Kaplan, put up a shocking performance against another American, Big Bill Weinberg. He then scored a hit-and-run win over Aaron Wilson, the coloured American, who was brought in as a late substitute. His knock-out win over Reg Andrews was first-class, and his further decisive victory against Jo Weidin, who defied Gardner to stop him in 15 rounds, was superb.

I certainly pick Williams to outspeed Gardner when they meet, because Jack, in spite of weight advantage, is a slow-mover, and is not an accurate right-hand puncher. Frankly, I am disappointed in Gardner's lack of improvement.

He showed great promise against Woodcock, but there was a lack of imagination in his fighting make-up when he plodded to a fifteen round win over Weidin. This fault was even more noticeable against Cesar Brion, who, although a fair mover, is not any heavyweight sensation.

THIS brings Ray Wilding into the picture. I prefer him to Gardner because he is sharper and more of a fighter. He is not as skilful or as fast as Johnny Williams, but he is more aggressive. Whereas Johnny wins fights going backwards, Ray goes after his opponents, and it is still my belief that attack is the best form of defence.

Wilding, who is managed by Harry Clarke and Bill Daly, pilot of Lee Savold, is being given a chance offered to no British heavyweight in history. He is being fed and toughened up and taught the hard way in America. It is my opinion this course in U.S. will make all the difference between defeat and victory when the time comes round for Wilding to tackle either Gardner or Williams for the British heavyweight championship.

What a pity Bruce Woodcock was not given the same opportunity as Wilding. Woodcock looked one of the finest heavyweight prospects the old country had ever produced after his win over Jack London to become British champion.

It was then that Lew Burston, representing Mike Jacobs' Twentieth Century Sporting Club, came to Britain in search of young talent. He picked on Woodcock, and signed him for a fight with tough, experienced Tami Mauriello at Madison Square Garden in May, 1946.

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Bruce was then 25 and undefeated, but a raw novice by American ring standards. He had only 25 professional bouts tucked under his belt, and had never gone ten rounds.

In his workouts at Bear Mountain, New York he impressed tough American boxing writers, and he pleased most fans in Madison Square Garden for four rounds until his inexperience caught up with him in the fifth round, and Mauriello flattened him with a wild swinging punch.

It is an ordeal for any young British fighter to appear in Madison Square Garden watched by one of the toughest fight audiences in the world. And it was certainly an ordeal to put in the raw Woodcock with an old campaigner of Mauriello's class with a wallop like the kick of a horse.

See then how wise are the handlers of Ray Wilding. Ray, three years younger than Woodcock at the time Bruce fought Mauriello, has already made three appearances in Madison Square Garden. He slipped in a couple of times unnoticed as a preliminary boy, without having to face the barracking that is all part of a New York fight fan's way of enjoying himself.

It gave him the feel of things in New York. So that now Madison Square Garden has no fears for him. And there are few British champions who could boast of such confidence. Wilding, of course, has a long way to go yet, but I always liked the kid even in his novice days. Now, with extra weight and better health, I think he will give a good account of himself both in British and American rings against high-class opposition.

THE defeat of Lee Savold by Joe Louis must have embarrassed the British Boxing Board of Control, who have decided to recognise Joe Louis as world heavyweight champion. How absurd when we recall that the Board decided not to recognise Louis as champion for a short period before the war. Louis has made a great come-back at 37, but there can only be one world heavyweight champion—and that is Ezzard Charles, who scored a clear-cut win over Louis last September.

Should Louis reverse the decision in their next fight, he will, of course, become the first fighter to regain the world heavyweight championship, but the Board's action at this period is just too ridiculous for words.

I did not, however, dispute the Board's decision to uphold the claims of Eddie Thomas for world welterweight honours following the muddle when Ray Robinson became world middleweight champion and had to give up his 10st. 7lbs. title.

The Americans took too much for granted by eliminating European welterweights, and declaring Kid Gavilan undisputed welter king following his defeat of Johnny Bratton.

Admittedly, since this situation arose Thomas has been well and truly beaten for his European title by the hard-hitting Frenchman, Charles Humez, but a principle was at stake and the Board now rightly uphold Humez's claims for a world title fight.

What a disappointment Eddie Thomas has been. He was outstanding as an amateur, and I particularly liked him when he beat Bob Ramsey—the same night as Ike Williams successfully defended his world lightweight crown against Ronnie James. But his improvement has not been great in the past five years. Eddie is a nice boxer with a fine left hand, but he is not a crowd-pleaser and, in spite of all the efforts to make him show more wickedness in the ring, he remains the calm, left-handed performer. Perhaps Eddie is too nice a fellow to be a ring-killer, but I'm afraid all great champions have shown streaks of meanness inside the ropes.

DANNY O'SULLIVAN, the ex-British bantamweight champion, who lost his title to Peter Keenan at Glasgow is to continue boxing as a featherweight. I had hoped Danny would call it a day following some pretty tough beatings he took from Luis Romero, Vic Toweel and Keenan, but Danny has decided he wants to continue in the 9-stone class.

He has been examined by doctors who are satisfied he hasn't suffered any serious effect from his beatings, but just the same I can't see any big future for O'Sullivan among the featherweights. He will be remembered as a good bantam champion. I wish he had chosen to hang up his gloves with that memory.

Terry Allen put in as nifty a piece of footwork as has been seen for years when he became British flyweight champion, outpointing Scotland's Vic Herman over 15 rounds at Leicester. Odd that Allen should have won and lost the world 8 stone title before becoming British champion.

Allen won beyond all dispute, but it is becoming more and more clear that British fight fans are following in the tastes of their American cousins, and are getting tired of back-pedalling victories. There was a time when Allen's performance would have been classed as a classic in the British ring, but not any more. Now the fight fans want punch and plenty of action.

JOE JACOBS, the Leicester promoter, also discovered that once a promoter brings up his customers on heavyweights he can't switch them over suddenly to flyweights—not even if he gives the customers a championship fight. Leicester has always been known for its heavyweights. Ben Foord, Phil Scott, Larry Gains, Don McCorkindale, Reggie Meen, Donald Shortland, Charlie Smith, Jack Petersen, Bruce Woodcock, Jack Gardner, Johnny Williams and Tommy Farr are just a few of the top heavyweights who have fought in this Midlands city.

Leicester usually sells out on heavyweights, but you can't sell the town on flyweights. The little men have almost become non-existent as box-office attractions in America. It seems a similar situation is arising in Britain.

Algar Smith, the tough little Stoke Newington lightweight, lost his first professional fight when he stepped up into the welter class and was outpointed by the South African Duggie du Preez over eight rounds. Smith found his lack of inches against the tall South African welterweight a big handicap, plus, of course, the fact that while he has been in the Army he has not fought for more than six months.

One of Smith's big handicaps in the welterweight class will be his short stocky frame. Eric Boon, built on similar lines, was a wonderful lightweight, but when he put on pounds and moved into the welter class he too found shortness a handicap—especially when dealing with class opponents like Ernie Roderick.

Smith's first defeat in fourteen professional fights was coupled with the first pro set-back of Terry Ratcliffe, the Bristol welterweight by Bob Frost, the hard hitting ex-amateur from West Ham. Ratcliffe has always been useful, but I could never help but think he had been over-rated in some quarters—and to over-rate a boxer is as big a mistake as under-rating him.

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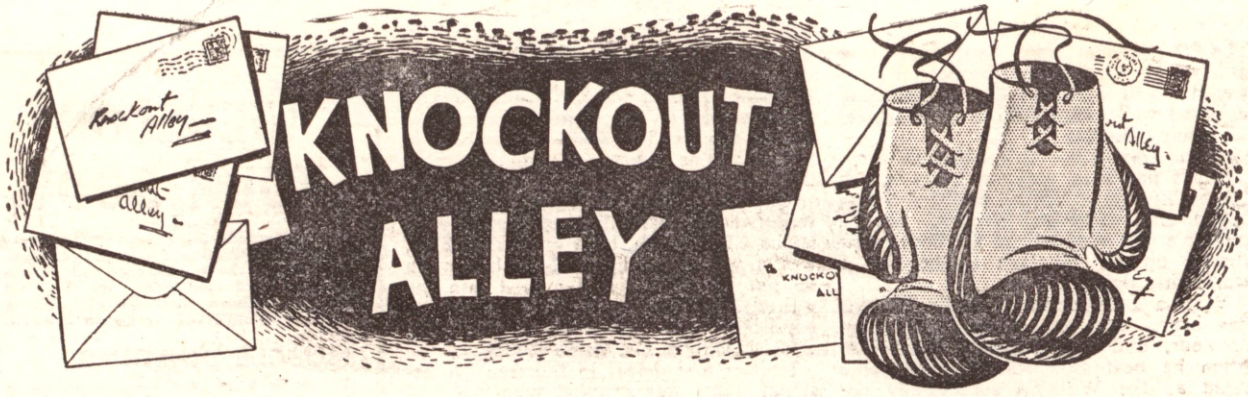

YOUR COLUMN by Charles Courage

K. R. ROBINSON (Walmersley Road, Bury, Lancs.).

Q.—Was the first meeting between Joe Louis, heavyweight champion of the world, and the challenger, Max Schmeling, for the heavyweight title? Did Albert Finch ever knock out Randolph Turpin?

A.—First Louis-Schmeling fight was not for world heavyweight championship because neither boxer was champion at the time. Jim Braddock was the heavyweight title holder. Finch beat Randolph Turpin, but not by knockout. It was eight rounds points decision. In return fight Turpin knocked out Finch in five rounds.

C. D. RENDELL (Hadlow, Kent).

Q.—Will you please clarify whether or not there were any knock downs in the Louis-Farr contest?

A.—There was not an official count recorded in the heavyweight championship between Joe Louis and Tommy Farr.

J. PROUDFOOT (Clonsilla, Co. Dublin).

Q.—When did Sam Langford beat Harry Wills in 14 rounds at Vernon, and again at New Orleans? Did Wills ever beat Langford (date and place)?

A.—Langford knocked out Wills 14 rounds, Vernon, California, November 26, 1914. They boxed a 'No Decision' at New Orleans over 10 rounds on May 1, 1914. In these fights in which decisions were not given by the referee, the boxers relied on the general opinion of the boxing writers for the decisions. In all, Langford and Wills had 15 fights between 1914 and 1922. Langford won 3, Wills won 5. The remaining seven were 'No Decision' contests.

W. G. BUCHAN (Slateford, Edinburgh).

Q.—1. Did Jack Dempsey ever fight Battling Siki? 2. Did Siki knock him out of the ring, or vice versa? I maintain they never fought.

A.—You are quite correct. Dempsey and Siki did not meet. Perhaps there is confusion between Battling Siki and Battling Levinsky. Dempsey knocked out Levinsky in three rounds at Philadelphia on November 6, 1918.

D. ROBERTSON, (Stanley, Perthshire).

Q.—Name your best ever champions from heavyweight to flyweight. Who would you pick in the following fights?—Jack Johnson v. Joe Louis; Jim Jeffries v. Jack Dempsey; Sam Langford v. Peter Jackson; Bob Fitzsimmons v. Jack Root; Maxie Rosenbloom v. Tommy Loughran; Ray Robinson v. Stanley Ketchell; Henry Armstrong v. Kid Gavilan; Benny Lenoard v. Freddy Welsh; Willie Pep v. Terry McGovern; Peter Herman v. Harry Jeffra; Benny Lynch v. Jimmie Wilde.

A. Best champions, John L. Sullivan, Georges Carpentier, Stanley Ketchell, Ted Kid Lewis, Benny Lenoard, Henry Armstrong, Peter Herman, Benny Lynch. I pick the following winners: Johnson, Jeffries; Jackson; Fitzsimmons; Loughran, Ketchell, Armstrong, Lenoard, McGovern, Herman, Lynch.

KNOCKOUT ALLEY

Send your boxing queries to **Charles Courage, c/o The Ring, 621, East Street and South Street, Oadby, Leicestershire.** Problems will be answered in this column at the earliest possible. If you require a quicker reply by post, please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

H. W. SWALES (Marsh Road, Middlesbrough).

Q.—How did Battling Siki die? I have heard it was France.

A.—Siki was fatally shot in a brawl in 1925 in the section of New York City known as Hell's Kitchen.

J. M. WILKINSON (Queen's Road, Peckham, S.E.15).

Q.—Tunney beat Dempsey twice for the heavyweight championship. Who would you pick if Dempsey and Tunney could have fought when each was in his prime?

A.—Dempsey.

T. HUTCHINGS (South Shore, Blackpool, Lancs.).

Q.—American boxing writers recently praised Joe Louis for his great victory over Lee Savold. Do you think it possible for a fighter of 37 to make a come-back, and be as good as ever—as some writers suggested?

A.—Definitely not. When a fighter passes a certain age his reflexes do not react as well. What happened in Louis' case is that following a long lay-off he was beaten by Charles. Whereas following a series of fights he sharpened up, and regained some lost form against Savold. However, he cannot be anything like the young Joe Louis.

H. PETERS, (Notting Hill Gate, London, W.).

Q.—Am I correct in saying it is ridiculous to talk about odds of 10-1 against when two boxers meet. After all, anything can happen in a fight. There is the chance of a knock-out, points decision, draw, disqualification, injury to eyes, etc. with two starters?

A.—When Joe Louis fought Harry Thomas in a heavyweight title fight the betting was said to be 20-1 against Thomas. These odds were also quoted in Louis title fights against Al McCoy, Gus Dorazio, and Tony Musto. However, I don't think there were many gamblers to be found offering to pay on these big odds.

G. LIVINGSTONE (Sparkbrook, Birmingham).

Q.—If Joe Louis regains the world heavyweight title from Ezzard Charles I say he will be oldest ex-champion to regain heavyweight title. Am I correct?

A.—You can't miss, because no ex-heavyweight champion of world has regained his championship. Bob Fitzsimmons and Jack Johnson were each 31 when they defended their titles for last time. Johnson lost to Willard, Fitzsimmons was beaten by Jeffries.

K. McINTOSH (Paisley, Scotland).

Q.—How many rounds was the Tommy Milligan-Mickey Walker world middleweight championship fight in London scheduled for?

A.—Twenty rounds. Walker, however, knocked out Milligan in 10 rounds, June 30, 1927.

J. TURPIN (High Street, Kensington, W.).

Q.—Where was Marcel Cerdan, the great French middleweight, killed? And who was Cerdan's last opponent? Was he world middleweight champion when killed?

A.—Cerdan was killed in plane crash in the Azores on October 27, 1949. His last opponent was Jake La Motta who beat him for the world title at Detroit on June 16, 1949. The Frenchman was flying back to America to prepare for a return fight with La Motta in which he hoped to regain the championship.

J. BROWNING (Sheffield, Yorks.)

Q.—Is Mike Jacobs still alive? I haven't seen his name in print recently, and I have not seen the Twentieth Century Sporting Club, which he controlled, mentioned either.

A.—Mike is still alive, but is taking things easy after serious stroke. The Twentieth Century Sporting Club disappeared with the retirement of Jacobs, and the International Boxing Club took over with some of Jacobs staff in office.

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Everlast SPORTING GOODS MFG. CO., INC. 26 East 14 Street, New York 3, N. Y.

"Give Me Your Measure and I'll Prove in the First 7 Days You Can Have a Body Like Mine!"

No other Physical Instructor in the World has ever DARED make such an offer!

I'LL give you PROOF in 7 days that I can turn you into a man of might and muscle. Right in the first week you will see and feel the improvements! Then I continue to rebuild renew, and "overhaul" your body. Soon you are the proud owner of a powerful build like mine. People will notice the ruddy glow of health in your face, the sparkle in your clear eyes, the breadth of your shoulders. You will be the fellow who will walk off with the prettiest girl and the best job. Post the coupon below for a FREE copy of my new book

Everlasting Health and Strength—

It reveals the secrets that changed me from a 7-stone weakling into a husky who won the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."
Are you underweight? I'll add pounds where needed. Are you fat in spots? I'll pare you down to fighting trim!
And I'll also give you rugged health that banishes constipation, indigestion and similar conditions that rob you of the good things of life.

I've No Use for Apparatus

I haven't any need of apparatus that may strain your heart and other vital organs. I don't dose or doctor you. "*DYNAMIC-TENSION*" is all I need. It's the natural, tested method for developing real men inside and out. It distributes added pounds of powerful muscles over your body, gets rid of surplus fat and gives you the vitality, strength and pep that win you the admiration of every woman and the respect of any man.
Get my FREE Book, *Everlasting Health and Strength*.
Post the coupon to-day.
Gamble a stamp to prove I can make YOU a new man!

NOTE:
This is a photo o Charles Atlas. This is not a studio picture but an actual untouched snapshot.

Puts FIVE INCHES on Chest

"Chest gained five inches; arms two inches. Nervous troubles, constipation gone. Feel like a new man."—G.T.F.

Gains 20 lbs.

"Gained 20lb. Biceps 15¾in., and large, powerful shoulders. Rest of my body well-proportioned and hard as a rock."—H.S.

Results in ONE WEEK

'Just a week ago I started. What a difference already! Before my chest was 32in. normal, 36 expanded. Now it's 35½in. normal; 38½in. expanded."—F.S.

48-PAGE BOOK FREE

It tells you all about my special "*DYNAMIC-TENSION*" method, and what it has done to make big-muscled men out of run-down specimens. It shows you, from actual photos, how I have developed my pupils to the same perfectly-balanced proportions of my own physique. What my system did for me and these hundreds of others it can do for you too! Don't keep on being only half the man you CAN be! Find out what I can do for you. Where shall I send your copy of *Everlasting Health and Strength?* Put your name and address on the coupon and post it to me TO-DAY! Address to CHARLES ATLAS, (Dept. 106/V), 2, Dean Street, London, W.1.

CHARLES ATLAS
(Dept. 106/V) 2 Dean Street, London, W.1.

I want the proof that your system of DYNAMIC-TENSION can make me a New Man. Send me your book, *Everlasting Health and Strength* and details of your amazing 7-DAY TRIAL OFFER.

Name .....
(please print or write clearly)
Address .....
.....

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